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Collier's

MAY 28, 1954 • FIFTEEN CENTS

Anybody Can Make More Money If...

•

The Plight of the Honest Cop

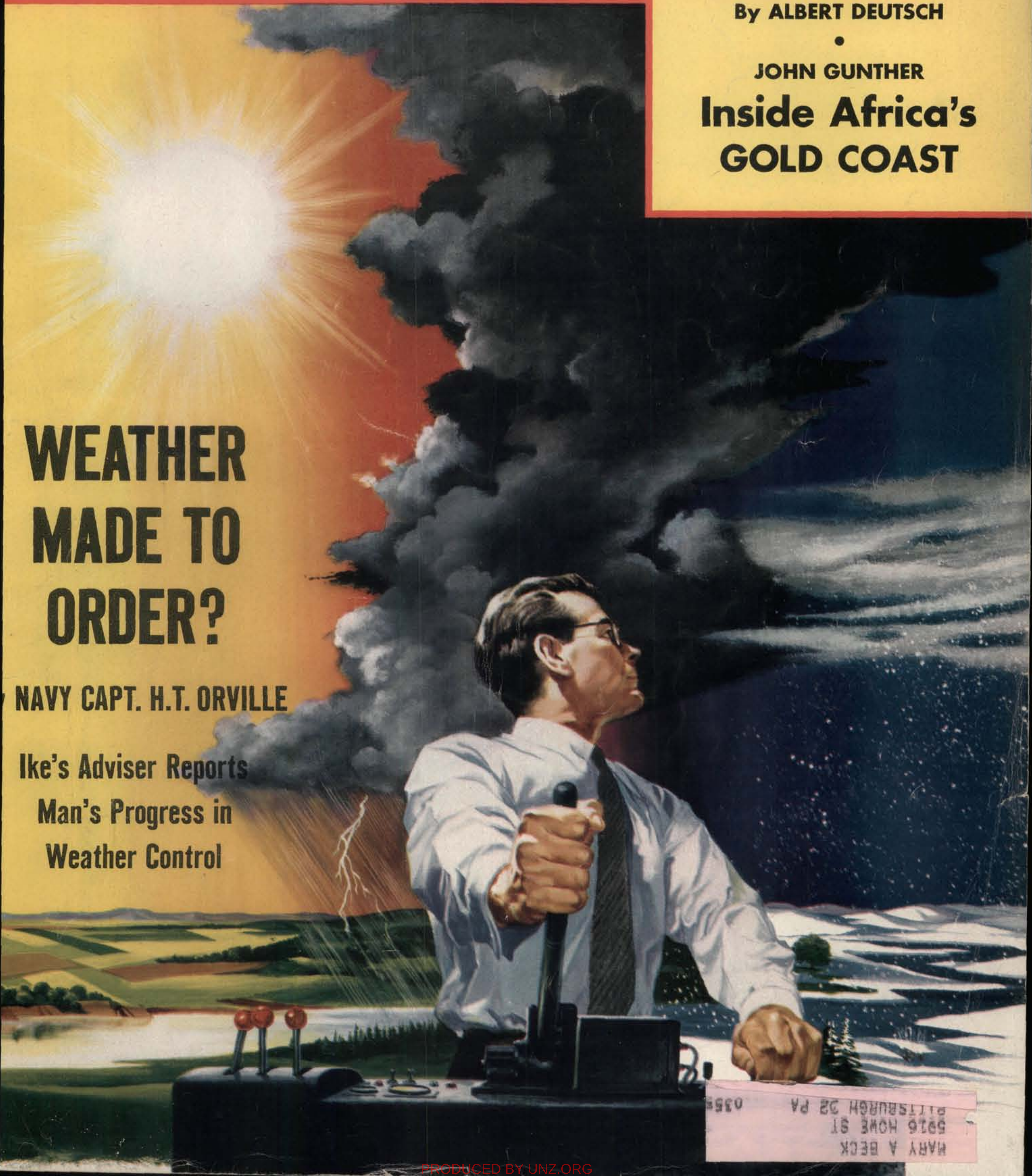
VICE SQUAD

By ALBERT DEUTSCH

•

JOHN GUNTHER

Inside Africa's GOLD COAST

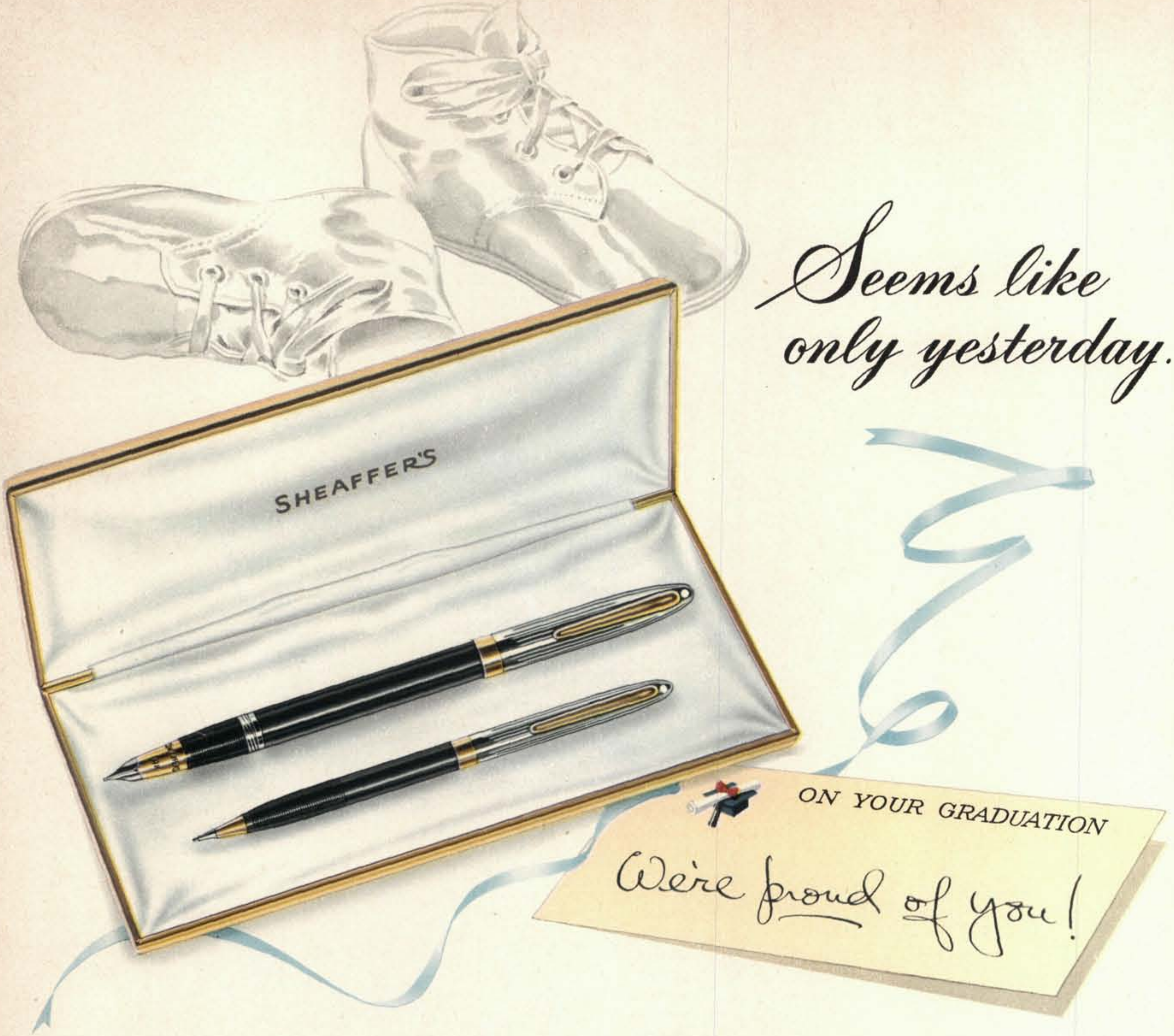


WEATHER MADE TO ORDER?

NAVY CAPT. H.T. ORVILLE

Ike's Adviser Reports Man's Progress in Weather Control

Seems like only yesterday...



*R*emember when those unsure shoes took that first bold step? And the shy, proud smile that flashed for your approval? *A*mid the tumbling flood of memories emerges the promise you made to yourself—your helping hand would never be hesitant. *T*omorrow's graduation marks another giant stride. In one step across the platform, boys and girls become men and women. *W*hen you give Sheaffer's, you give more than a helping hand for career years. You give your *approval* in the highest degree. And you fulfill the long-ago promise that nothing but the best would ever do.

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Picture
OF THE MONTH

It has long been a matter of fascinating conjecture as to whether the blonde or the brunette is the more dangerous of the species. We are prepared with an answer because we have just come from M-G-M's new and exciting love-drama titled "Flame and the Flesh" and starring a startling raven-tressed Lana Turner!

Lana was bad and beautiful in the picture of that name but wait till you see her in jet-black hair and skin-tight satins. She plays to the hilt a woman who lives life to the full, bare-shouldering her way across the Continent from moment to moment and from man to man. Her portrayal of Madeline Douvane is a revelation in earthy realism, the subtle furies of a purposeful temptress who commits the greatest sin—stealing the love that belongs to another woman.

The realism of this story demanded realism of background. Therefore this M-G-M scorcher of a love-drama was appropriately filmed amid the lustres of Italy's thrilling cities in the glow of Technicolor! And for all its Neapolitan lilt and laughter, for all its cosmopolitan glamor, its story of savage infatuation burns deeper into the secrets of fleeting vs. lasting love than any screen drama has dared adventure before it.

The smoldering excitement begins when Lana, the ravisher who lives by her looks, enters the lives of a romantic cafe-singer (devastatingly played by Carlos Thompson) and the latter's fiancee (Pier Angeli's most mature magic to date). This jaded drifter from the outer fringe sweeps up the destinies of these sweethearts in the gusting flame of her frank desires. But before events have run their fateful course, she also knows the incendiary thing that love can be!

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Come to the sun-showered Bay of Naples by way of your favorite screen where director Richard Brooks and producer Joseph Pasternak and a radiant roster of stars have emblazoned "Flame and the Flesh" in bold and beautiful images that you'll long remember. It's another gala attraction to celebrate M-G-M's 30th Anniversary Jubilee!

* * *

M-G-M presents in Color by TECHNICOLOR LANA TURNER in "FLAME AND THE FLESH" co-starring PIER ANGELI, CARLOS THOMPSON with BONAR COLLEANO. Screen Play by Helen Deutsch. Based on a Novel by Auguste Bailly. Directed by Richard Brooks. Produced by Joe Pasternak.

Collier's

MAY 28, 1954

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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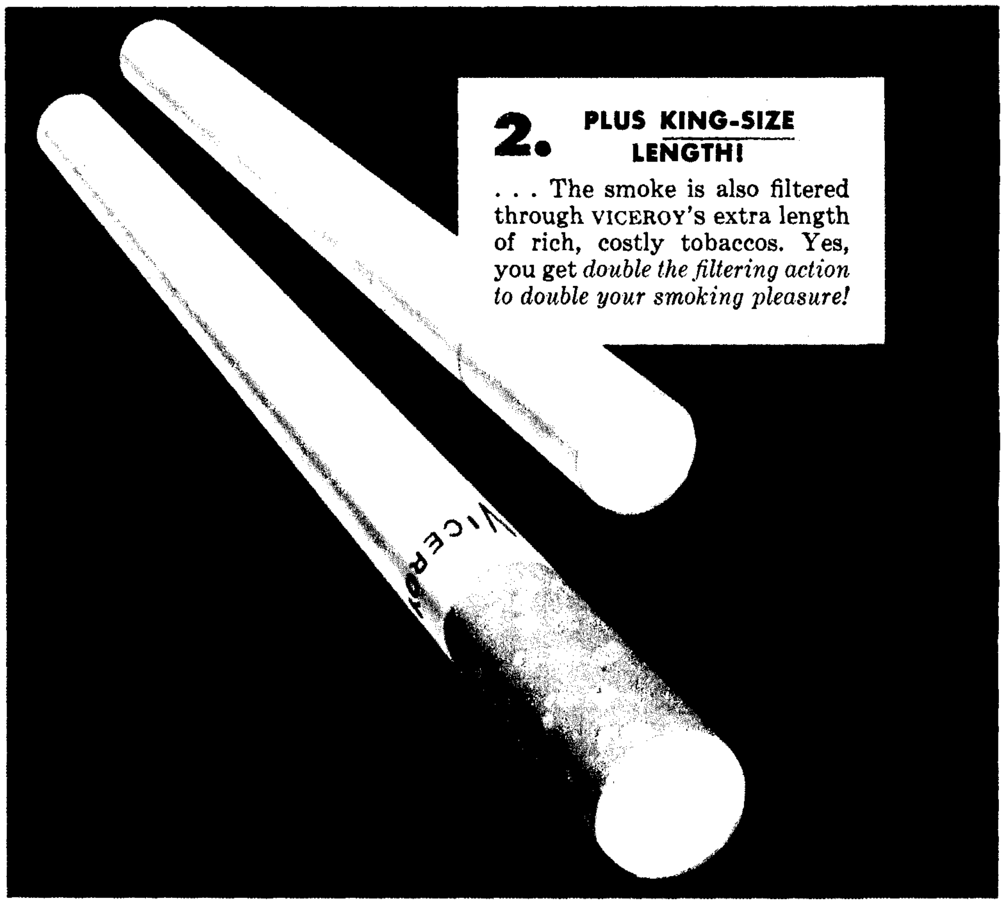

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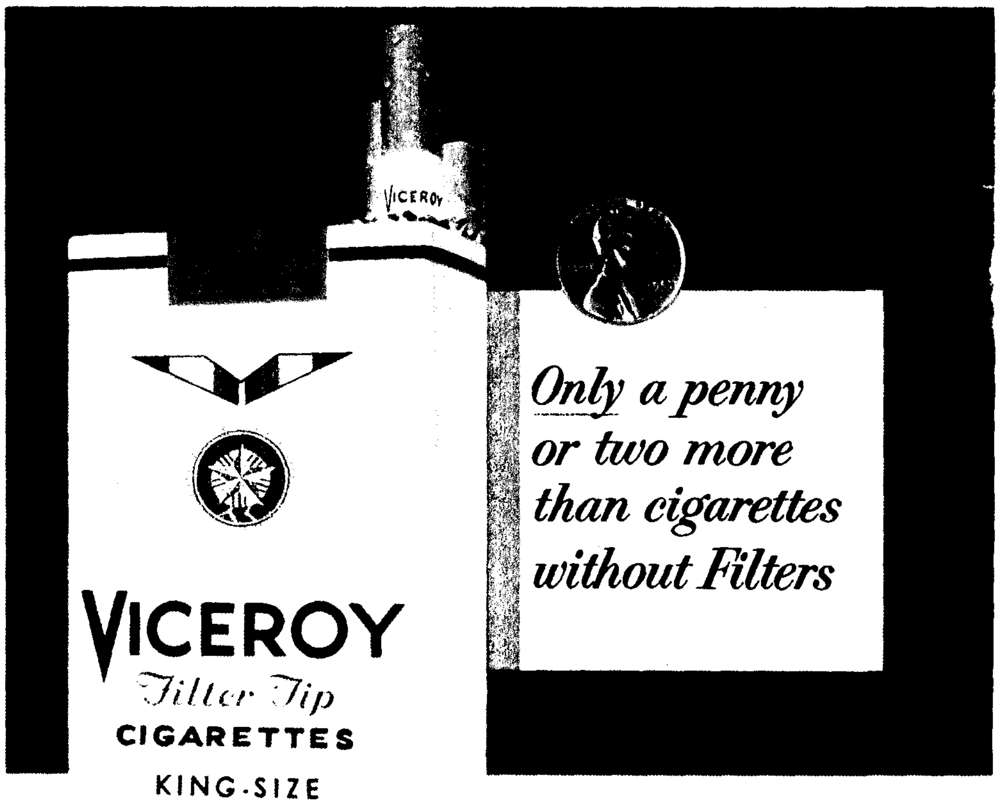

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Think of it! Scientific "Reflectance" tests prove new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo brightens hair up to 35%! Yes, brightens hair up to 35%—and it's guaranteed to remove every trace of dandruff too, with just *one* lathering or your money back!

Most amazing, new milder Fitch is so gentle, it's wonderful for baby's hair! So, if you have only used Fitch when you really wanted to get your hair clean—if you thought it was too harsh and strong to use regularly—listen! New milder Fitch is so gentle, so free of bite and sting, you can use it *every* single time you wash your hair!

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What's more, its remarkable reconditioning action leaves hair softer, easier to manage, inclined to wave.

Get a bottle of this new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If you're not delighted with how it brightens your hair up to 35%—how it removes loose dandruff too, in just one lathering—return unused portion for full refund from manufacturer.

Also ask for a Fitch shampoo at any Barber or Beauty Shop.

IMPROVE HAIR LOOKS or money back!

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

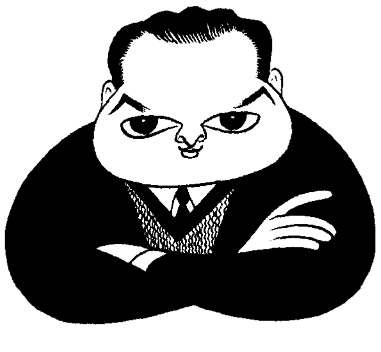
MY FIRST inspection of the picture colony in seven years had a few high and just as many low points—and now that I am back from Hollywood, I will give you some of each.

My new love is Donna Reed. When I saw her in the movie From Here to Lancaster, I kept wishing those other people would get off the screen so I could see more of that girl, and you may take that (as you will) two ways. That girl, I said to myself, will get an Academy Award, and not only was I right; I was there to see her get it. If you happened to watch the Award proceedings on television you saw her running down the aisle on her way to accept her Oscar. They usually take the statuette ceremonially, then give it back to be engraved. But not Miss Donna Reed. She clutched it to her sternum and would not let it go. She had it there a few hours later, when I saw her at a party.

I am the shy type and have not met her, but when Donna arrived at Romanoff's I went all out and said, "Congratulations." She said, "Thank you." Those were her very words, and they mean a lot to me. For the first time in my life I was wearing a double-breasted dinner jacket (which I'd borrowed from the M-G-M wardrobe department) and feeling like a captain of waiters; but Donna knew that the tall, distinguished stranger, gray at the temples, taciturn, with that quiet manner that often hides enormous hidden resources—she knew.

"Thank you," she said, and it was all she said, all she *had* to say—all she *could* say. Her husband was with her.

One thing surprised me: considering how she was holding the Oscar, I was surprised it didn't melt. However, George Stevens didn't melt, and George was dancing with Arlene Dahl, a real beauty. They must have a higher boiling point in Hollywood than when I was choring there. I said good evening to Lana Turner and gave her a melting look, but she didn't melt. In fact, now I think of it, the only melting I saw was in the blue evening shirt worn by Charles Brackett, who was wearing a blue evening shirt because, as president of the Academy, he had to be on television. I do not think being president of the Academy and appearing on television is sufficient reason for wearing a blue evening shirt, but then my philosophy of dress is strictly Brooks Brothers.



It's conversationally convenient to report you saw Jerry Wald . . .

Which leads me, without too much effort, to a Beverly Hills bespoke tailor, a man whose suits start at $250. He, a Mr. Schmidt, was going to lend me his own dinner jacket so I could uphold the dignity of this magazine at the Academy rituals. It turned out that there is more of me than there is of him, which is why I gave my business to Metro & Company, your friendly Culver City clothiers (out of the high rent district, no expensive fixtures, where the price is right).

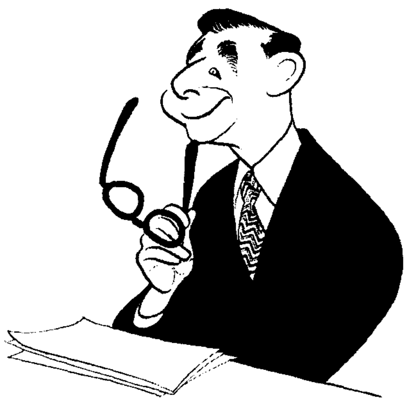
I had promised my employers that I would touch all bases on this visit to Pictureville, so I asked Mr. Schmidt, "How's business?" Business was good, he said. What about picture people? Not so much business from picture people. Then who buys suits that start at $250? Aviation people, brewery people, automobile people; but not picture people. Dietrich and Garbo? Nope. Gave up the women's department. He did not say, and I certainly did not infer, that women and the movie business are in a decline together. We can blame television for many of our national ills, but it has not yet obsolesced those frequently delightful creatures, and I'm sure Mr. Schmidt would be the first to agree.

I continued my high-level sociological studies at Michael Romanoff's restaurant, my home away from home. Luckily my prince had returned from Palm Springs, the local Yalta, and was able to show me around his new refectory before the arrival of his luncheon guests. I had been led to believe, by Lucius Beebe among others, that Michael was having hard going with the new place, but I have always been taught that when every table is occupied by paying customers and people are willing to queue up for an hour to get inside, and you have to make reservations in the first place—those signs indicate the kind of hard going I'd like to have if I were in the restaurant business.

Maybe what Lucius Beebe means is that the clientele is different from that of the old Romanoff's. You not only don't see Beebe there; you also don't see so many babes, the screen-test girls who used to be paraded by their agents for the edification of other agents and the producers and directors.

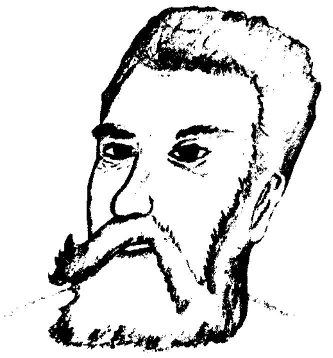
MIKE'S place, the first time I went there on this visit, contained one other writer, Ben Hecht; Jack Benny and party; Irving Berlin and party; Red Skelton; Zsa-Zsa-Zsa Gabor and party, and two or three producers and directors. The other people were not in the profession, or at least I didn't recognize them. I touched the Romanoff base four times more and the average was maintained; what you might call Schmidt's law obtained: the brewery and aviation and automobile and real-estate people outnumbering the picture people. With one notable exception from Schmidt's law: Romanoff assuredly has not given up the women's department. It's still the only show place for the rich southern California women to show off their Paris originals, in the same way that the Colony restaurant and "21" are the show-off places in New York and the Pump Room is in Chicago.

In the company of a producer and his wife I visited Magnin's and Saks Fifth Avenue. Both stores crowded, but not a single movie actress to be seen with the naked eye. (I am strongly tempted to fool around with that one, but I guess I'll let it go.) We then repaired to Blum's for a soda, and while Blum's is a new experience for me, it has that old southern California flavor that I know so well. For instance, sundaes are called the Chic of Araby, Gambler's Cherce, Kismet-Schmismet-What-sit, Goshawful



. . . and Doré Schary when you return from a Hollywood visit

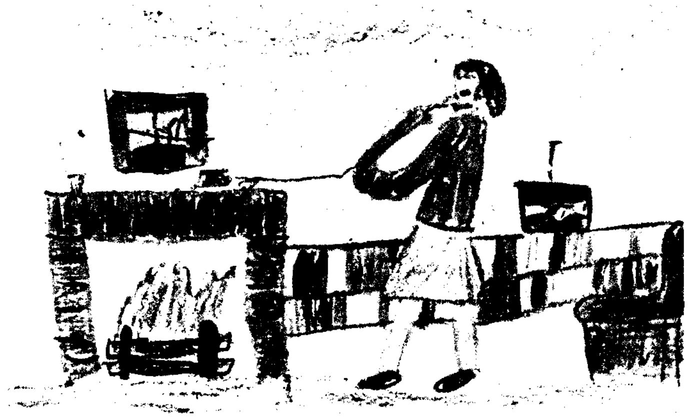
Telephones
are very
useful



Alexander Graham Bell - inventor
Uses of the telephone -
A. Business calls 1. Groceries
B. Friendly calls 2. Medicines
C. Ordering calls 3. Meats
Others, including military calls

(Tune - Yankee Doodle)

Telephones are very useful,
Of that we're aware.
So when you use the telephone
Just handle it with care.



When some one is in trouble you can call up people to help you. If some one is sick you can call the doctor. And if your house is on fire you call the fire department.

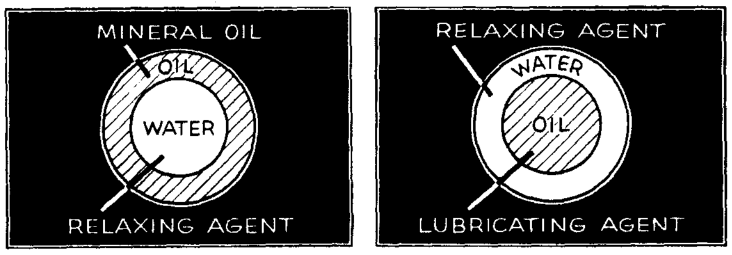
Some of the most interesting illustrations of the value of the telephone come from children. Here are a few, selected from many hundreds by grade-school pupils. They show imagination and a characteristic way of telling a story in a few words. Take, for instance, the words "Telephones are very useful."

We couldn't sum it up better than that in a hundred years.

Bell Telephone System
LOCAL *to serve the community.* NATIONWIDE *to serve the nation.*

Now! Hair in place all day...without greasiness!

The microscope shows new secret of hair grooming in every drop of Vitalis Hair Cream!



Ordinary hair cream can't do the job. In most hair creams, the oil is on the *outside* of each drop, making it sticky and hard to "work in." Hair shaft is coated before water on inside can affect it. This causes greasy blobs, slicked down, unattractive appearance. Switch to Vitalis Hair Cream for handsomer hair, grooming that lasts all day!

Why Vitalis Hair Cream works better. An exclusive process *surrounds* each drop of Vitalis Hair Cream with a film of water, which temporarily relaxes hair and makes it manageable. When water evaporates, the special lubricating agent *inside* goes to work on dryness, keeps your hair in place all day. Try a bottle! Available at all drug counters.

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APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

Gooey, and Harem Share'M . . . Blum, Schlum. As long as you got your health. It was after my Blum experience that I decided not to call this piece Babylon Revisited, and anyway the title is not mine.

I called on Jerry Wald, Doré Schary and George Cukor. It is not absolutely imperative for a visiting journalist to call on Wald and Schary the way a new envoy presents his credentials on arrival in Washington, but it is a conversational convenience to be able to say you saw them and maybe quote them. Schary and Jerry are not afraid of television, they swear. They think it may have the effect of improving pictures by making it possible to produce only the first-rate product. Pictures will be better because they are fewer.

Now I was there to listen, not to tell, so I didn't tell them that I can remember—and they could, too—that much the same thing was being said when Hollywood began losing its foreign markets, just before the war. I also remember that we were going to get better pictures during the war because costs were so high that only the best would be made. I also remember in the postwar days that we were going to get better pictures because the war had made the public more mature, more discriminating.

Well, having taken up some of their valuable time I think I ought to repay the boys with some of mine, and, boys, I got noo-oo-ooze for you: the public doesn't care *why* pictures are going to be better. If the movie bigwigs just went ahead and gave us better pictures, more people would go to see more movies.

The boys told me that movie houses are opening up again and that there is renewed demand for The Product, but surely they know that every time a TV set goes into a home, a part of movie income is gone forever. It's as simple as that.

I CHECKED IN at some television studios and said hello to Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Ray Bolger, Danny Thomas, Betty White and the customary others. You know all about the Arnazes and Bolger and Danny Thomas, what you like or don't like about them, and what you expect of them. They are pros, they are famous.

Betty White, I am informed, is At the Threshold of Big Things—and she has just signed a contract for $60,000,000 or thereabouts. Well, if Betty will just come over here and sit quietly on my knee, I will use her to illustrate a point or two.

She is young and pretty, friendly and, if the word is pardonable, wholesome. She has a good figure, dresses simply, sings on key, moves gracefully, and she has a trace of self-consciousness that I found appealing.

Her TV show consists of a little singing, a simple dance step or two, the reading of some letters—about as dangerously simple a routine as could be attempted. She works with a straight man, the leader of the small orchestra, who is named Frank Devol (Devol backward is Loved, but that would occur only to an anagram player). She has to get up at half past five in the morning to be on time for her East Coast telecast, and I guess any girl who can look pretty and refrain from snarling so early in the day must be real nice inside. Or—she may be thinking of that $60,000,000. Or both.

Now the reason she is sitting here on my knee, waiting to be used as illustration, is that as much as anyone she represents what television has to offer. Personality, first of all. Immediate and intimate and continuing identification by the audience with an attractive personality.

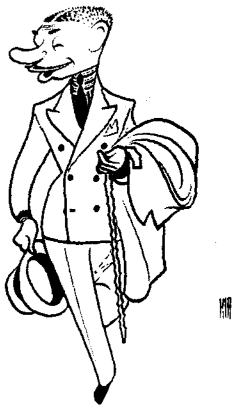
THE superspectacle that so impresses movie producers isn't worth the cost of a blank cartridge if the audience can't simulate a relationship with one or more human characters. (The long shots of dancing choruses in television are pretty much wasted too.) I like to look at wagon trains, sure, but after eighty-five seconds you're going to lose me if you don't show me Ava Gardner frightened of the Injuns.

In television, you don't need the wagon train. You don't need the long shot. All you need is Betty White. And if you want drama, Betty White and two other people. That is television.

And it is also cheap. Inexpensive-cheap, that is. For the price of restoring or reproducing one Conestoga convertible you can pay Frank Devol's orchestra for a week. Thirty-nine Conestoga wagons, two minutes on the screen; or for the same dough, 39 weeks of musical background for Betty White. A $2,000,000 picture that plays to 20,000,000 persons makes money. A weekly TV show, budgeted at 50 G's a week for 13 weeks costs—wait'll I get my pencil—$650,000 and probably reaches at least 40,000,000 persons if, as you must, you include repeaters. At the moment, television is getting rich and the movies are getting by. Economics II will now enjoy a recess. Take ten.

I hadn't intended to use up so much space on money talk. It leaves me room for only one more observation. On Wald's conference table and on Schary's conference table I discovered—not a box of Benzedrine, not an empty brandy bottle. I discovered two glass bowls containing hard candy. Sermons in stones indeed. I'll have a Harem Share'M, please.

* * *



I continued my high-level studies at Mike Romanoff's restaurant

PROOF

What Does It Mean – In A Whiskey?

This is what it means—and it may change your *whiskey-buying habits overnight!*

What is Proof? Proof is simply the measure of a whiskey's "strength." It is exactly double the alcoholic content of a whiskey. Today, most leading blends are no more than 86 Proof—some are even less. But Fleischmann's is a full 90 Proof! And this means that Fleischmann's, having this higher Proof, gives you more flavor—a bolder body—more enjoyment in every sip of every drink.

Proof is so important, in fact, that it determines the amount of taxes collected by the U. S. Government on whiskey. Fleischmann's, being a full 90 Proof, pays $1.03 more per case in taxes than 86 Proof blends. Yet Fleischmann's actually costs you less per bottle than many leading brands of lower Proof.

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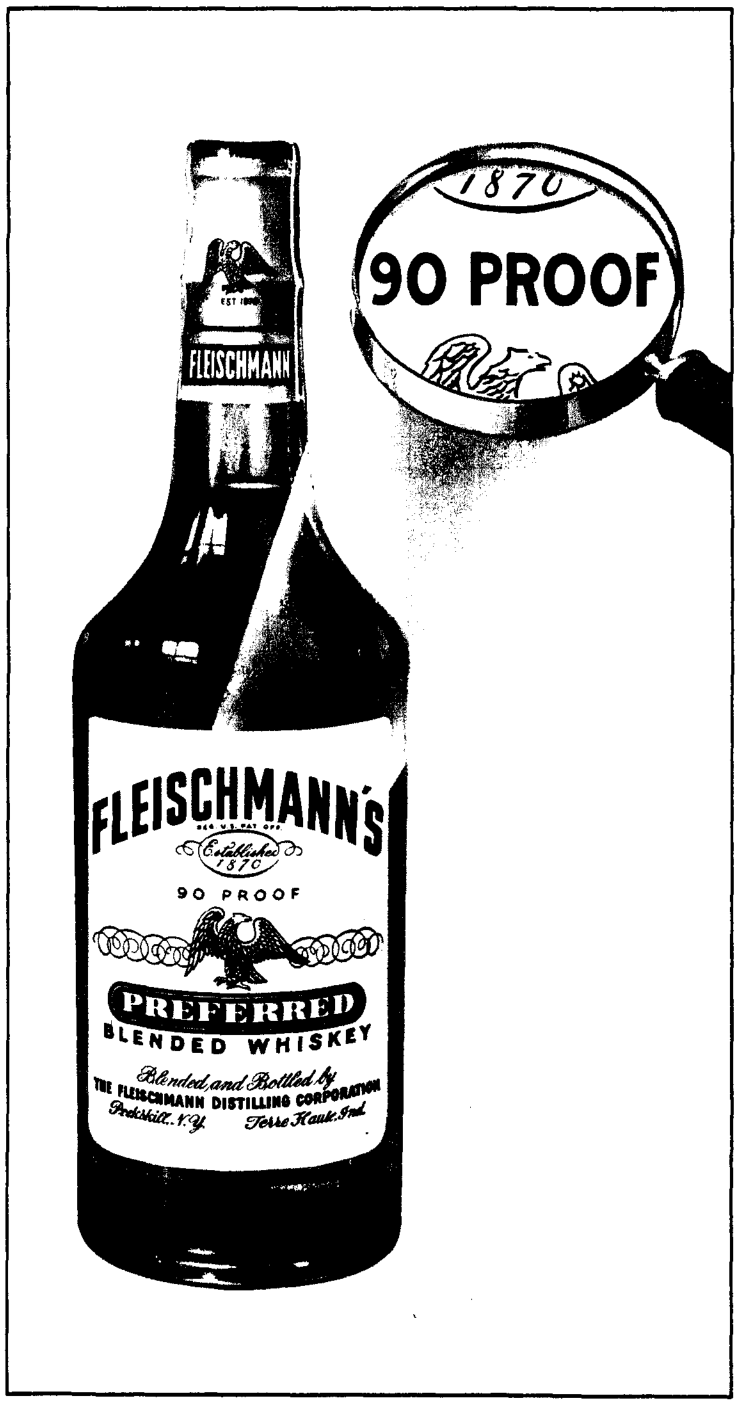
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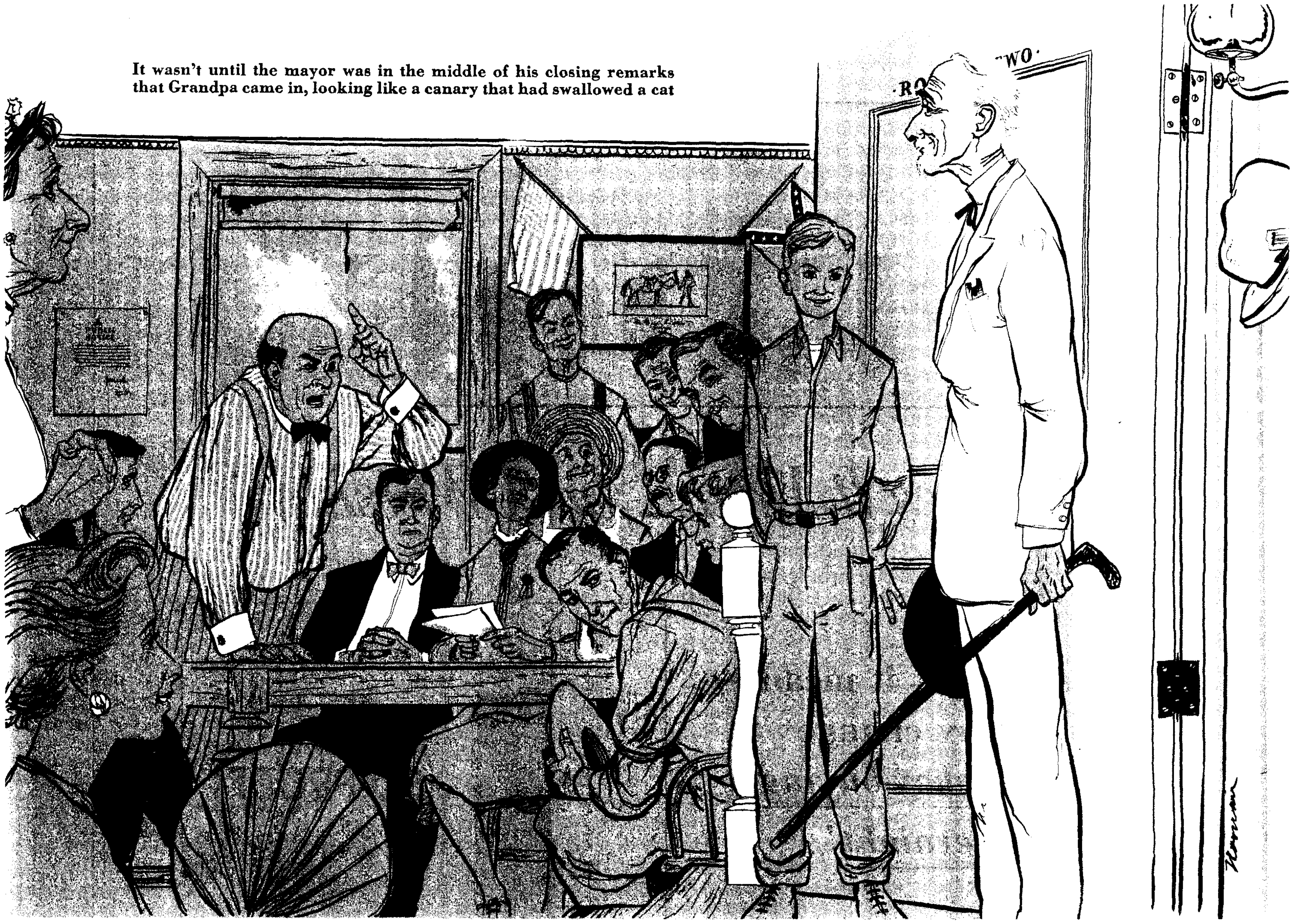
It wasn't until the mayor was in the middle of his closing remarks that Grandpa came in, looking like a canary that had swallowed a cat



DAN NOONAN

Bury the Past

By B. M. ATKINSON, Jr.

UNTIL Grandpa arrived, the hearing before the Dawson Point Zoning Commission was right orderly—right orderly, that is, considering the business at hand. The business was whether or not the Zoning Commission should allow the city to tear down the old town hall on the south side of town, raze the park around it and turn the site over to a big fertilizer outfit that wanted to locate in Dawson Point.

Charlie Hamby, our mayor, started the meeting off with a diplomatic little speech to the effect that anybody who opposed new industry locating in Dawson Point was a dog in the manger, an open sewer across the path to progress and a man who'd devour his own young.

Before he could go into detail, however, he was drowned out by Joe Alford. Joe said that anybody who'd try putting a fertilizer plant in anybody else's front yard was a pure-bred buzzard, a skunk, by remote control, and a man who'd not only devour his own young but would asphyxiate 'em first.

Before Joe could go into detail he was drowned out by thirty or so of his neighbors agreeing with him. They said that Charlie, being a contractor, would get the job of building the plant. They said that he and the rich folks on the north side of town had pulled a lot of smelly tricks on the poor folks on the south side of town, but this beat 'em all and just wait till old Sam Dawson showed up.

Charlie ignored everything but the mention of old Sam Dawson. Old Sam, alias Colonel Samuel Dole Wadley Dawson III, was Grandpa. He was Dawson Point's custodian of the past, trustee for the future and grand historian—all by the grace of a long memory, a big library, a soft heart and a hard head. He loved Dawson Point and had spent the best part of his eighty-five years keeping crooks like Charlie from wrecking it.

Charlie once had tried selling the town on tearing down our big old courthouse and putting up one of those modern streamline jobs. Grandpa had put a stop to that by pointing out that the old courthouse was as pretty as the day Gideon Shryock, the famous Southern architect, had designed it. It was also as sturdy as the day William Tecumseh Sherman, the famous Northern architect, had tried to redesign it, and it would stand until the day Charlie's cronies on the city council thought they could get away with giving him the contract for tearing it down and putting up a new one.

With that beating and a few more like it stuck in his craw, Charlie was out for revenge; and tearing down the old town hall was going to be it. It was the oldest building in town and served as a museum; and it was Grandpa's special pet—all of which put Charlie in extra-fine voice.

"Sam Dawson," he announced, "has blocked progress in this town for the last time. He can howl that Jeff Davis baked the brick for that old building, that Robert E. Lee laid the brick and that Stonewall Jackson was his hodboy. Won't do him a bit of good. The forward-looking citizens in this town are burying the past and nobody's stopping the funeral!"

With that he turned the meeting over to the chief pallbearer and his biggest stooge—old Nellie Richards, the chairman of the Zoning Commission. She made a sweet little speech about wanting to see fair play for everybody and then started calling on a bunch of disinterested parties who, she claimed, had made a special study of the case for the commission. Of the six disinterested parties, three of 'em owed Charlie money and three of 'em wanted to.

Their findings were to the effect that the park was the only place in the county that would give the plant access to both the river and the railroad; that with cotton down twelve cents a pound and cattle not bringing their feed bills, the town had to start industrializing; and that they were confident it would be the sweetest-smelling fertilizer plant this side of heaven.

All the poor south-siders could do was sit by, gnash their teeth and ask me what the hell was keeping Grandpa. All I could tell 'em was what he had told me when I'd stopped by his law office after school—that he would be along in

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plenty of time. He wanted the fish to run with the bait a little before he set the hook.

It was an awful long run the fish took, though. The south-siders spoke their piece about the beauty of the old town hall and the park; the north-siders spoke their piece about the beauty of the plant and the payroll. But it wasn't until Charlie was in the middle of his closing remarks that Grandpa strode in—tall, gaunt, bushy-browed and looking like a canary that had swallowed a cat. The south-siders gave a great sigh of relief. Charlie gave a bellow.

"Colonel Dawson," he said, "all the sad songs about the old town hall have just been sung, sir. This commission is just about to end that building's infamous role as a stumbling block on Dawson Point's road to fulfillment. The past has held this town back long enough. Today, sir, we are burying the past!"

EVERYBODY expected Grandpa to explode. Instead he made a courtly bow in the direction of the zoning commissioners. "If the honorable commissioners *do* reach that decision," he said, "I will be delighted no end."

The south-siders gasped, the north-siders gasped and so did the disinterested parties, the commissioners and Charlie.

Grandpa just smiled. "I ask only this," he went on. "I would like to have for my confidential files the contents of the metal box embedded in the cornerstone of the old town hall."

There was another round of gasps.

"*What* metal box?" Charlie said.

"The metal box that refutes your statement that you are burying the past. By razing the old town hall, sir, you are not burying the past but resurrecting it!

"You see, when the hall was built back in eighteen thirty-three the town fathers embedded this metal box in the cornerstone. In this box—according to what my grandfather, Samuel Dole Wadley Dawson the First, told me—there is a copy of the Dawson Point Gazette, the local paper of that day."

"So what?" Charlie said.

"Oh, nothing," Grandpa said real casually. "Nothing except that on the front page of that Gazette there was a story about a certain prominent Dawson Point citizen being tarred, feathered and ridden out of town on a rail. For swindling widows and various church groups, I believe."

Well, the gasping gave way to squirming—especially among the north-siders. They had the feeling Grandpa was pulling a gun but they didn't know who he was going to point it at.

"What about the swindler?" Charlie said.

"Nothing," Grandpa said. "Nothing except that he later returned to Dawson Point, and I'm afraid that the story might prove acutely embarrassing to his descendants—some of whom are sitting in this very room right now!"

Well, the reason he knew it could be acutely embarrassing was that the north-siders, constituting the first families of Dawson Point, were great ones for ancestor worship. Every town has the type. They think that if your great-grandpa was a somebody, then you're a somebody. If he was a nobody, then you're a nobody. If he was a swindler . . .

Minnie Epps, the worst gossip i town, got to her feet. All she kne about her ancestors was that the hadn't moved to Dawson Point unt around 1890. She was safe.

"I see no reason why *you* shoul have the paper, Colonel Dawson," sh snapped. "I think it most newsworth and it should be turned over to the editor of our present paper so that h can—"

That was as far as she got. Bessi Mason, whose husband Fred was on of the zoning commissioners, got up Not only had her ancestors bee around Dawson Point in 1833, but he daughter Polly was about to get engaged to a Gordon boy in Atlanta. Th Gordons had loads of money, loads o ancestors and were about as proud o one load as the other. Bessie had bee a year convincing them that her ancestors were just as illustrious as theirs.

"That's just like you, Minnie Epps! she said. "You'd just love to see one o our older families humiliated, wouldn' you? Well, I am positive that swindle was no ancestor of mine, but I say th town hall should stand forever if i means—"

She was drowned out by old Tilfor Barclay, the banker. His ads in th paper were always bragging about ho the Barclay family had a hundred an thirty years of honest banking behin it. He didn't seem so sure of it an more, though. He started in on th same song Bessie had been singing.

Charlie saw what was coming. H started insisting that Grandpa was lying, that the paper didn't exist an that ancestors didn't mean anythin anyway. He was drowned out by al the humanitarians that had suddenl sprung up among the north-siders. Every one of 'em was dying to kno whose ancestor the swindler was, bu they were all scared to death he wa theirs. It wasn't worth the risk. Sav the old town hall, they shouted.

BEFORE Charlie knew it, Nelli Richards, the square-dealing chairman of the Zoning Commission, was o her feet. Everybody knew why. Th dream of her life was to become stat president of her particular ancestor worshiping society. The voters coul get pretty finicky if . . .

"I am also positive," she said, "tha that swindler was no ancestor of mine but to spare some poor woman thi horrible humiliation, I vote that the ol town hall be spared!"

That was it. The other two member of the commission stared past Charli at their wives and voted likewise. Th south-siders took Grandpa out on thei shoulders. I felt pretty smug about th whole business.

"Grandpa," I said when we wer walking home together later on, "it sur helps to know who your ancestors are doesn't it?"

"Sure does, Sammy," he said. "Yo know who that swindler was?"

That took me by surprise. Being gentleman of the old school, he ha refused to give anybody even a hin and had sworn he never would.

"Some ancestor of Nellie Richards, I said, hoping.

"Nope," he said and smiled. "Th swindler they rode out of town on th rail was none other than your grea great-grandfather, Samuel Dole Wadley Dawson the First!"

—B. M. ATKINSON, J

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

That cheesecake contest held recently in Kansas City, Kansas, was something of a disappointment to the men who arrived early and in numbers. They left early, too. Discovered that the cheesecake the ladies were talking about was just that—cheesecake.

* * *

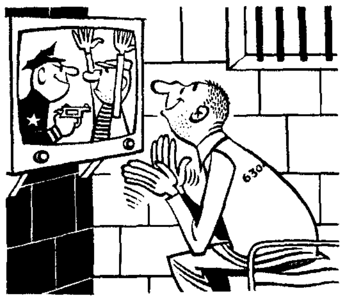
Our latest word from Mr. Saul LaBine is that while he was driving through southern Illinois, he saw a sign on a farm near Belleville which croaked: Anybody I see trespassing on my property at night will still be there in the morning.

* * *

In Douglas County, Nebraska, the Young Republicans organization has come out with youthful vigor against the United Nations, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, all farm subsidies, and we don't know what all. Also, they demand that all American soldiers in Europe be fetched home at once. Our informant adds that there are some residents in Douglas County who fear that if the boys get much younger, they'll be seeking votes by renouncing social security and insured bank deposits.

* * *

Television sets are being installed in all of Florida's 36 convict camps. Acting Governor Charley E. Johns hopes it will "improve the morale of the prisoners and help restore them to society." Inmates are solid for Mr. Johns. Their favorite shows are whodunits. The boys call them Flatfoot Forums.



* * *

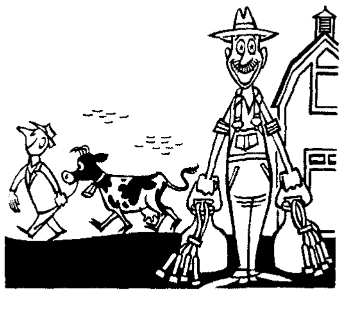
With the aid of an electronic computing machine he had thrown together for just such problems, Mr. Fred Hollums was trying to find out how far all the eggs laid end to end in this country in a year would stretch. But Mr. Hollums' electronic computer broke down, and anyway he decided it would be too much trouble to get the hens to lay their eggs that way.

* * *

The governing council of coeds at the University of Minnesota's Comstock Hall issued a mild decorum guide hopeful that the girls might observe a little more conservatism when the boy friends call. It was suggested, for example, that they "refrain from extensive and prolonged amorous manifestations in the main lounge, the main corridor, the post office and by the elevator at all times." Just for your own guidance, the governing council meant necking. The girls have accordingly banked their fires a bit, thereby confirming in their own way that ours is indeed an age of conformity.

* * *

A glorious future of some sort is predicted by Mr. Mortimer Kraftsmann for a young milking-machine salesman he got to talking to recently in Springfield, Massachusetts. This enterprising salesman said he had just sold two milking machines to a farmer who had only one cow. He accepted the cow as a down payment.


IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

You could indeed get a sizzling platter for a dollar in that restaurant near Albuquerque, New Mexico, just as the sign in the window said. But if you were fussy about your food like Mr. Joe Cleary and expected a steak on it, that would be $3.75 extra.

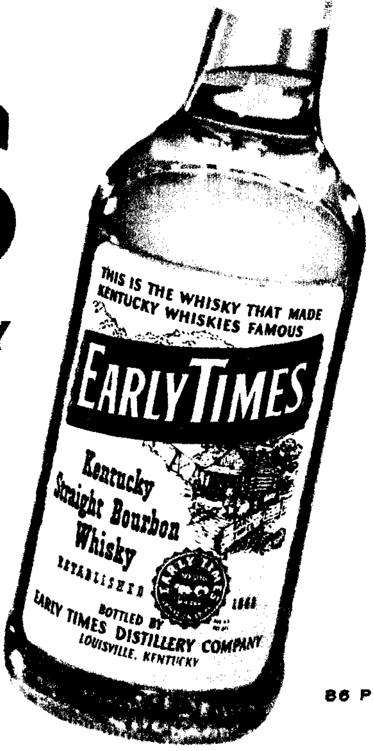
* * *

Because we've had more than a dozen letters lately from indignant readers, we asked Jim (the Bishop) Derieux, boss of our Washington office, for the answer. No, ladies and gentlemen, members of Congress are not treated at Walter Reed Hospital free of charge. Nor at the Navy Hospital at Bethesda, Maryland, either. They do get the "interdepartmental rate," however—$14.75 a day—and this covers medical care, room, board, nurse, everything. The same rate is available for all government VIPs, from the Cabinet and Supreme Court to the Pentagon's brass. Democrats and Republicans alike. Even Independents.

* * *

After a painstaking study of the farm politics situation, old 48 has come to the conclusion that it's hopeless. If there were fewer farm problems, there'd be more farmers. If there were more farmers, there'd be more farm problems. So our advice to candidates for Congress is to reconcile themselves to the situation and take their beatings like men. ▲▲▲

Everybody's calling for it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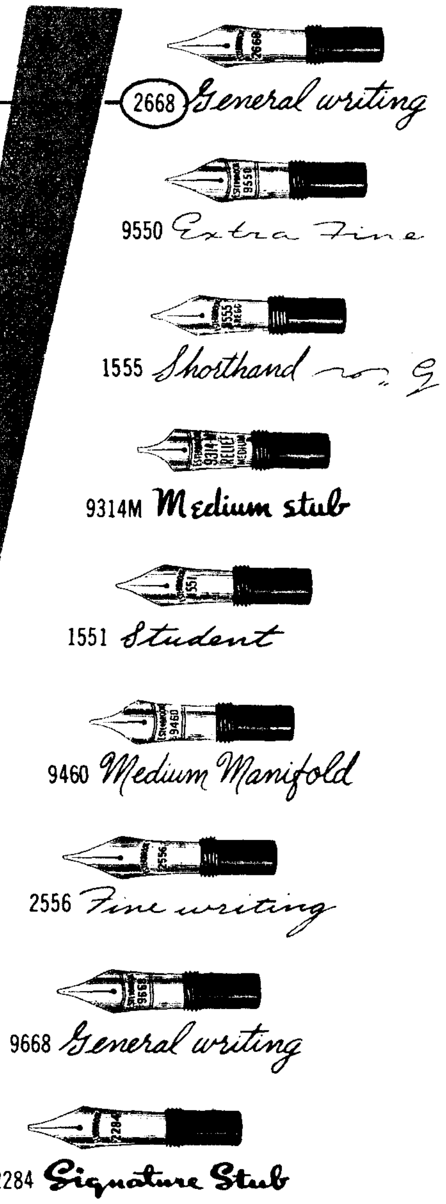

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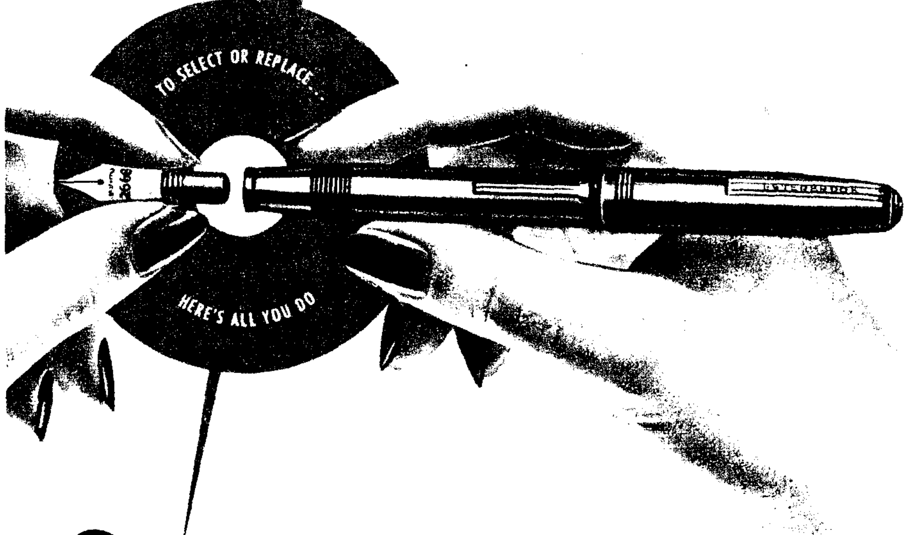

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Cleveland's Al Rosen gets ready to swing for cameraman Larry Fried

WE HAVE news for photographer Larry Fried, who is shown here taking the worm's-eye-view pictures for page 72. The 300-pound sheet of glass on which Al Rosen is standing was supposed to be nonbreakable and shatterproof. But after the picture assignment had been completed, one of the three Bram brothers, who furnished the glass from their Cleveland supply house, wandered into their factory workshop, where the shoot-from-under sequence took place. This man took one look, covered his eyes and turned ashen. "That," he finally managed to say, "was not the glass I told them to send over. It is strictly breakable. If the wrong vibration had been set up while you were taking those pic . . ."

Fried knew nothing of this when he calmly told us about the rhubarb he and Milton Schwartz, who specializes in solving electronic puzzles, experienced in rigging 120 eight-volt light bulbs to illuminate Mr. Rosen's batting swing for page 73. They spent all one night soldering the connections, then found the wire was not flexible enough to withstand Rosen's violent action. Schwartz and Fried suddenly remembered a flexible and well-insulated wire doctors use to lower a lamp into a patient's stomach for picture purposes, and Fried hustled through various supply houses, located sufficient wire and again warmed up the soldering iron. "During the two hours it took me to sew the strings of lights on Rosen," Fried concluded, "Al was unhappily anticipating electrocution; but the four-hour picture session at General Electric's big Nela Park Studio in Cleveland was free from short circuits and shocks—except to my nervous system."

★ ★ ★

IN CREDITING Stan Freberg for his satirical secrets on page 74, we come down to Eartha; Eartha Kitt, that is. While her *C'est Si Bon* platter has sold 600,000 copies, Freberg's take-off has gone to over 400,000 customers.

These two had never met until one day recently when they found themselves in separate cubicles in Collier's Hollywood offices. Freberg was with West Coast chief Ted Strauss; Eartha Kitt with writer Dick Donovan. Not sure of what the outcome might be, Donovan nevertheless decided to introduce the pair. He says the air was what might be called electric for a few seconds; then Miss Kitt stepped up to Freberg and said, "I've always wanted to meet you." Donovan is remiss, we think, in failing to report what emphasis was placed on what word in that greeting.

★ ★ ★

YOU'VE heard a lot about magazine illustrators who engage curvaceous models and paint glamorous story pictures in their north-lighted "stew-jos." This item is about artist Rolf Klep, a naval reserve commander in New Rochelle, New York, whose unglamorous assignments for some 25 years have been to illustrate important articles like the one about weather, on page 25. His models are rarely beautiful and his technical research is prodigious.

Klep got into this pretty specialized field after he was graduated from the University of Oregon in 1927 with a degree in fine arts. He dabbled in architecture, wrote advertising copy, learned something about publishing. Then, since he had always been interested in construction, aeronautical and nautical subjects, he gravitated into his present exacting work. "I like it," he says, "because I meet scientists, doctors, engineers, generals, admirals—and blondes, too."

We like Klep because, aware of publishing problems, he gets his copy in well ahead of the deadline.

★ ★ ★

FASCINATED by the paraphernalia he filmed in a California Exchange Lemon Products laboratory to illustrate Keith Monroe's citronic treatise on page 90, staff photographer John Florea handed a camera to an onlooker and got into the act himself. This disgraceful performance constitutes an outrage to good men of science everywhere and rates a well-deserved dis-Credit. On the other hand, one Florea comment should be passed along.

"In his revelations concerning the use of lemon peels," John points out, "Mr. Monroe failed to mention the all-important twist that imparts a *jenna say kwah** to a dry Martini or rye-on-the-rocks. Without it I'd delight in a twist of the bartender's neck."

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

---

*Poetic lousence.—Ed.

Florea's independent research has established that lemon has no pulse

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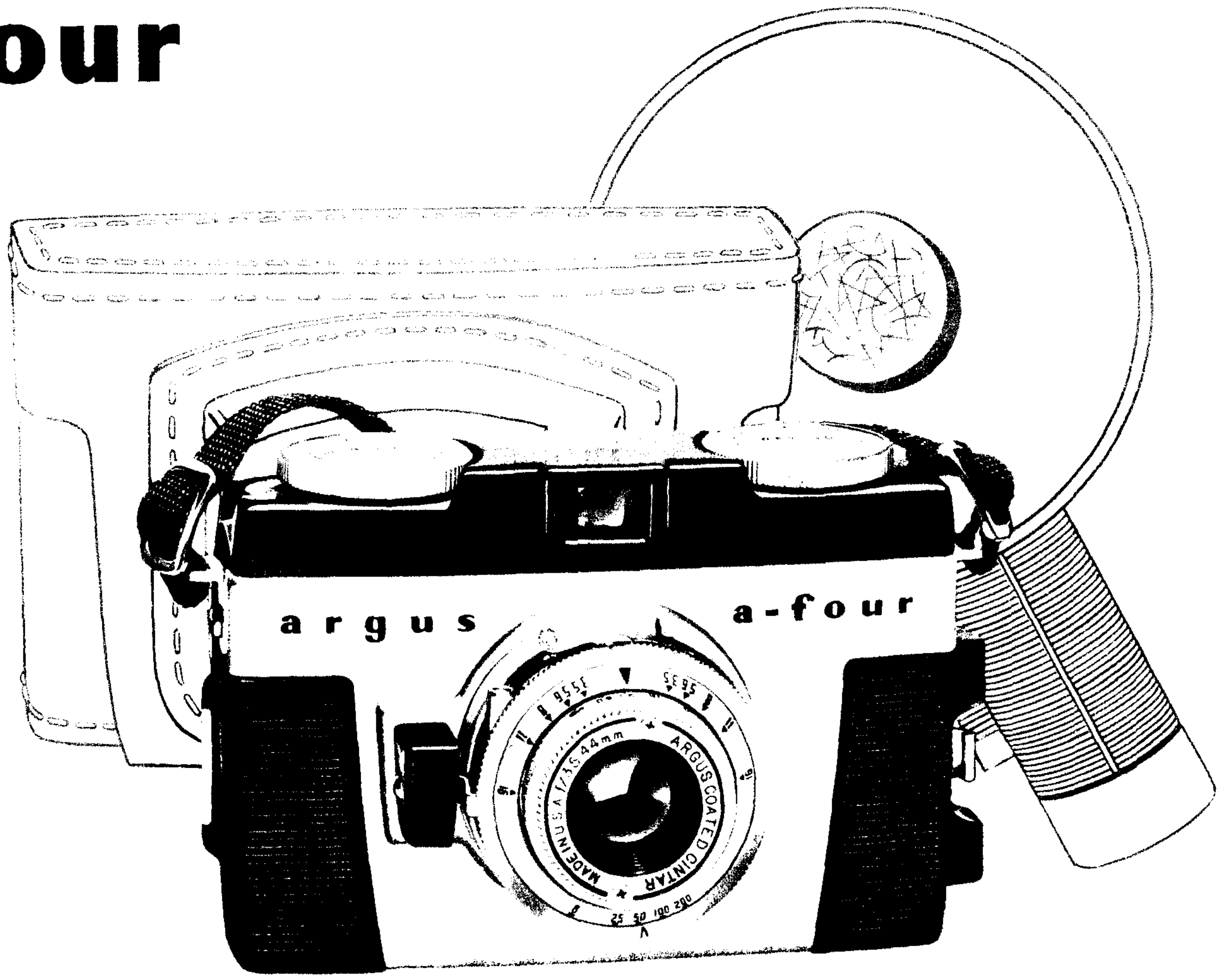

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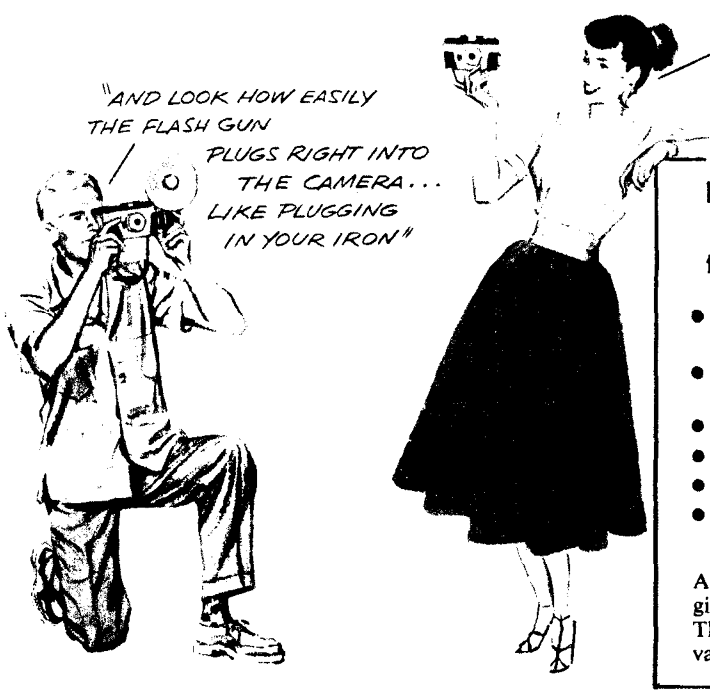
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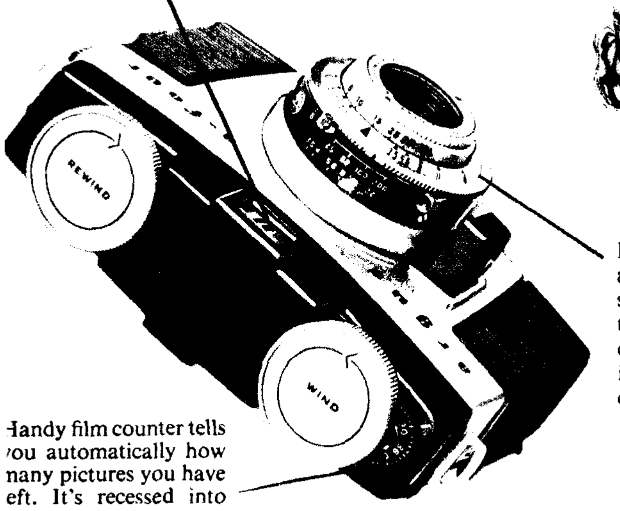

Easy-to-read markings let you see all your settings at one glance from shooting position—no twisting, no turning, no squinting—you can quick-set your A-Four almost instantly for any picture-taking condition.

Handy film counter tells you automatically how many pictures you have left. It's recessed into the camera body.

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Letters...

The Fabulous Nick

Editor: The smarticles glamorizing Nick the Greek (Apr. 2d–16th–30th) may encourage some emotional adolescents to attempt to trace his pattern. They may not see that Nick, for all his education, is essentially useless—for all his philosophizing on reasonableness, essentially unreasonable.

The Pride of Las Vegas, like many another colorful character, is to be enjoyed but not imitated.

Jack Green, San Francisco, Cal.

Reader Green, in his final sentence, has summed up Collier's purpose in publishing the series on Nick the Greek.

. . . Re Nick the Greek, King of the Gamblers: tastefully dressed, indeed! If that ancient shirt with the frayed cuffs has ever been ironed I'll lose a bet.

Am enclosing check for $5, hoping Nick can find his shirt size and appear a little better dressed in the next issue.

Walter S. Ooten, Jr.,
Fountain City, Tenn.

Mr. Ooten's check has been received and forwarded. No word as yet from the debatably dapper Mr. Dandolos.

From a Veteran Educator

Editor: I have read with the greatest interest Howard Whitman's two pieces on education (The Struggle for Our Children's Minds, Feb. 5th–Mar. 19th).

They are hard-hitting, factual articles that lay bare exactly what I have felt has been the matter with our schools.

Of course, you will get a tremendous backfire from the reformers. In fact, I am never sure whether anyone can win a battle with a reformer, in words, at any rate.

In any event, I am very glad to feel that these articles are so good, and I feel that you are doing a distinct public service in publishing them.

Raymond Moley, New York, N.Y.

Mr. Moley, professor of public law at Columbia University and a contributing editor of Newsweek magazine, has a long record of experience in the field of education.

. . . Your editorial A Job of Weed Pulling (Apr. 2d) states that you specifically commissioned Mr. Whitman "to explore" the "negative" in education. Heretofore, I had naïvely supposed that good journalism did not concern itself with the portrayal of an author's, or editor's, preconceived notion of what is "positive" or what is "negative," but with the objective presentation of facts.

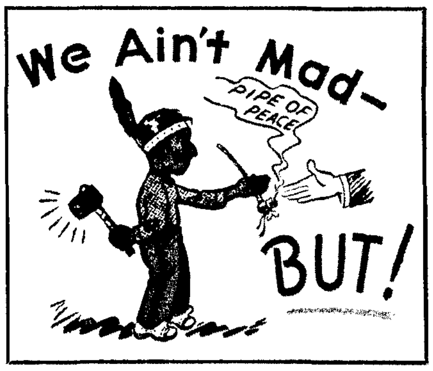
You state that one does not accentuate the positive by ignoring the negative. Has it not occurred to you also that one cannot "explore" the negative by ignoring the positive or by accepting half-truths and irresponsible criticism as valid evidence of things that are negative?

Such would-be exploration scarcely is weed pulling, but rather weed cultivation—weeds of misunderstanding and dissension.

Ivan A. Booker, Arlington, Va.

Our editorial stated: "Collier's assigned Mr. Whitman to explore, rather than ignore, the negative . . . We do not assume, from Mr. Whitman's findings, that all of this country's educational system is based on fads and whims. We believe that most teachers are conscientious and dedicated to their profession." A rereading of the entire editorial should convince Mr. Booker that Collier's intention is not to sow "weeds of misunderstanding and dissension."

Wrong Twin City

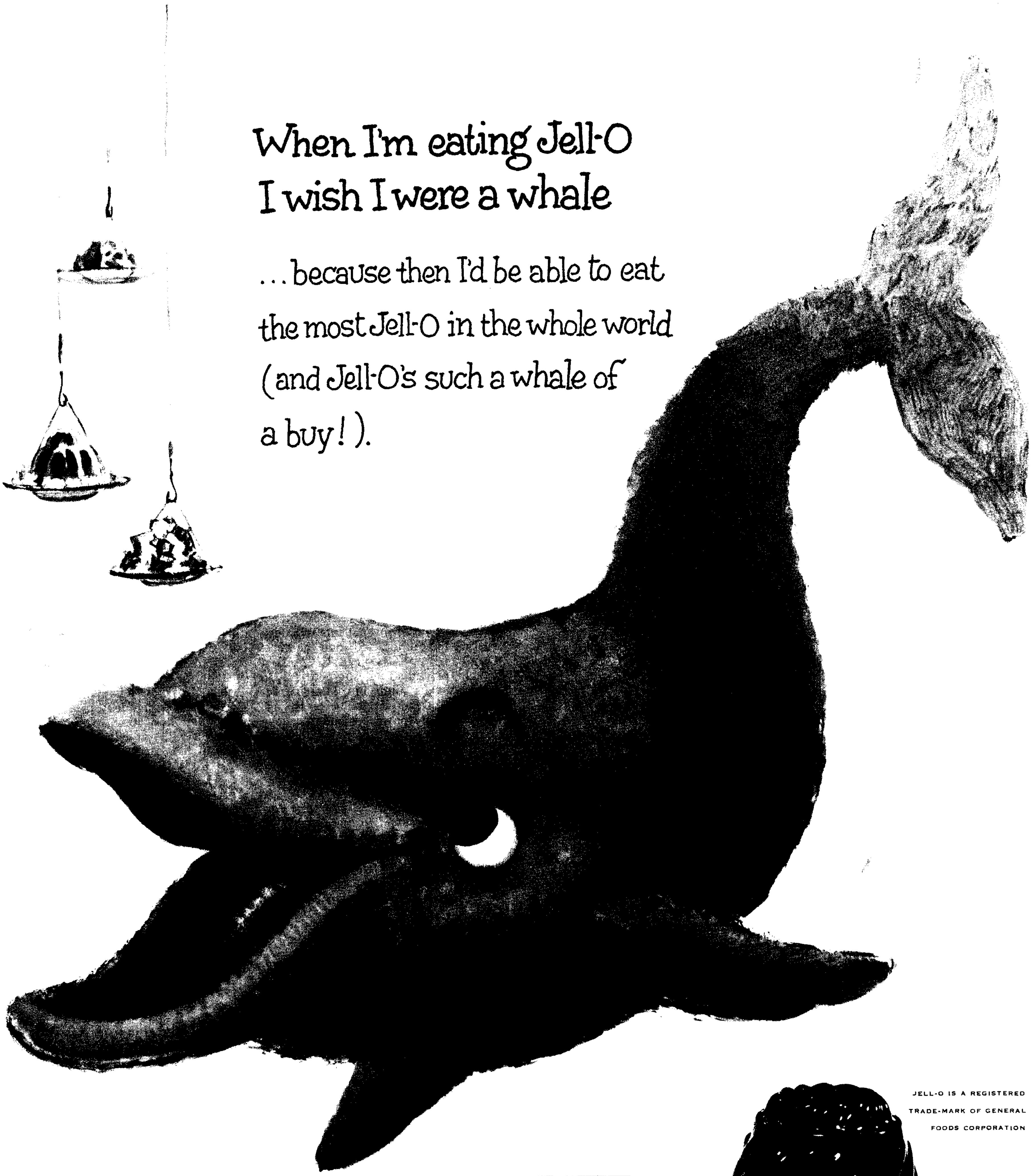

We Ain't Mad—
PIPE OF PEACE
BUT!

Editor: In Mammals Are Clogging Your Channels (Apr. 2d), it is mentioned that a well-known TV personality, a chimpanzee, rode in an open-air car in a parade at the Minnesota State Fair "in Minneapolis."

The post-office address of the Minnesota State Fair is St. Paul, and the grounds are a considerable distance from Minneapolis and bounded on the west, south and east by St. Paul, and

When I'm eating Jell-O I wish I were a whale

...because then I'd be able to eat the most Jell-O in the whole world (and Jell-O's such a whale of a buy!).



Now's the time for **JELL-O** BRAND GELATIN DESSERT SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS

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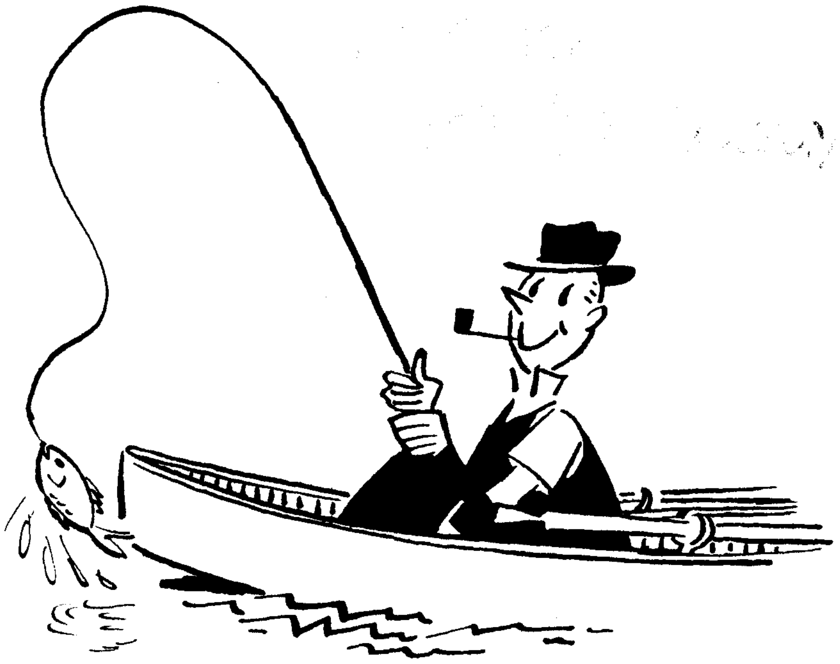


It's Smart to Say "Enough for Now"

by don herold

I don't like unsportsmanlike people who try to empty streams, lakes . . . or bottles . . . in one day.

I recently wrote a book on the effects of over-the-limit drinking (other people's) on me, and I'm afraid it established me as an authority.

Anyway, the Stitzel-Weller folks came to me to help them in a campaign on moderation. They are the proud owners of—of all things—the fine, old-family distillery that makes OLD CABIN STILL BOURBON, in Louisville, Kentucky.

They want restrained use of their product, partly because they think excess hurts the name of good bourbon, and partly because they make only a limited amount of it and don't want anybody to try to drink it all.

They make OLD CABIN STILL to appeal especially to sportsmen, and it really does—because it has a deep, rich, substantial, manly, outdoor flavor, which you can enjoy in small quantities. On a fishing or hunting trip, you don't have to carry a lot (in your gear or in your gears) to get your enjoyment.

Stitzel-Weller make every ounce of OLD CABIN STILL in the same slow, patient, ever-watchful, costly, sour mash way the family has used for generations.

They would no more put any but their own bourbon in their bottles, than a good sportsman would buy a big fish at a fish market and have it mounted as his own trophy.

General Motors doesn't like excessive speed on the highways. Bayer doesn't want you to take too much aspirin.

And I think Stitzel-Weller are smart to come out and stand up straight for sportsmanlike moderation in the use of their rare OLD CABIN STILL.

Old Cabin Still

91 PROOF

OLD CABIN STILL

The Sportsman's Choice!

Kentucky Straight Bourbon. Balanced at the Flavor Proof. Distilled, aged and bottled only by Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Estab. Louisville, Kentucky, 1849

Conservation through Moderation . . . with gun, rod or bottle.

on the north by the St. Paul suburban areas of Falcon Heights and Roseville.
W. L. BOSS, St. Paul, Minn.

Reader Boss is a member of the Wambuts (We Ain't Mad But's), an organization devoted to setting outlanders straight on the difference between Minneapolis and their favorite city.

Old Favorites

EDITOR: I think you are entitled to an expression of appreciation for your publication of Favorite Hymns (Apr. 16th). To me that is a slant toward high altitude in magazine content. It is heartening and indicates a trend toward higher ground. JOE E. DEUPREE, Oklahoma City, Okla.

. . . This writer would like to call your attention to the fact that Martin Luther's hymn, A Mighty Fortress Is Our God, has been named among the ten favorite hymns in various polls conducted by publications of national circulation. JULIUS F. E. NICKELSBURG, Queens Village, N.Y.

. . . In these days when there is so much talk of destructive forces, it is very heartening to find a national magazine such as yours devoting so much space to our Christian heritage.
MRS. F. DORAN, Flin Flon, Canada

He Was There

EDITOR: I have only recently read The Happiness Machine, by W. Douglas Landsford (Mar. 5th). (We receive all magazines a little late over here.) Last evening some of my patients were discussing the author, and soon the question came up—"Is he a GI?" That caught my attention, so I decided to ask you. His subtle but complete description of Korean foods, dress, language and customs leads one to believe that he has had intimate contact with the home life of an average Korean family. LT. MARY BURLEY, ANC, 45th Evac. Hosp., Korea

Lieutenant Burley's assumption is correct. Author Landsford was a GI in Korea, which is where he got the idea for The Happiness Machine, his first published piece of fiction.

Aquatic Aliments

EDITOR: A wonderful, inspiring article on the importance of the discovery of the algae's nutritional value (Now—Bread from the Sea, Apr. 16th). Perhaps this will help smother some of those cries of "overpopulation."

The world was meant to be well populated; it's more equal distribution that we need!
CHARLES ROBERTS, Atchison, Kans.

. . . As I read your Now—Bread from the Sea, I couldn't help thinking about Al Capp's famous little character, the Shmoo. I don't know if algae are "tickled" to "keel over" for human beings, but the similarity of rapid reproduction and food value is very strong!
DAVID DODGE, Wichita Falls, Texas

Rival River

EDITOR: OL' MAN ATCHAFALAYA? (APR. 16TH) VIVIDLY PORTRAYS IMPENDING CATASTROPHE FOR LOWER MISSISSIPPI VALLEY AND HELPS SUBSTANTIATE OUR CURRENT PLEAS FOR STRUCTURE AT OLD RIVER TO PREVENT MISSISSIPPI DIVERSION. REFERENCE IN STORY AND OUTLINE THAT MORGAN CITY WOULD BECOME BUSTLING PORT IS IN ERROR AND SHOULD BE CORRECTED. DIVERSION WOULD COMPLETELY RUIN THAT CITY ALONG WITH ENTIRE ATCHAFALAYA BASIN. OPIE L. SHELTON, BATON ROUGE, LA.

Collier's article stated "The sleepy little town of Morgan City . . . conceivably would then arise from a devastating flood to become the biggest Southern port in the U.S." Though the present Atchafalaya basin might be ruined by the Mississippi's diversion, a subsequently enlarged basin might form a harbor to rival that of New Orleans, and open the way for a bigger, busier Morgan City.

. . . The article on the Mississippi-Atchafalaya problem is excellent, and our people are thoroughly enjoying reading it. JOHN C. GOODRUM, Chief, Technical Liaison Branch, Mississippi River Commission, Vicksburg, Miss.

Bluegill Admirer

EDITOR: Congratulations to Collier's for the seven colorful pages entitled Go Fishing with Collier's (Apr. 16th).

I was particularly impressed by the fact that the bluegill was included among the eight fresh-water scrappers. Most fishing articles point out the glamor of the steelhead, or the tarpon, the musky, the salmon, the rainbow trout, etc., and completely forget the lowly bluegill. With the tremendous increase in licensed fishermen in the United States, particularly since the war, there is only one fresh-water fish that can possibly keep fishing interest alive, as the number of fishermen increase, and that is the bluegill and the rest of the family of pan fish. Geographically, they have wide range. They grow to maturity in a relatively short period of time. It is the only fish that will stand the traffic of millions of fishermen.
C. W. DAVIS, Kalamazoo, Mich.

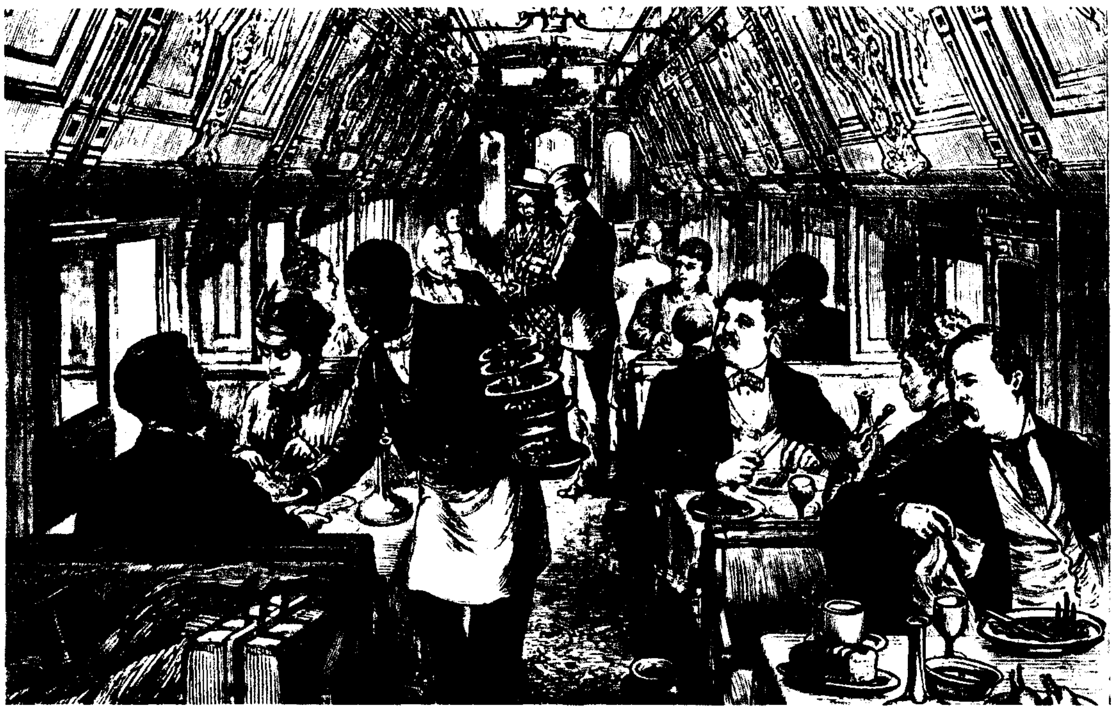
Science Fiction & Fact

EDITOR: I would like to compliment you on your choice of a science-fiction novel for a lead story (Dark Dominion, Apr. 2d through May 14th). All too rarely nowadays can such material be found in a publication of your stature.

I would also like to congratulate you on your wonderful series on space flight, and related subjects. And as a gentle seasoning to go with them I hope to see more science fiction.
A/3C ROBERT P. HOSKINS, Brooks Air Force Base, Texas

Regards from Africa

EDITOR: This is a note of appreciation from South Africa, where Collier's is held in high regard. An article which I found highly interesting was My Battle Against Leprosy, by Dr. F. A. Johansen (Jan. 22d). As a recently retired superintendent of a large Infectious Diseases Hospital in Capetown, I was delighted with Dr. Johansen's enlightened attitude toward his patients, especially in closing his eyes to certain irregularities. The welfare and happiness of these people were infinitely more important than the rigid enforcement of rules inspired by the outside world's fear of the disease. I have always tried to put the same principle into practice when dealing with tuberculosis patients. J. F. WICHT, M.D., Durbanville, South Africa



Dining at 30 miles an hour — these early railroad travelers enjoyed the very best. Even then, the railroads spared no effort to see that food and service rivaled the finest restaurants of the day.

Service has always been first on the railroad menu...

And today America enjoys constantly improving railroad service

To the men who moved westward with a growing America, railroad service meant much more than the novel luxury of the dining car. In fact, the steel rail itself became the very backbone which *made possible* America's vigorous growth.

And to you, today, railroad service is even more important, because now our way of life depends more than ever on fast, efficient rail transportation. Only the railroads can do the big, basic job of economically moving the mountains of goods which America produces. To improve this service, the railroads have spent more than 9 billion dollars since the end of World War II.

The railroads are continuing to spend huge sums for new track, cars, locomotives, signals — all the things it takes to make railroad service even more efficient and more economical. As a taxpayer, you'll be glad to know that all this money is raised by the railroads — none of it comes from your taxes.

This money buys progress for the railroads — and for all America. It's one big reason why America's railroads can carry more tons, more miles than *all* other forms of transportation combined — and do it at a lower average charge than any other form of general transportation.

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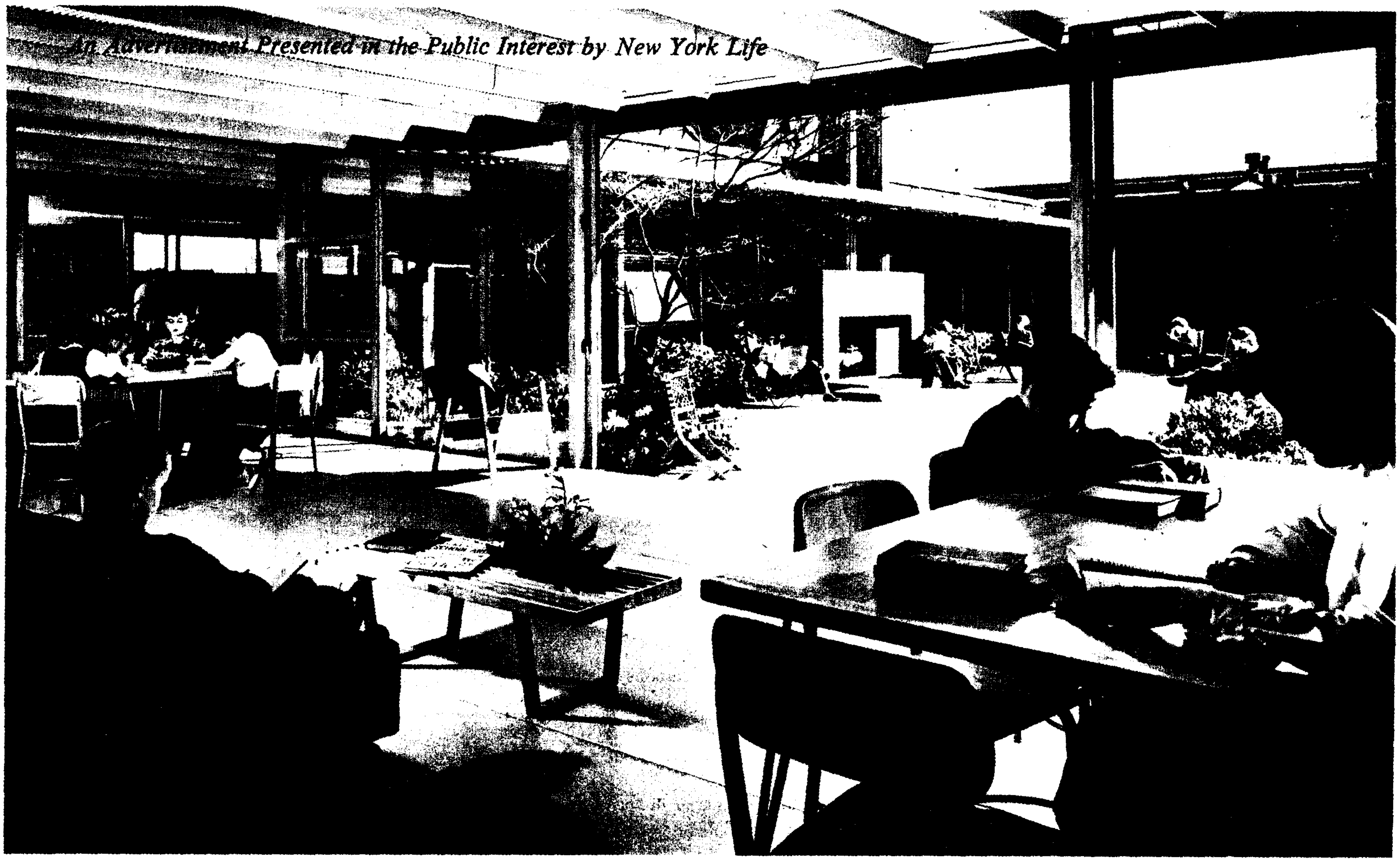
An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

Looking not at all like most modern public buildings, the Fitchburg Youth Library in Massachusetts has an openness of design, a beauty of décor which have made it a conversation piece among architects and students. A contribution to today's community planning, it serves as a library, community center, exhibition gallery and theatre all in one. Carl Koch, Architect.

SHOULD YOUR CHILD BE AN ARCHITECT?

by Pietro Belluschi

Dean of Architecture and Planning, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

(*As told to* **DONALD ROBINSON**)

In all likelihood, your son will never make a fortune as an architect. Very few men do. But he can acquire another type of wealth that will probably mean more to him than all the money in the United States Treasury.

Again and again, if he goes in for architecture, your son will experience the kind of thrill that came to a young man I know. This chap was attending the opening ceremonies of a hospital he'd designed for a large midwestern city—it was his first big job—when he saw a poorly dressed woman crying.

"What's wrong, lady?" he asked.

"I'm so happy," she wept. "They're transferring my husband here from one of the old hospitals, and I just know he can get better in a place as beautiful as this."

And your son will often get the sort of thrill an architect friend of mine had after he designed a new church on the Pacific Coast. One of the parishioners came up to him and said, "Your church makes me feel near to God."

Moments like that cannot be measured in dollars.

There is enormous gratification in an architect's work. No other art can give its practitioner such a sense of completeness. The buildings an architect designs not only can be seen and felt, they can be lived in and used. And they add to the world's store of beauty.

Just think of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, Radio City in New York and the State Capitol in Lincoln, Nebraska. Think how much lovelier those cities are because of them.

This ranch house in Yamhill, Oregon, is a rambling arrangement of office, house, car shelter and guest house—all under one roof. It is an excellent example of modern Northwest architecture and a good example of the new answers architects are supplying for the problem of designing dwellings to meet ever-changing family needs.

If they're fine enough, the structures an architect creates can last for centuries. It is more than 6,000 years since the Pyramid of Sakhara was built in Egypt but the pyramid and the name of the young architect who designed it, Imhotep, live on.

Most significant, the architect has the satisfaction of knowing that he is helping people to live, work and play together better.

Today, architecture offers wonderful opportunities for young men. It is difficult to believe, but there are less than 20,000 licensed architects in the United States. A boy who chooses architecture as his profession is almost sure to get an interesting job (paying about $50 a week) immediately upon his graduation from college and, if he has ability, he can be certain of advancing rapidly. The chances are, as I've said, that he won't become a millionaire. However, after eight or ten years' experience, he should be making a comfortable living with an annual income of $9,000 or $10,000. (Some architects make more than $100,000 a year. But not many.)

In recent years, the field of architecture has expanded vastly. Once architects concentrated largely on rich men's mansions. No more. Now, .they spend most of their time on housing projects, airy, spacious factories, and office buildings, school buildings, health centers, shopping centers and airports, to mention but a few.

As the field has grown bigger, it has become even more stimulating. No two jobs are ever the same. I spent 28 years as a practicing architect, before I entered the academic world and I can vouch for that.

While I was a working architect, a friend inquired of me, "Don't you ever become bored with your work?"

"How could I?" I replied. "One month, I may be doing a new bank and have to design vaults that no bandit can get into. The next month, I may be doing a shopping center and devising ways to make marketing more pleasant for women. Each assignment represents an exciting challenge. Even if it's merely a small house, it's an adventure to discover the kind of shelter that will best fit that particular family."

I must warn you, though, that the calls made on an architect are vast. An architect does a lot more now than draw a picture of a handsome building. He must arrange the space inside in the most effective fashion, be it for a hospital, an airlines terminal or a munitions plant. He must plan for corridors, stairs, elevators and parking space. He must determine the right construction method and the best materials to be used. He must see to ventilation, heating, wiring, plumbing, air conditioning and a thousand other things.

The architect today must be a combination of business man, organizer, technician, planner, economist, sociologist, surveyor, landscaper, engineer and artist. And he must be a keen psychologist, too, if he is to understand what his client really needs.

It sounds imposing, doesn't it? But, remember, if a man can do these things, a full and useful life awaits him.

How can you tell if your boy is suited to be an architect? Ask yourself and him these questions:

1. Can he draw? An architect does not have to be a Rembrandt but he must be able to sketch neatly and accurately.
2. Can he visualize? He should be able to describe, in words and sketches, buildings he's seen. His school, for example. Or a friend's house.
3. Does he have a grasp of dimensions? An architect must have a good eye for the size and shape of things.
4. Does he have a feeling for what is appropriate? An architect should not design a railroad depot to look like a gas tank.

St. Stephen's Church in Columbus, Ohio, illustrates the desire of today's architects to depart from the older, traditional types of church architecture and to strive for greater simplicity through the sensitive use of modern materials. Brooks and Coddington, Architects.

5. Is he good at mathematics and technical subjects? An architect must know his engineering. A mistake can cause a building to collapse.
6. Can he synthesize? An architect must be able to cope with a wide variety of information and come up with the correct solution.
7. Is he persevering? It takes a colossal amount of detail work to develop the plans for a building.
8. Can he work under pressure? An architect's work comes in spurts and he frequently must labor 16 or 18 hours a day to meet deadlines.

   During the war, a housing emergency arose near Portland, Oregon, and I was asked to turn out the plans for a 940-unit housing project in 40 days. Normally, it should have taken several times that.

   I made it. People would have gone homeless otherwise.
9. Is he a diplomat? He must be able to "sell" himself to people. An architect must have a client before he can build anything.

Most of all, your son should have imagination, enthusiasm and common sense. They must be in equal parts. The man with too much imagination and too little common sense will never get anywhere. And vice versa.

At what age should your boy decide to be an architect?

That's hard to say. A few boys with relatives or friends who are architects pick architecture while they still are very young. Most boys, however, don't make the plunge into architecture until they've had a year or two of college and have had an opportunity to weigh various careers. Then they enter an architectural school.

This brings up the vital question—how does a boy become an architect?

It can be done without even going to college. By working eight years in the office of a registered architect, in most states a high school graduate can qualify himself to take the state examinations and win his license.

Some of our most successful architects have come up in this manner. I cannot say that I recommend it, though. In my opinion, an architect needs more than practical experience. He must also have a deep reservoir of culture. He must understand yesterday's architecture to create the architecture of today. To my mind, an architect cannot afford to be an uneducated man.

So, I would urge your son to go to a good college of architecture. There are 50 in the United States, and most are excellent. They give a five-year course which usually leads to a Bachelor's Degree in Architecture.

Worried parents often ask me, "Is it a difficult course?"

The answer is "No." Any boy with talent, intelligence and stick-to-itiveness can pass.

"Is it very expensive?" I'm constantly asked that, too.

The answer here varies. Tuition at some colleges runs as high as $900 a year, to which must be added another $1,000 for room, board, books and materials. But many of the state universities have low tuition fees, and the private institutions all offer scholarships to outstanding students. Furthermore, an ambitious boy can raise a large part of the money he needs. He can work after school, and during the summer can earn both money and valuable experience in some architect's office. I am positive that lack of funds will not prevent a gifted, energetic boy from getting an education as an architect.

After a boy has finished college, he still must get three years' training in an architect's office before he can take his state examinations.

These examinations are difficult. A high percentage of those who take them fail. But the good man can get through.

You've noticed, I suppose, that I've directed my remarks to boys. I cannot, in whole conscience, recommend architecture as a profession for girls. I know some women who have done well at it, but the obstacles are so great that it takes an exceptional girl to make a go of it. If your daughter insists on becoming an architect, I would try to dissuade her. If she still insists, give her your blessing. She may be that exceptional one.

◆ ◆ ◆

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

Booklets available on other careers

This article on Architecture is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Law, Medicine, Teaching, Aeronautical Engineering, Public Service, Farming *and* Journalism. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write:*

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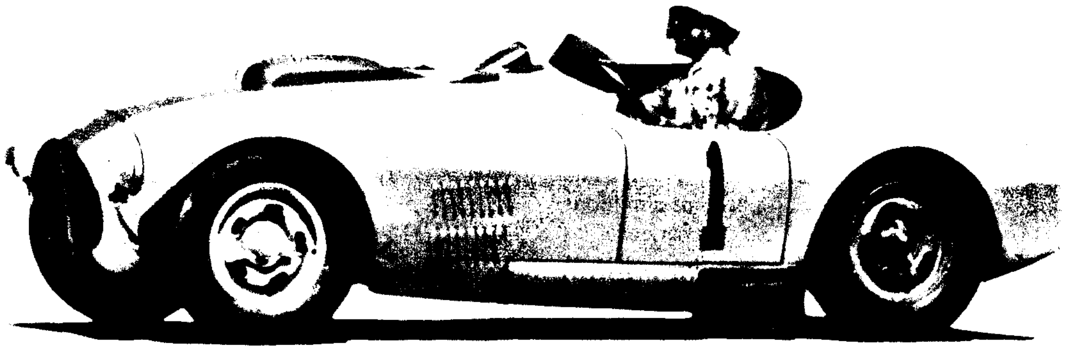
Sports car owners demand quick acceleration for sharp turns and fast straightaways. They're mighty particular about spark plugs that respond instantly at all speeds without lag or miss.

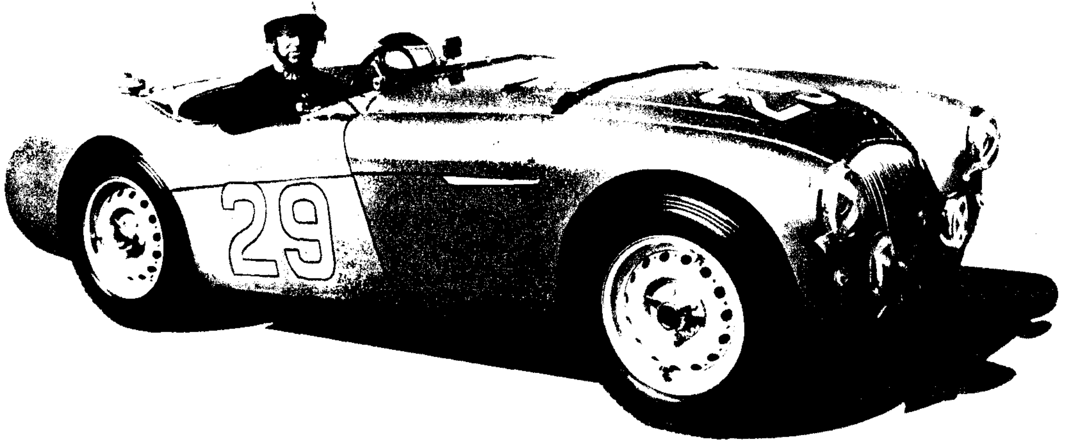
In your own car, there are many times when you, too, really need extra pick-up to pass a slow-moving vehicle or otherwise pull yourself out of a tight spot *safely*. Champion Spark Plugs are overwhelming favorites, not only with sports car drivers but with motorists everywhere.

Insist on full-firing Champions—they'll give you instant acceleration at all speeds, and better engine performance regardless of make of car, or how you drive it.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

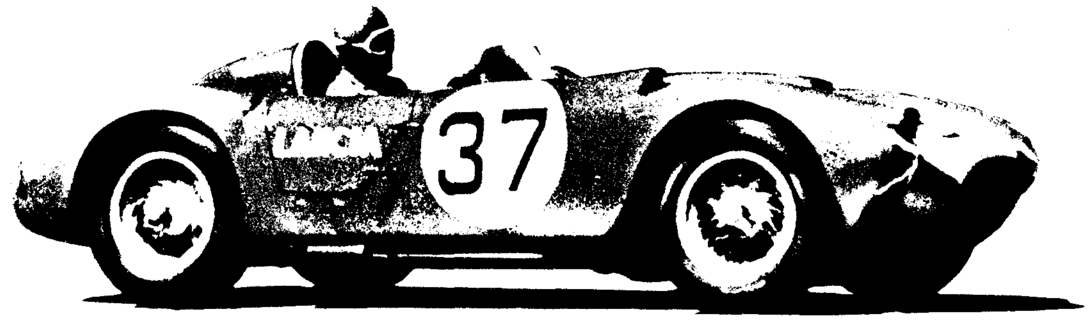


THE CUNNINGHAM—Equipped with Champion these American-bred cars have scored many great vic tories, including the 1953 Sebring (Fla.) Grand Pri



THE AUSTIN-HEALEY—Broke more than 100 stock car records on Bonneville Salt Flats (Utah) running on dependable Champion Spark Plugs.

THE JAGUAR 120 C—Won 1953 LeMans (France) "Twenty-four Hours"—world's greatest sports car race. All Jaguars are factory-fitted with Champions.

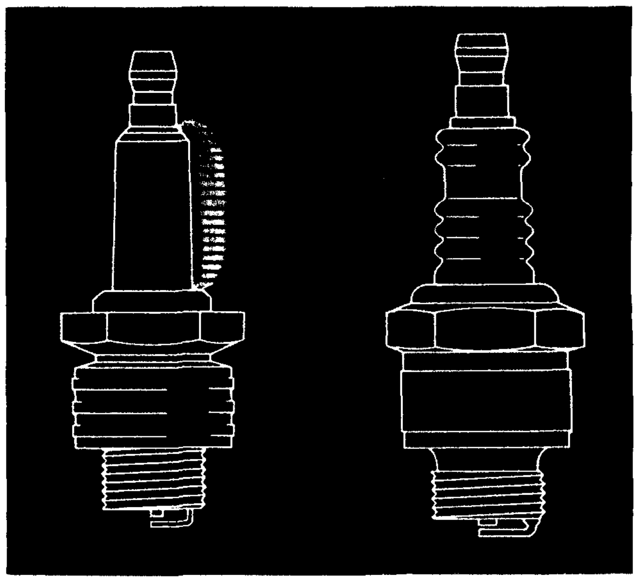


THE LANCIA—These newly designed cars bearing the long-famous Lancia name and using Champions won the 1953 Pan-American (Mexican) Road Race.

THE FERRARI—Champion-equipped 4.5 litre Ferraris have scored 1954 victories at MacDill, Hunter and Bergstrom Air Force Base sports car races and in the 625-mile Argentine classic.

Only Champion Has 5-Rib Insulator to Assure You Split-Second Starts

You can *see* the reason Champions give you faster starting Laboratory tests prove the exclusive Champion patente 5-ribbed insulator resists "shorting" or "flashover" as muc as forty per cent more than ordinary smooth insulator plug under the same conditions, because the path the electricit is forced to take is greater.



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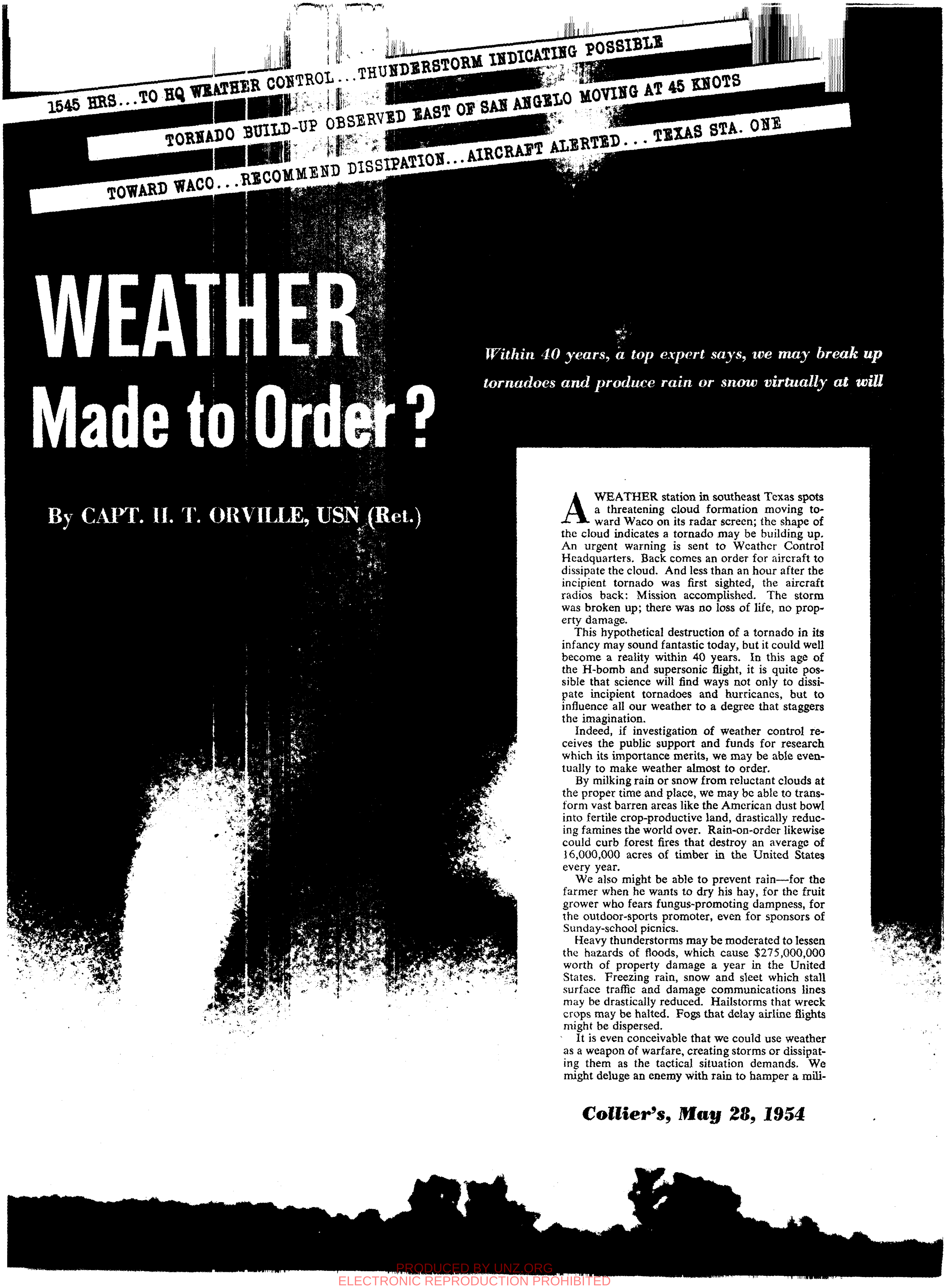


1545 HRS...TO HQ WEATHER CONTROL...THUNDERSTORM INDICATING POSSIBLE
TORNADO BUILD-UP OBSERVED EAST OF SAN ANGELO MOVING AT 45 KNOTS
TOWARD WACO...RECOMMEND DISSIPATION...AIRCRAFT ALERTED... TEXAS STA. ONE

WEATHER Made to Order?

Within 40 years, a top expert says, we may break up tornadoes and produce rain or snow virtually at will

By CAPT. H. T. ORVILLE, USN (Ret.)

A WEATHER station in southeast Texas spots a threatening cloud formation moving toward Waco on its radar screen; the shape of the cloud indicates a tornado may be building up. An urgent warning is sent to Weather Control Headquarters. Back comes an order for aircraft to dissipate the cloud. And less than an hour after the incipient tornado was first sighted, the aircraft radios back: Mission accomplished. The storm was broken up; there was no loss of life, no property damage.

This hypothetical destruction of a tornado in its infancy may sound fantastic today, but it could well become a reality within 40 years. In this age of the H-bomb and supersonic flight, it is quite possible that science will find ways not only to dissipate incipient tornadoes and hurricanes, but to influence all our weather to a degree that staggers the imagination.

Indeed, if investigation of weather control receives the public support and funds for research which its importance merits, we may be able eventually to make weather almost to order.

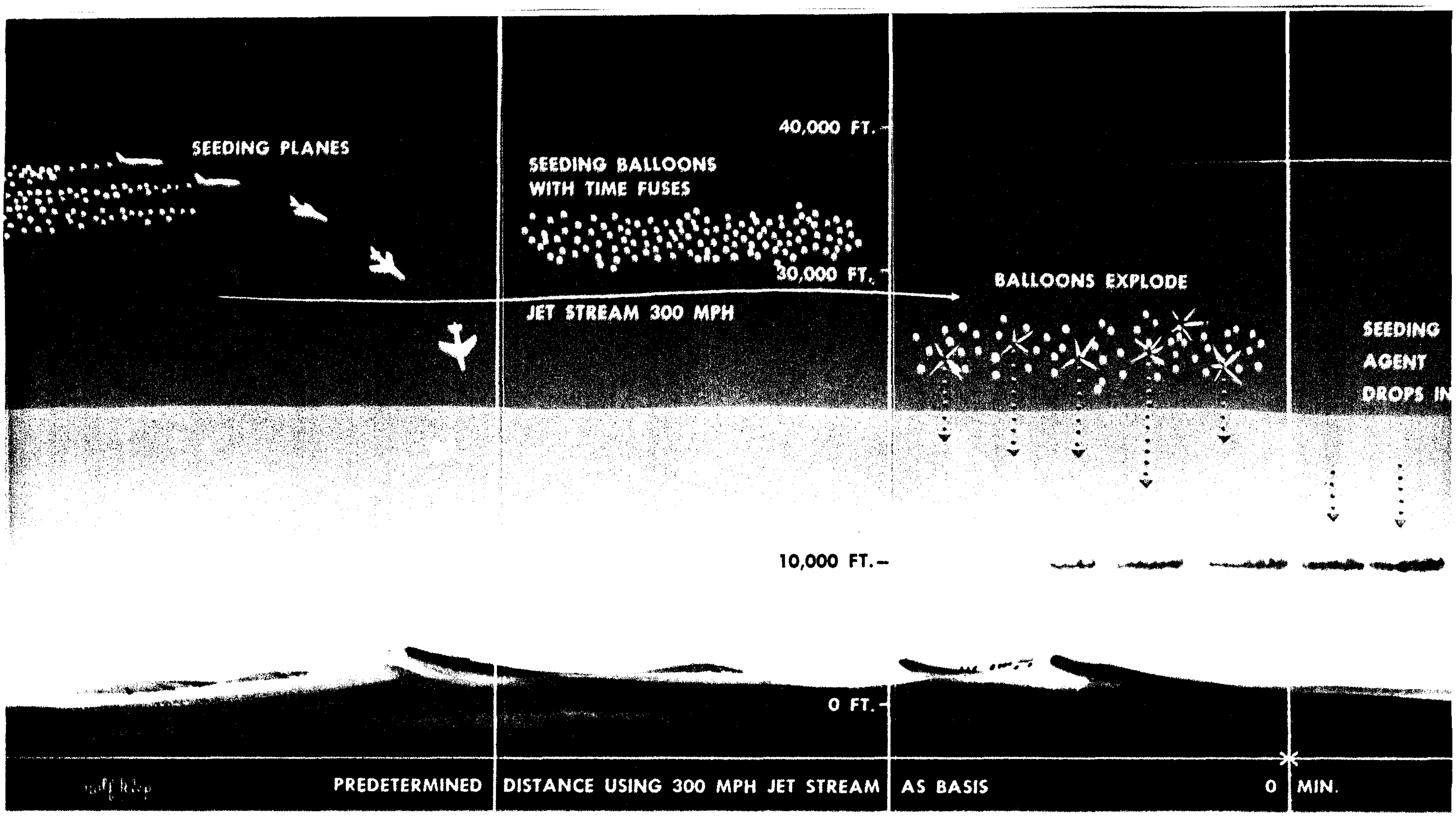
By milking rain or snow from reluctant clouds at the proper time and place, we may be able to transform vast barren areas like the American dust bowl into fertile crop-productive land, drastically reducing famines the world over. Rain-on-order likewise could curb forest fires that destroy an average of 16,000,000 acres of timber in the United States every year.

We also might be able to prevent rain—for the farmer when he wants to dry his hay, for the fruit grower who fears fungus-promoting dampness, for the outdoor-sports promoter, even for sponsors of Sunday-school picnics.

Heavy thunderstorms may be moderated to lessen the hazards of floods, which cause $275,000,000 worth of property damage a year in the United States. Freezing rain, snow and sleet which stall surface traffic and damage communications lines may be drastically reduced. Hailstorms that wreck crops may be halted. Fogs that delay airline flights might be dispersed.

It is even conceivable that we could use weather as a weapon of warfare, creating storms or dissipating them as the tactical situation demands. We might deluge an enemy with rain to hamper a mili-

Collier's, May 28, 1954



Weather control used as a military weapon: adapting civilian techniques to warfare, planes could drop balloons containing seeding crystals i

He's Weather Adviser to the President

Capt. Howard T. Orville, USN (Retired), is chairman of the Advisory Committee on Weather Control appointed by President Dwight D. Eisenhower to correlate information on weather-control experiments and to recommend ways of supervising future commercial operations in the field.

A graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, Orville was awarded a master of science degree in meteorology by Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1930 and has been active in weather work ever since. During World War II, he was weather adviser to the Secretary of the Navy, the commander in chief of the U.S. Fleet and the Chief of Naval Operations. He charted the weather for the historic first air raid on Tokyo led by General James Doolittle and was one of the principal weather advisers for the Allied invasion of North Africa.

Capt. Orville was one of the first to recognize the importance of radar in combating destructive storms; it was largely through his efforts that the Navy developed methods for locating and tracking hurricanes and typhoons by radar. In addition to his weather duties, he is at present a technical consultant to the Bendix Aviation Corporation's Friez Instrument Division.

Besides Orville, there are four other civilian members on the Advisory Committee on Weather Control. They are: Dr. A. M. Eberle, dean of agriculture of South Dakota State College; Lewis W. Douglas, former ambassador to Great Britain, now a prominent rancher and miner in Arizona; Kenneth C. Spengler, executive secretary of the American Meteorological Society; and Brigadier General Joseph J. George, U.S. Air Force Reserve, superintendent of meteorology of Eastern Air Lines. Charles Gardner is acting executive secretary of the committee.

tary movement or strike at his food supplies by withholding needed rain from his crops.

Countless other benefits could accrue from an efficient method of weather modification. My belief that many of these benefits could be obtained within 40 years is based upon my 26 years as a weatherman and upon an intimate knowledge of the development of cloud-seeding or rain-making techniques since the first successful operations in November, 1946, by Drs. Irving Langmuir and Vincent J. Schaefer of the General Electric Company.

Lest I appear overenthusiastic, though, let me sound a note of reserve. It is possible today to increase rainfall under certain favorable conditions, and to dissipate some types of fog.

We also have reports that hail has been reduced. But before we can hope to achieve all the benefits I have outlined, hundreds of meteorological unknowns must be solved at a cost of possibly billions of dollars.

My distinguished colleague, Dr. Sverre Petterssen of the University of Chicago, has remarked that our knowledge of precipitation is very meager indeed. And before we can hope to control the weather, we must learn what causes weather. To gain this knowledge would probably require an effort as large as the Manhattan Project for the development of atomic energy.

Mastery of the weather is theoretically possible if our research is expanded on that scale. I think that cloud-seeding in eight years has carried the technique of weather modification about as far as aviation progressed during its first eight years. If weather research continues to match the pace of air progress, I believe there's an excellent chance that the degree of weather control I have outlined can be achieved in four decades.

We will not have to wait 40 years, however, to derive much greater economic benefits from weather than we have today. While research on weather modification is progressing, there are interim steps which can and, I am confident, will be taken. These steps do not require the exhaustive and detailed research needed for weather control. They require only the application of electronic devices already in existence or under development. And while these steps will not give us control of the weather, they will give us an opportunity to mitigate its harmful effects through a *completely accurate* system of weather forecasting.

I think it entirely probable that, in 10 years, your daily weather forecast will read something like this:

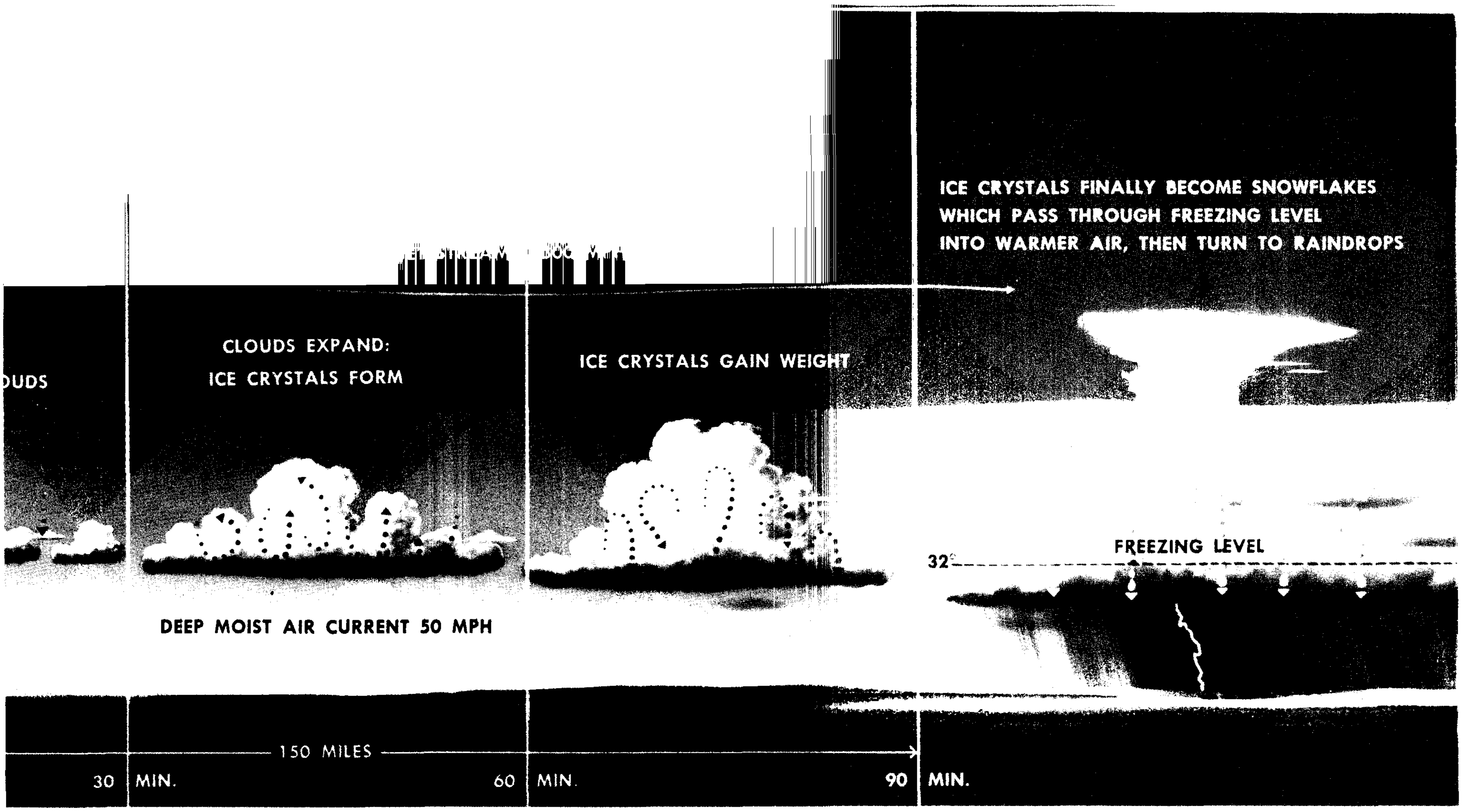
"Freezing rain, starting at 10:46 A.M., ending at 2:32 P.M." or "Heavy snowfall, seven inches, starting at 1:43 A.M., continuing throughout day until 7:37 P.M."

And the weather will adhere to that time schedule. Jokes about the weatherman's predictions will be obsolete, because his forecasts, based on an elaborate electronic system of reporting and analyzing data, will admit of no error.

Present-day U.S. Weather Bureau forecasts are extremely valuable. They provide annual economic benefits amounting to billions of dollars. They are 85 to 90 per cent accurate and are better than those issued in any other country in the world. But an electronic system could provide information not now available and greatly cut down the time needed to analyze reports.

I have proposed a multimillion-dollar program to set up an almost entirely automatic reporting and forecasting system. The money would be spent at the rate of several million dollars annually over the next 10 years. It would go primarily for the purchase of such modern electronic equipment as radar, radiosondes (small, balloon-lifted instruments which record temperature, pressure and relative humidity at all altitudes), television and "electronic brain" computers. The equipment would be installed at 35 weather-control headquarters stations and more than 300 subsidiary reporting stations across the nation.

A start already has been made on such a system. Texas is setting up a state-wide radar tornado-


UDS
CLOUDS EXPAND:
ICE CRYSTALS FORM
ICE CRYSTALS GAIN WEIGHT
ICE CRYSTALS FINALLY BECOME SNOWFLAKES
WHICH PASS THROUGH FREEZING LEVEL
INTO WARMER AIR, THEN TURN TO RAINDROPS
FREEZING LEVEL
32°
DEEP MOIST AIR CURRENT 50 MPH
150 MILES
30
MIN.
60
MIN.
90
MIN.

h-speed upper-air current: When fuses explode balloons, crystals drop into clouds, absorb moisture and fall as rain—miring enemy transport

warning network which should be of tremendous value in saving lives and reducing storm damage.

Extension of a completely accurate weather-reporting and -forecasting system to cover the whole country could save hundreds of lives and billions of dollars a year. People in the path of a tornado could be warned in advance; surprise now accounts for most of the casualties and much of the damage in such storms.

Highway engineers could be consistently alerted hours in advance of a freezing rain or sleet storm and take appropriate steps to minimize traffic accidents. Municipal governments could be told of an approaching snowstorm, including *exactly* when it would arrive, how long it would last and how heavy the fall would be, so that they could mobilize their snow-clearance equipment and workers. (A single heavy surprise storm in December, 1947, cost the city of New York $6,600,000 for snow removal.)

Telephone and telegraph companies could be notified in advance of an impending storm which might damage their lines. Fruit growers now without a frost-warning service could be given adequate warning to get out their smudge pots. And you could move back the starting time of your Saturday golf game an hour because you would know it was going to stop raining at precisely 10:20 A.M.

Thus there may be a two-stage development in mastery of the weather: an interim period—which I think will come within 10 years—when we will be able to eliminate much of the uncertainty in weather forecasting, and a later period when we may actually be able to control some weather phenomena by extension of "cloud-modification" techniques.

The present method of "modifying" a cloud is known as "seeding" because it consists of introducing into the cloud certain particles which collect moisture and fall to the ground as rain or snow. It is used to increase precipitation over any designated area.

This system cannot be made to work at will. Nature must supply two basic requirements. First, the cloud to be seeded must contain an adequate supply of moisture. Second, the temperature of the upper portion of the cloud must be low, preferably well under 10 degrees Fahrenheit.

Seeding a cloud merely duplicates a process of nature. In nature, under such freezing conditions, tiny particles—dust from the earth's surface or salt wafted aloft from the oceans by air currents—enter the cloud. There infinitesimal cloud droplets begin to cling to them. As more and more droplets collect, the original particles become small ice crystals. When enough droplets cling to the crystals—and it is estimated that it takes 1,000,000 to make a normal-size snowflake—they become heavy enough to fall. If the air in the lower portion of the cloud is warm enough, the snowflakes melt and fall as raindrops.

In artificial rain making, dry ice or silver iodide crystals are introduced into the cloud. Their job is to take the place of the dust or salt particles and collect moisture enough to fall as snow or rain. The crystals may be dropped into a cloud from above, by airplane, or released from ground generators and carried upward by natural air currents.

Course of Cloud Must Be Considered

If rain is desired over a given "target area," the movement of the cloud must be taken into consideration. The "rain maker" computes the direction the cloud is traveling and its speed, then plants his dry ice or silver iodide particles at a point upwind from the target area, allowing a half hour to an hour for the moisture-collecting process.

Reports indicate that cloud-seeding has worked remarkably well on occasion. At other times it has failed for reasons we have not yet determined. That is why I emphasize the need for continuing research in this field.

How will we be able to prevent rain? Theoretically, by overseeding a cloud. If too many crystals should be introduced into a cloud, some scientists say, no single crystal would be able to collect enough moisture to fall. The result: the crystals would dissipate in the air after absorbing all the moisture in the cloud—and the cloud itself would evaporate. However, this theory has never been tested, and many scientists think that overseeding is impossible.

If later research does prove that overseeding can, in effect, dry up a cloud, we might be able to apply the same technique to clearing fog; a fog bank essentially is a cloud of tiny water particles in suspension. The technique also might help dissipate destructive storms in the build-up stage. Storms also may be curbed in another way—by normal seeding during the build-up stage to convert clouds into rain before they can build up violence.

Control of destructive storms, such as hurricanes, tornadoes and heavy thunderstorms with associated hail and lightning, would be a great help to mankind. Tornadoes alone have taken as many as 794 lives and caused $47,000,000 worth of property damage in a single year in the United States.

Proper seeding techniques also may go a long way eventually toward alleviating drought conditions, which in one year (1934) cost the United States an estimated $5,000,000,000. Water shortage has always been a problem in this country, particularly in the area west of the Mississippi. Much of the West depends on irrigation, and a water supply only 10 to 15 per cent below normal can mean disaster for farmers. Moreover a study made by the American Institute of Aerological Research in four Nebraska counties showed that each additional inch of rainfall boosted the value of crops in those four counties by $1,102,259.

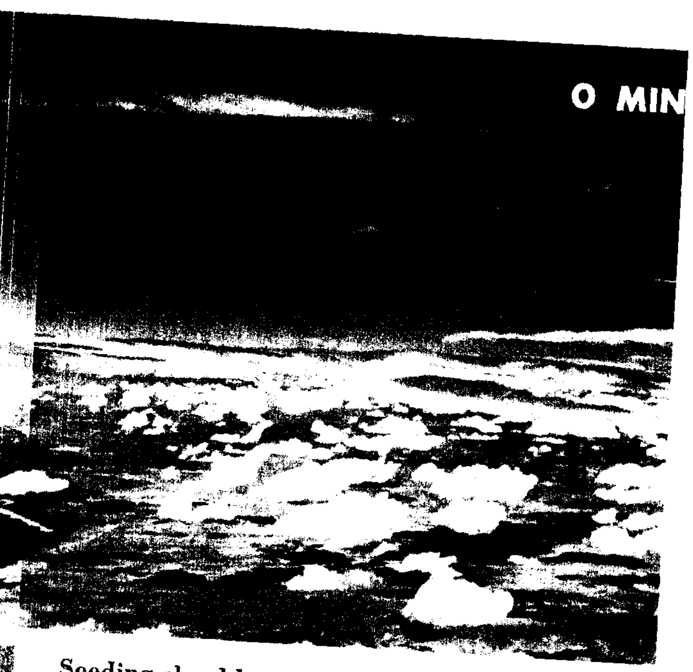
An excellent example of the value of weather-modification techniques in combating water shortages can be found in the work of Dr. Wallace Howell of Howell Associates, a Cambridge, Massachusetts, commercial "rain-making" concern. Hired by New York City during the water shortage of 1950-'51, Howell conducted 36 seedings over 31 weeks. During that period, the New York watershed area's rainfall was 14 per cent higher than that in surrounding, unseeded areas. The increased rainfall gave the New York reservoir system an extra 15,000,000,000 gallons of water—roughly a two-week supply.

Howell has conducted another interesting operation which points up a further use of weather modification. When a raging forest fire swept an area 50 by 100 miles near Forestville, Quebec, last August, he seeded the district for 10 days. Rain fell copiously and extinguished the fire.

Last winter Howell was engaged by the town of Manchester, Vermont, to develop snowfall in the area. The results of that operation have not yet been evaluated, but Howell believes that the data will show the attempt was successful. The money for his services was obtained by public subscription, for snow means ski enthusiasts who will bring needed business to the area.

About a dozen other firms are also working commercially in "rain making," offering to drain

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLF KLEP



Seeding cloud by plane: aircraft flew through one of these cumulus clouds spraying it . . .

precipitation from the clouds for a fee. Two of the best known are North American Consultants, of Pasadena, California, and the Water Resources Development Corporation, of Denver, Colorado. The Denver company is now doing an estimated gross business of more than a million dollars a year—a figure that Dr. Irving P. Krick, the president, says is "very small compared to what I know it is going to be."

Krick has a ready answer for skeptics. "What do they know?" he says. "They are the people who have little or no knowledge of weather modification, or base their judgments on a single unsuccessful experiment. Over the last five years, our company has operated more than 150 separate projects in 18 states and six foreign countries. We have amassed more than 200,000 hours of seeding experience in varying latitudes. We don't *think* we can increase rainfall—we know it."

Success with Dallas Drainage Basin

One of the most interesting of Krick's operations was for the city of Dallas, Texas, last year. In a six-month period ending in May, 1953, Krick operated 12 silver iodide ground generators for a total of 869 hours and 45 minutes in an area near Lake Dallas. A check of water storage on June 1, 1953—after the seedings—showed that water in the Dallas drainage basin had increased 363 per cent over the January 1st level. By contrast, four other nearby drainage basins ranged from a decrease of 22 per cent to an increase of 19 per cent during the same interval.

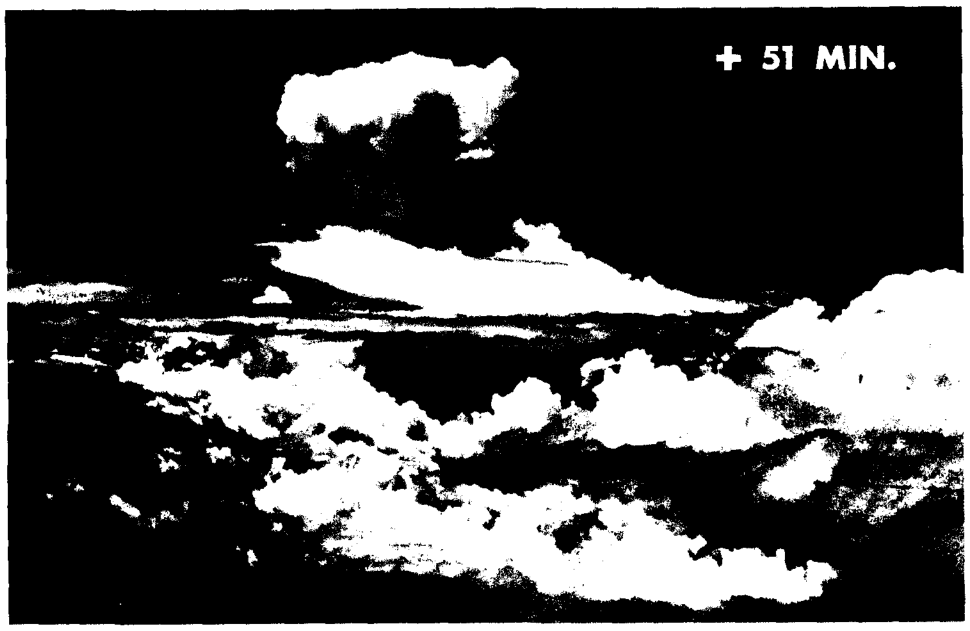
Statistics can always be interpreted in different ways, of course, and these might be considered suspect by the skeptics. But here's what the man who hired Krick, K. F. Hoefle, superintendent of the Dallas Water Works, has to say about the project:

"I personally am convinced that Dr. Krick's operations brought a substantial increase in our watershed area. In the six months following his seeding work we found a net gain in water storage almost equal to the total gain of the previous two years, when no seeding was conducted. It cannot be determined mathematically what portion of this gain was produced by Dr. Krick's efforts, but we demonstrated our confidence in his ability to increase rainfall by renewing his contract."

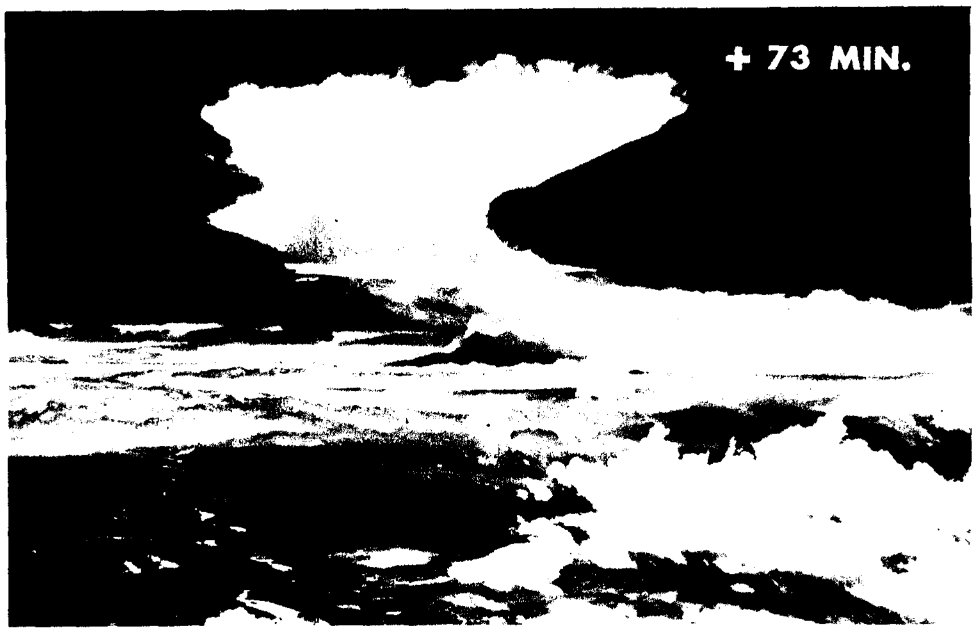
I have mentioned the possibility of using weather

CARL IWASAKI

Seeding a cloud from the ground: generator (shown being carried to field location by two employees of Water Resources Development Corp.) blows silver iodide particles into air



. . . with particles from an airborne silver iodide burner. The cloud top changed from white to a gray cirruslike structure and then it grew . . .



. . . steadily in size. After 73 minutes, it had become a full-sized thunderstorm. General Electric conducted test in New Mexico

control as a weapon. In that realm, I defer to my colleague, Lieutenant Commander William J. Kotsch, a Navy meteorologist who has made a detailed study of the question.

Kotsch believes submarines could hamper enemy aircraft-carrier operations by seeding the area in which they were operating. The resulting precipitation would reduce the ceiling and visibility, effectively grounding the carrier's planes. On the other hand, a fleet—or a ground force—might hide from enemy aircraft in self-made weather.

Or take amphibious warfare. Suppose an assault area is covered by low clouds which would preclude the use of aircraft for ground support. If we can again assume that the theory of cloud dissipation by overseeding holds up, a submarine or two could dissipate the clouds.

Kotsch also points out that Russia would be at a disadvantage in any "strategic weather warfare," because weather characteristically moves from west to east. Just as long-range bombers move deep into enemy territory to destroy sources of supply, weather-control planes operating from Western European bases might be able to deluge any selected area of Russia with heavy rain, disrupting lines of supply or movements of armored units by causing truck convoys and tanks to bog down in mud.

Just how would the seeding planes operate? I believe they could drop time-fused balloons at a point determined by wind forecasts, perhaps several hundred miles from the target area. The balloons, carried by the jet stream, a high-speed upper-air current, would explode at a predetermined point where reconnaissance has shown moisture clouds to exist. The explosion would release crystals into the clouds. During the moisture-collecting process, normal lower-level winds would push the clouds toward the target area. If the preliminary computations prove correct, rain should start to fall just as the clouds drift over the designated area.

Attacking the Enemy's Food Supply

Weather modification might also be employed to strike at an enemy's food supply. Moisture clouds could be intercepted en route, overseeded and dried up, depriving crops of needed moisture and in time causing just as serious a military situation as lack of munitions.

These possible military uses of weather control are only theoretical. The Navy is not actively experimenting in this field because we have not yet achieved the mastery over the atmosphere which such operations require.

While weather-modification techniques are being developed, I feel we should go ahead with establishment of a completely accurate national electronic weather-reporting and -forecasting network. Electronic devices are needed not only to collect the information required to make weather forecasts completely accurate, but also to get the forecasts to the public much earlier. Today, the tremendous number of calculations involved in rapidly changing weather take so long to complete that conditions may have changed before the forecasts reach the public.

The more than 300 weather-reporting stations which I have recommended be utilized in the project would retain their present observation equipment, or, preferably, improved versions of it. In addition, they would be equipped with radar units of several types which would supply weather data not presently available.

This information would be relayed by television to a weather-forecast headquarters, translated into numbers and fed on punch cards into a master electronic "brain," such as is now being developed at the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey.

After digesting, sorting out and correlating the information, the "brain" would punch out on cards a 24-hour forecast for each of the observation points. The cards would be fed into a tabulator which would print the information on maps. Without the computer, the calculations would require several hours.

The present model of the Princeton machine could handle weather data from as many as 361 observation points located about 200 miles apart—enough to cover the major part of the United States and Canada. The machine in 48 minutes can perform a million multiplications, 10,000,000 additions and 20,000,000 other arithmetic problems.

I first suggested the development of a radar tornado-warning system in a talk before the St. Louis chapter of the American Meteorological Society on April 22, 1953. Just two weeks earlier, Professor Glen Stout of the University of Illinois for the first time had taken a series of radar pictures of a tornado.

Subsequent investigation by Stout and by the weather scientists at Massachusetts Institute of Technology confirmed that a tornado indeed could be identified on a radar screen; it showed up as a V-shaped cloud with a twisting tail.

At Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, meantime, Dr. John C. Freeman and Professor Archie Kahan had been conducting experiments in the application of radar to weather forecasting. On May 11, 1953, a student at the college noticed a peculiar comma-shaped echo on the radarscope and photographed it. The results of the earlier work at the University of Illinois and MIT had not reached the college, however, and no one recognized the echo for what it was—a tornado that a few minutes later struck Waco and killed 115 persons.

All these developments led to a decision by Texas scientists and civic leaders to set up a state-wide radar tornado-warning network. About the same time, the U.S. Weather Bureau fell heir to a number of war-surplus radar units which could be modified for weather use. The bureau was willing to make the sets available if someone would provide the money for the modification—about $10,000 a set. A fund-raising committee was organized. The members approached representatives of the 15 Texas cities which have major weather stations and so far 12 have agreed to pay for converting a set. The U.S. Weather Bureau will operate the system when it has been completed.

Tornado Warnings Long in Advance

"Our sets have a range of 200 miles," says Kahan, "and there is considerable overlap, so we hope to be able to track the precise speed and path of a tornado and give the folks in its way a good three- or four-hour warning. This should make for a terrific payoff in lives saved and property damage reduced.

"On the day of the Waco tornado, for example, the Weather Bureau was able to give the state police a brief alert. The principal of one San Angelo high school, with only a 15-minute warning, evacuated all his pupils to the ground floor. When the tornado struck, the entire top floor of the school was blown off. The only casualty to the forewarned pupils was one sprained ankle. I hate to think what the toll might have been."

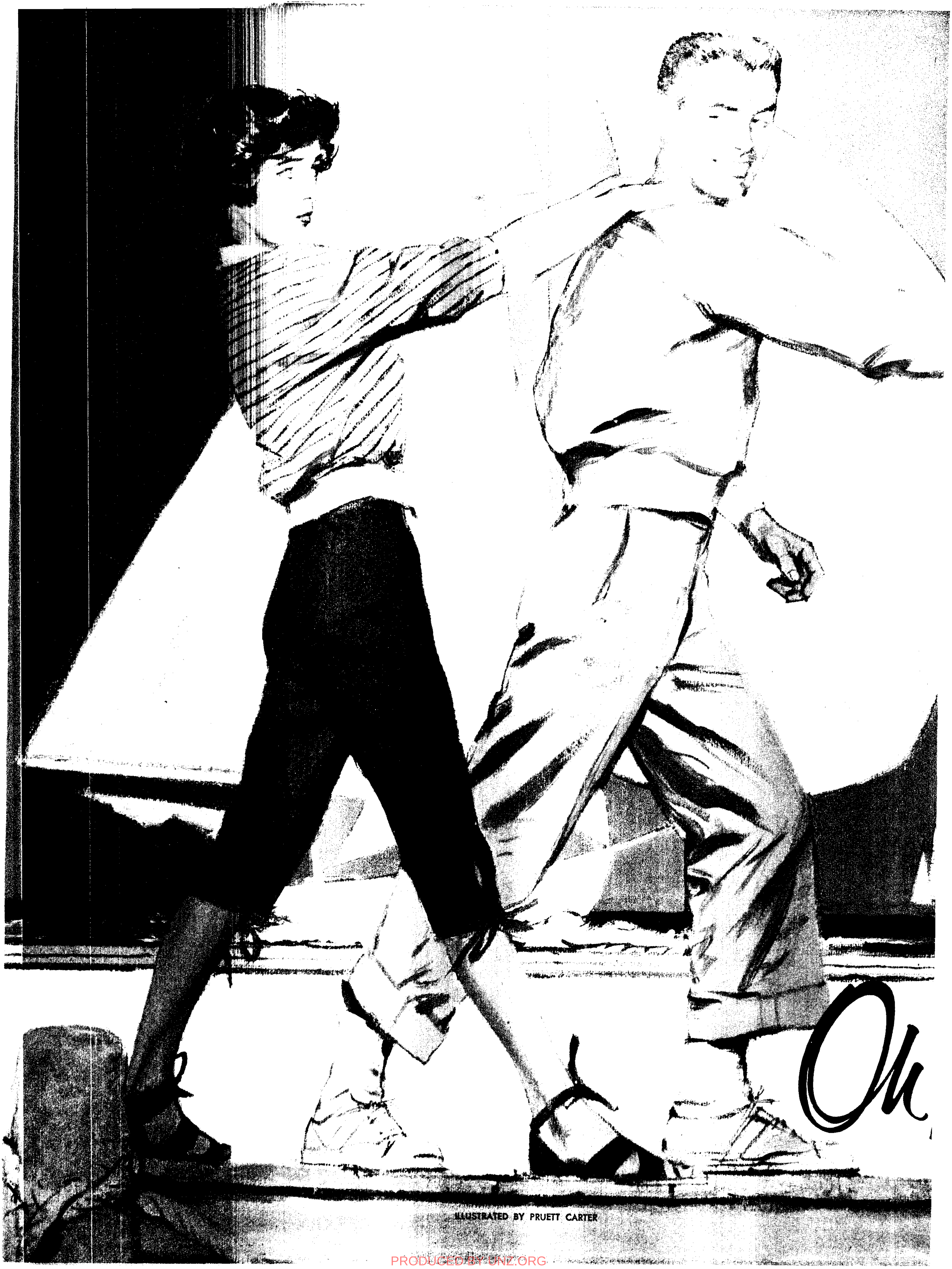
I hope to see the Texas tornado-warning network extended to the entire country, for a tornado can strike anywhere—all 48 states have been visited by them. I am confident that the success Texas will enjoy in softening the tornado's punch will bring about public interest in the rest of the country.

Behind the radar-warning network, I hope to see the completely accurate electronic weather-reporting system developed. Meantime, research on weather modification will continue.

The degree to which it will progress is questionable. Perhaps some of the current theories on how to control weather will not prove feasible. On the other hand, continuing research in the field may produce some completely new developments, undreamed of today, which will permit even greater steps in weather mastery than the possibilities I have suggested.

Man may well be on the threshold of a new era in which he will disprove the adage that nothing can be done about the weather. ▲▲▲

The views expressed in this article are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Department of the Navy.



Oh,

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

You Beautiful Bachelor

By HANNAH SMITH

He [illegible] the most arrogant man I [illegible]

wasn't going to re[illegible]

per[illegible] he thought, if I had to d[illegible]er[illegible]

I HADN'T wanted to leave New York right then and I really didn't care much about being Betty Patchison's bridesmaid, though I liked her well enough. Besides, I had a good idea she had picked me just to carry out her wedding color scheme—her twin sisters are brown-eyed brunettes too. But the main reason I accepted was that I was homesick to see Mom and Dad and my kid sister, Cleo. Also I wanted to take a look at this Ted Hensley, who'd been Topic A through Z in all Cleo's letters lately. In the snapshots she sent, he looked like an ordinary guy with a thin face and horn-rimmed glasses; but I knew he must have brains and good taste, because he'd picked Cleo, who is a darling, but the kind men usually don't have enough sense to notice. When Cleo falls, she falls hard and she doesn't bounce; and I was making this trip clear across the country partly, you might say, to check on my kid sister's shock absorbers.

I'd been telling myself I hadn't missed Los Angeles at all, but when the train started slowing down near Union Station and I got a whiff of warm, sweet-scented smog, I suddenly felt simply swell. I looked out the window and saw a girl with orange hair wearing a leopard-skin bolero and pink slacks. I saw a sign twenty feet high over a used-car lot: *GET A BIG CHECK FOR THAT LITTLE OLE WRECK—SEE THE NEUROTIC NORWEGIAN NOW.* I knew I was home again, and I felt so wonderful.

When the train stopped, I grabbed up my overnight bag, hoping to side-step the pleasant character in tweeds, Jerry Something, two cars up. But he was right at my elbow when I got off the Pullman and wanted to carry my luggage.

"Look, Jerry," I said, very sweet. "Nice talking to you, but everything must end. So, 'by now."

"Please," he said. "Please, Beautiful!"

I started up the ramp fast, but he stayed right at my heels, yelling something loud and sad about my telephone number. Ordinarily I might have been in a more receptive mood—he wasn't bad at all—but I was looking for Mom and Cleo.

"Delia! Delia!" I heard someone calling, and I saw the kid, her sweet freckly face all smiles and her hair in an awful pony-tail arrangement. I'll have to fix that, I thought, waving and realizing right then, just with one look, that something was wrong.

That dog Ted has jilted her, I thought; but then the gate was opened and we rushed at each other, and for a minute, with all our babbling and squealing and blocking of traffic, I forgot about my first impression.

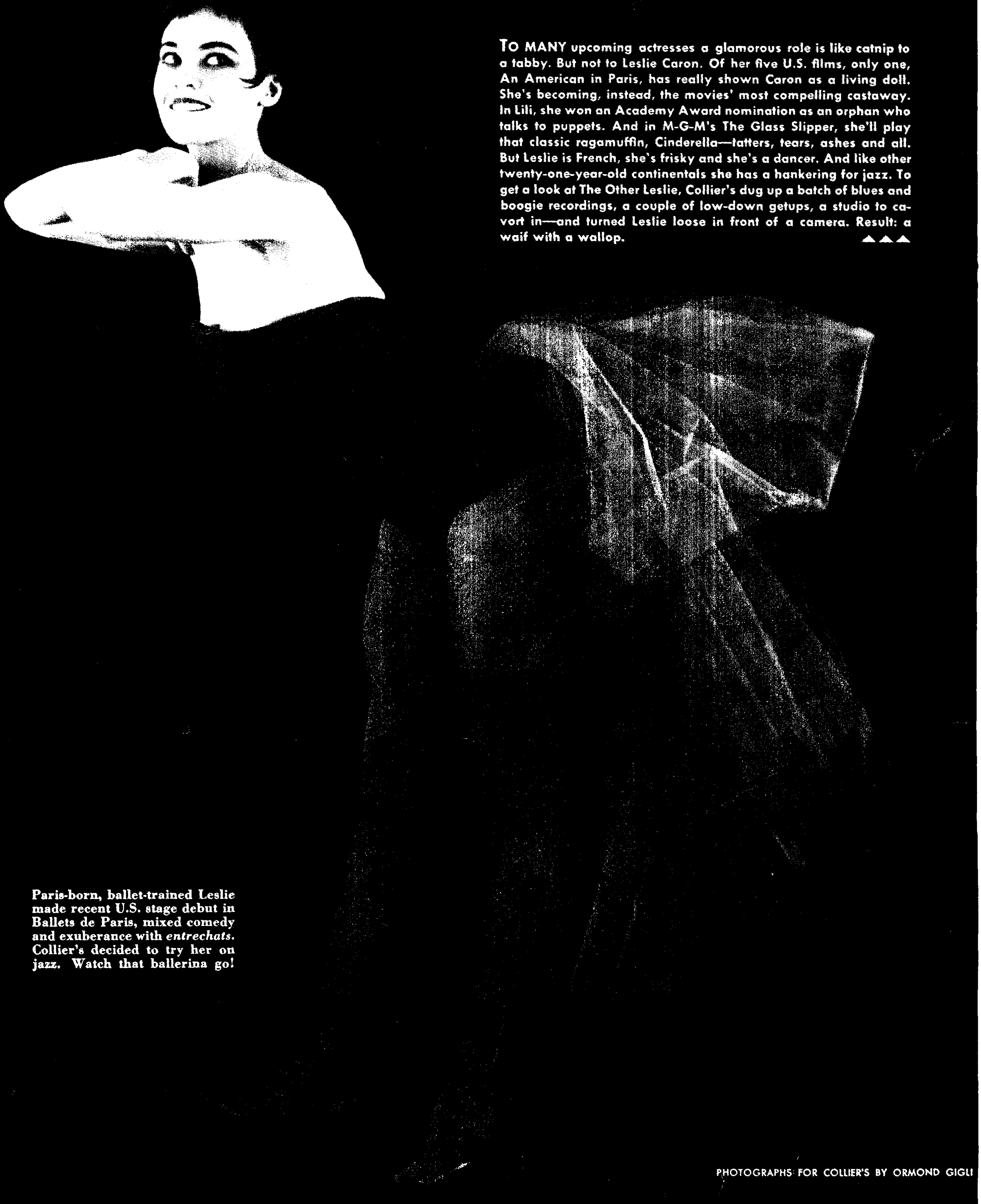
"Where's Mom?" I asked, and then I saw that same pinched look on Cleo's face again.

"Listen, Delia," she said, and her tone was simply desperate, "I hope you don't mind, but I begged Mom to let me meet you alone so we could talk. There's so much wedding at home—we've got the house-guest overflow from the Patchisons'—we'd never have a minute. Oh, Delia, you've just got to help me—us. You're our last hope, and—"

She stopped, looked in a puzzled way over my shoulder, and I turned around. Jerry Such-and-such was still with *(Continued on page 42)*

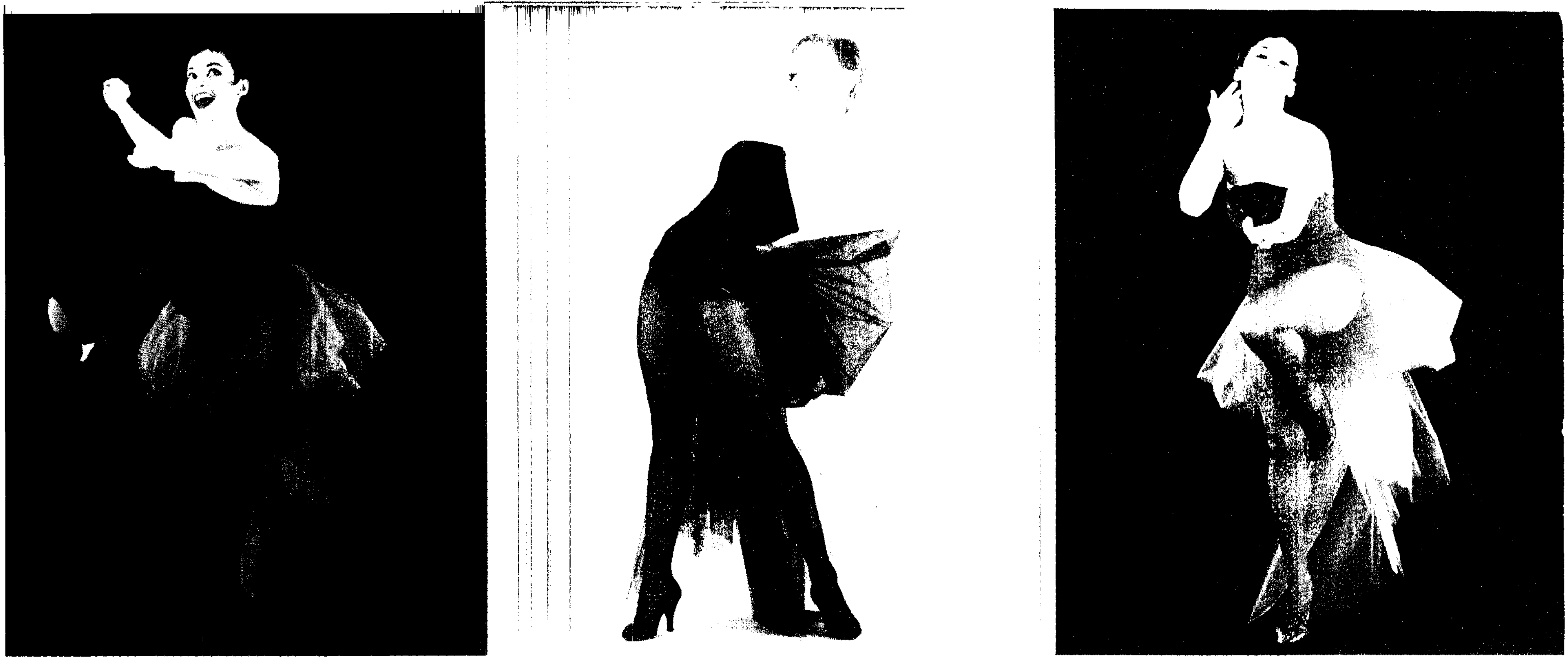
Caron Carries On

TO MANY upcoming actresses a glamorous role is like catnip to a tabby. But not to Leslie Caron. Of her five U.S. films, only one, An American in Paris, has really shown Caron as a living doll. She's becoming, instead, the movies' most compelling castaway. In Lili, she won an Academy Award nomination as an orphan who talks to puppets. And in M-G-M's The Glass Slipper, she'll play that classic ragamuffin, Cinderella—tatters, tears, ashes and all. But Leslie is French, she's frisky and she's a dancer. And like other twenty-one-year-old continentals she has a hankering for jazz. To get a look at The Other Leslie, Collier's dug up a batch of blues and boogie recordings, a couple of low-down getups, a studio to cavort in—and turned Leslie loose in front of a camera. Result: a waif with a wallop. ▲▲▲

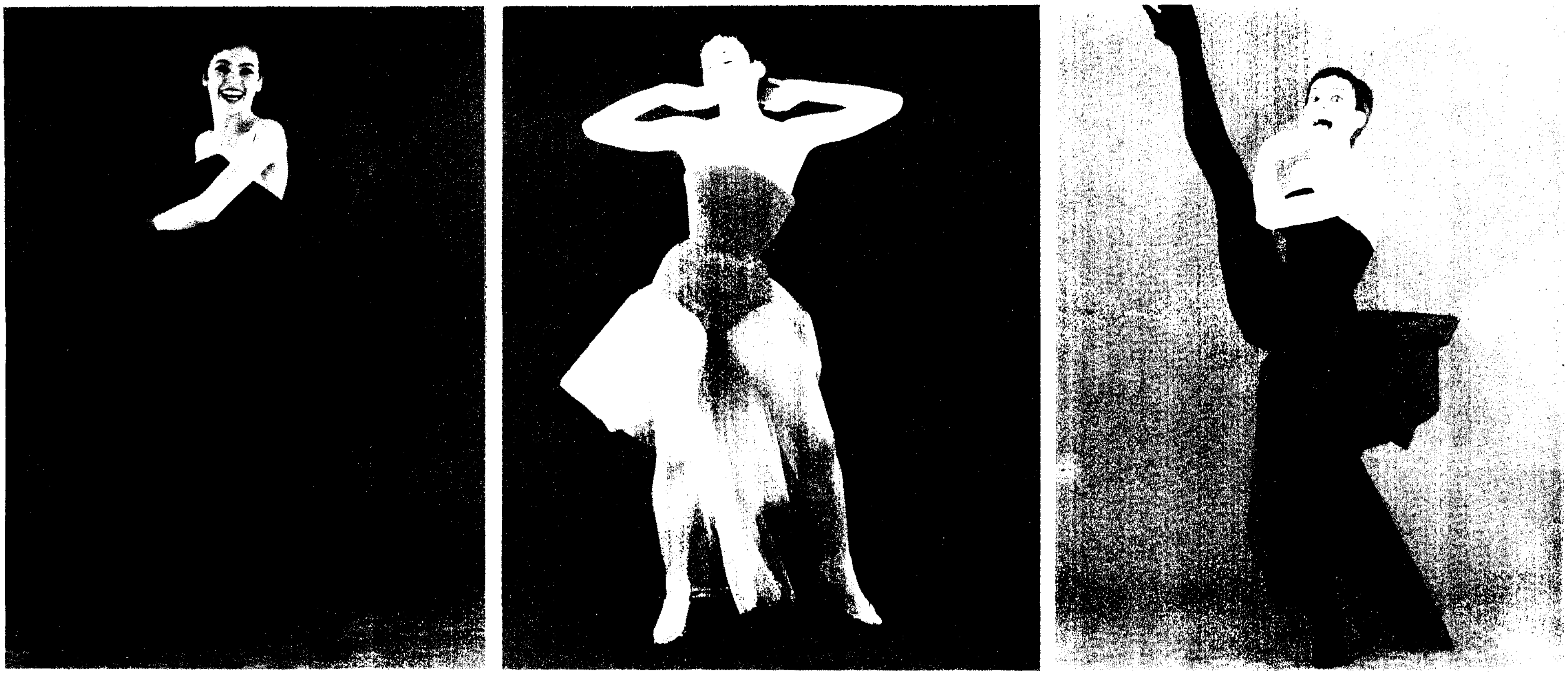


Paris-born, ballet-trained Leslie made recent U.S. stage debut in Ballets de Paris, mixed comedy and exuberance with *entrechats*. Collier's decided to try her on jazz. Watch that ballerina go!

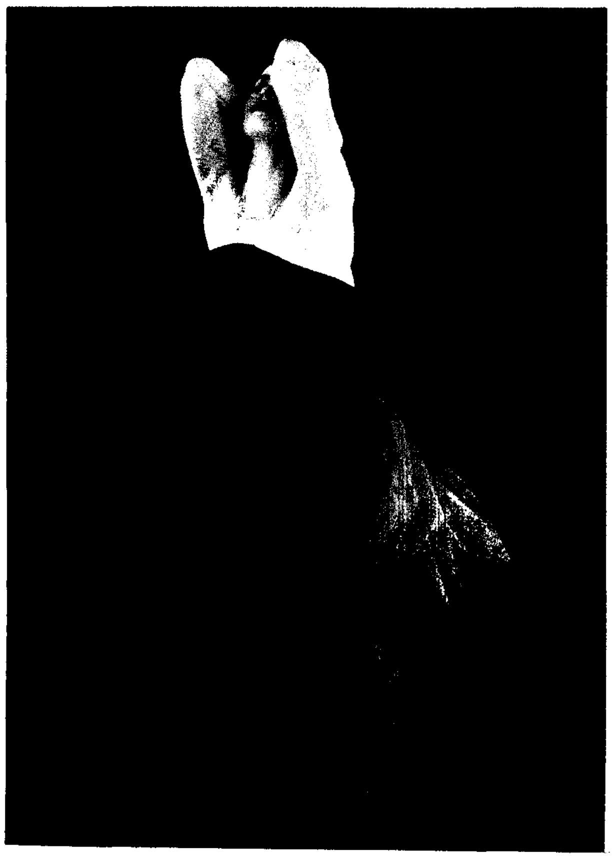
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ORMOND GIGLI



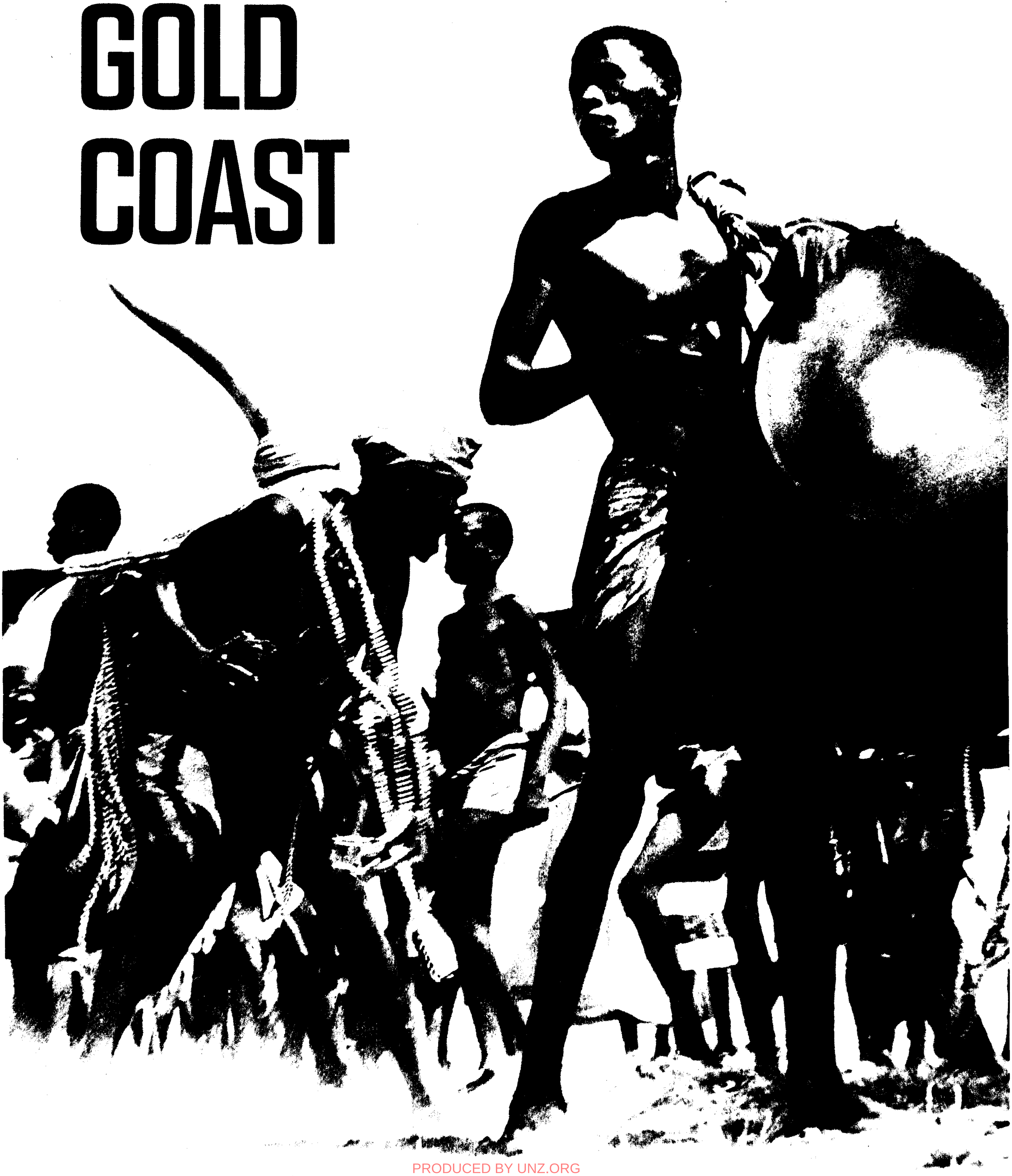
In impromptu dance session, actress-dancer Leslie Caron switches from rib-hugging red outfit to black to create checkerboard effect for layout.



Dancing to wild mixture of Ellington, Goodman, Armstrong and Shaw. Caron felt curbed by high heels, begged, "Please can't I dance without my shoes?"



Inside Africa's GOLD COAST



The United States has a vital interest in this strategically situated, mineral-rich British colony, which may hold the key to the future of all Africa. Led by an American-educated prime minister, the Gold Coast soon may achieve its full independence—and set a pattern for colonial peoples everywhere

By JOHN GUNTHER

THE future of Africa depends in large part on what happens during the next few years in a small colony on the west coast of Africa about the size of Nebraska. The colony—Great Britain's Gold Coast—has already taken large and substantial steps toward independence and before long may become the first black dominion in Queen Elizabeth II's vast and conglomerate Commonwealth of Nations.

With an American-educated native prime minister and a legislature of 76 Africans and only nine Europeans, the Gold Coast has come close to reaching in three years a goal it took Ceylon almost 20 years to achieve, and India a generation. Indeed, the colony is the pacemaker for African nationalism. If the experiment succeeds, it may set a pattern for the rest of colonial Africa. If it fails—on account of native inexperience, corruption or what not—independence movements will be set back elsewhere.

What kind of country is this colony on which the hopes of so many Africans are fixed? It is a country whose population is 99.8 per cent Negro, whose prime minister came into power while he was serving a prison term for sedition, whose tribal chiefs include a white American ex-missionary from Pennsylvania, whose farms supply more than a third of the world's cocoa, and many of whose leading citizens still respect juju (the black magic in charms or fetishes).

Here is the story of the Gold Coast, as I found it during my recent trip to Africa.

* * *

Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, prime minister of the Gold Coast, is one of the most remarkable Africans in Africa. He is the first Negro ever to become prime minister of a British colony, and as leader of the Gold Coast revolution he personifies the hopes of black nationalism everywhere on the continent where people are educated enough to have heard of him. His nickname is "Show-Boy," but not in the sense of "showing off"; it indicates merely that his fanatically devoted followers think of him as a prize demonstration piece.

Dr. Nkrumah (pronounced na-KROOMah) was born about 45 years ago in a small Gold Coast village near the French Ivory Coast frontier, the son of a goldsmith and a mammy trader (shopkeeper). He received his early education in Roman Catholic mission schools and Achimota College, near the capital, Accra. In the mid-thirties, one of his uncles staked him to a trip to the United States and he entered Lincoln University in Pennsylvania, the oldest and best-known Negro institution of higher learning in America. Nkrumah worked his way through Lincoln at all manner of jobs, did graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania and saw a good deal of America and the West Indies during vacations. He got no fewer than four degrees—in theology and science as well as a B.A. and an M.A.—and for a time was an instructor at Lincoln.

After an interlude in Great Britain—where he did research at University College, London, and studied law at Gray's Inn—he returned to Accra in December, 1947, and became secretary of the United Gold Coast Convention (UGCC), the recently founded nationalist party. He became impatient with the UGCC's progress toward independence, however, and in 1949 formed a party of his own, the Convention People's party, or CPP. As part of his strategy, he called a nonviolent general strike eight months later. The British arrested him and sentenced him to two years in jail.

This article was adapted by author John Gunther from three chapters of his book Inside Africa, which will be brought out by Harper & Brothers early in 1955. Gunther spent eight months in Africa collecting material for the book. He has been reporting on the international scene since 1924

He was still in jail when his party won 35 of the 38 seats at stake in the 1951 election for the Legislative Assembly. (Nkrumah himself polled 22,780 out of 23,122 votes in his own constituency in Accra.)

Accepting the people's verdict, the British governor, Sir Charles Noble Arden-Clarke, released Dr. Nkrumah and, as head of the dominant party, he became Leader of Government Business and subsequently prime minister.

It was at a dinner party given for us by Arden-Clarke at Government House in Accra that I first met Dr. Nkrumah. Relations between the British and Gold Coasters are now gracious, on the whole, and the atmosphere of the dinner was cordial, even casual. Everybody seemed to be a friend, without the shyness and stiffness that usually accompany African-British social intercourse.

Dr. Nkrumah has a high, narrow and fully domed forehead, a receding crown of hair, a nose only moderately broadish at the tip, the perfect white teeth typical of Africans, and big lips nicely shaped. He is of medium height, supple, graceful and assured. All his movements and gestures show power and an almost animal-like magnetism.

The prime minister wore African dress, which struck me deeply if only because I had never seen anything like it before. The national costume of the Gold Coast differs from any other in Africa; it is a robe worn like a Roman toga, with the left arm and shoulder exposed. Some people, depending on the weather, wear a kind of thin shift under their togas, and the prime minister did so this evening—it was white with an embroidery of tiny gold stars. As to his toga it was magnificent. It differed from those on the street as a Valentina gown, let us say, differs from one from Seventh Avenue.

It was of a gold-dust color, with a rectilinear design in deeper gold, yellow, red and pale green. The silk that goes into togas like these, which are customarily worn only by chiefs, is called *Kente* cloth. It is designed and made locally, and is thus distinguished from the plebeian "mammy cloth" which comes from England or North Carolina. *Kente* cloth is woven in long narrow strips, and these, when sewn together to make the robe, give it a characteristic pattern. It is very costly. Enough silk for a good robe may cost $400.

Dr. Nkrumah did not stay long at Government House, and we had little chance to talk. We met him the next time in his own quarters, and he had on much simpler, less flamboyant dress. A bachelor, he lives in an Accra suburb in a house strangely named—Lutterodt's Memorial Inn. It belonged, or belongs, to a prosperous African photographer, one of his close friends, and he and his staff have the use of it. It is of European design but with striking African touches. The brick walls are painted the brightest possible pink with thick white stripes on the plaster. The shutters are green on one side of each window, red on the other.

In the garage I saw a black Cadillac, which has given rise to lively scandal lately. Dr. Nkrumah, his enemies have alleged, received this as a gift from somebody of dubious reputation who wanted favors. The prime minister angrily denies the allegation, saying that he bought the car himself with legitimately borrowed money. Far from being corrupt, he is so little interested in money that he didn't even have enough capital to buy a car.

Courtyard and corridors at Lutterodt's are full of tatterdemalion retainers, as in the headquarters of any African dignitary. We were led upstairs to a small study where the prime minister received us. With him was his secretary, an intelligent and very pretty girl from the British West Indies named Joyce Gittens. During our talk, I asked him if he were a Socialist, and he replied, "Of course"; then he added that he was a "Christian Marxist," without, however, defining this term fully.

He denied firmly that he was, or ever had been, a Communist. Marxism has interested him, he went on, merely as a philosophical point of view, not in the realm of practical political affairs. His voice was emphatic when he said, "We have no Communist party here!" Indeed Dr. Nkrumah has recently cracked down on any Gold Coasters with Communist or crypto-Communist sympathies, particularly in the trade-unions.

The Gold Coast revolution is, Dr. Nkrumah thinks, a forerunner of the inevitable emancipa-

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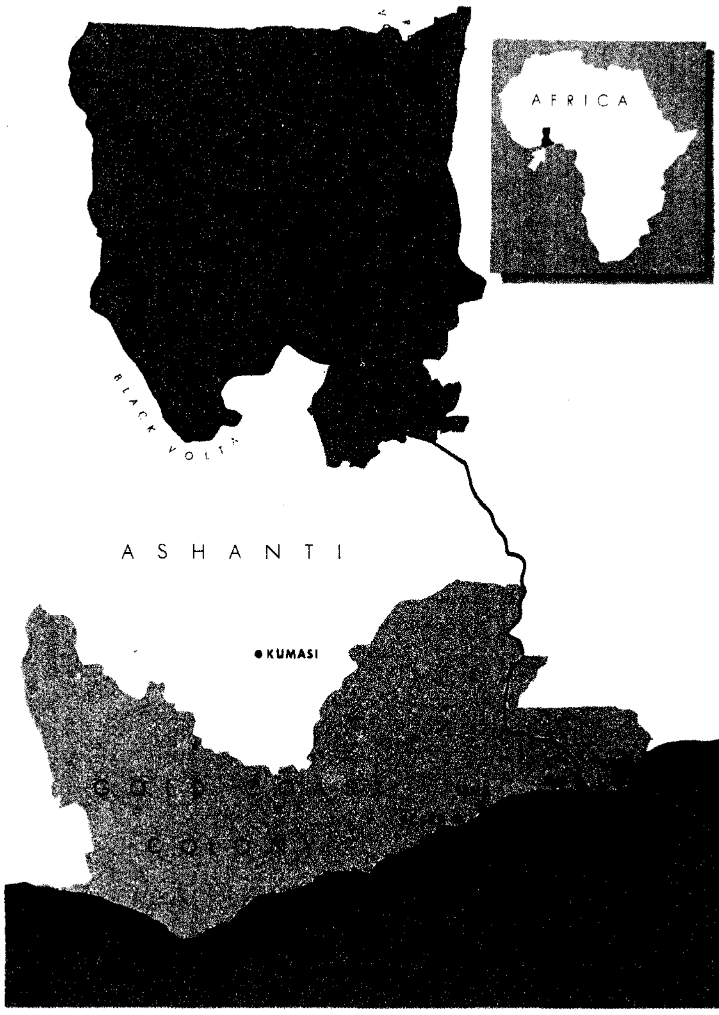
Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah received four degrees as a student in the United States

STAR



AL TARTER

The Gold Coast is about the size of Nebraska and has a population of 4,000,000. The map defines location of the country's three sections

The prime minister calls himself a Christian Marxist

tion of all Africa, particularly West Africa. His fondest political hope is that the Gold Coast, Nigeria and the rest of West Africa will, in the future, be able to combine into a free federation.

* * *

The Gold Coast Legislative Assembly is different from any other governing body I saw in Africa. To attend one of its sessions is a peculiar and stimulating experience. The members meet in an airy modern structure, pleasantly functional, and the procedure, the standards of which are high, closely follows that of Great Britain's House of Commons. The Negro Speaker wears a white wig, and before him is a golden mace. Ministers sit along a front bench, facing the scattered opposition, and there is a question period as at Westminster.

Debate is, of course, in English, and there are constant interjections of "Hear, hear!" as in London (but the pronunciation is more like "Heeyah, heeyah!") and cries of "Shame." The cut and parry of debate mimics closely what one would hear in the Mother of Parliaments in London, with occasional gaucheries. Recently an African member interrupted an English member, who represents the mining industry, with cries of "Big imperialist! Sit down!"

Discussion generally is on a distinctly elevated level, however, and there is a tendency to quote often from fathers of the American Revolution, such as Tom Paine and Jefferson.

One feature making this Assembly so picturesque is that almost all faces are black or brown, and many legislators wear native costume, which means that their brown shoulders are naked and gleam. Chiefs from the north dress in resplendent robes and turbans. Some chiefs, even in this quintessentially modern parliament, do not speak except through the mechanism of another person, who is known as a "linguist" and who crouches close by; convention forbids that a really big chief ever talk publicly except in the voice of someone else.

* * *

Physically, economically, what is this Gold Coast which Dr. Nkrumah rules and seeks to make independent? To answer, we must list a few basic but not necessarily prosaic facts and figures.

The Gold Coast is shaped like a sloping rectangle and covers about 79,000 square miles. It is divided into three separate sections, the Gold Coast Colony, which is the strip along the coast, the "kingdom" of Ashanti in the middle, and the primitive Northern Territories above.

The population of the Gold Coast is estimated to be about 4,000,000, of whom only 6,770 are non-African (including about 4,000 British). About 66 per cent of the Africans are animist or pagan, about 30 per cent Christians and about 4 per cent Moslem. Illiteracy is variously calculated at something between 75 and 85 per cent.

In the barren Northern Territories, only about 20 of the 1,097,000 inhabitants have the equivalent of a high-school education. The men of the north have the fanciest facial scars—virtual monograms—in West Africa. I asked one chief whom I met in Accra—his name was Tolon Naa, and his title the Wulana of Yana—if having his cheeks carved had hurt much. He said it had happened when he was seven days old, and he didn't remember. Also in the north women wear their scant grass fig leaves over the behind, not in front.

The Gold Coast is, after Malaya, the richest of all British dependencies. It is not only the largest producer of cocoa in the world, but the largest exporter of manganese, Russia excluded. Furthermore, the Gold Coast has substantial wealth in timber, gold and diamonds, and when the fabulous Volta River Project gets under way, the colony will become one of the world's foremost producers of bauxite, aluminum and hydroelectric power.

There are no European farmers on the Gold Coast—settlement on the land by whites is strictly forbidden—and no European ownership of land, though mineral rights may be leased. No European may enter the country to seek employment without permission. The Europeans who live there now are mostly officials or businessmen representing old-established firms. The British want this to be an *African* country, and it is. Every cocoa farm, of which there are many thousands, is owned by Africans. Moreover the Gold Coast Cocoa Marketing Board, a semi-state organization, is African-managed. The board supervises the industry on a broad basis, buys the whole crop, accumulates funds for lean years, and contributes widely to other elements in the Gold Coast economy. Of its nine members eight are African. It has piled up assets of £74,900,000 ($209,720,000) so far.

However, the Gold Coast's cocoa is threatened today by one of the most lethal menaces ever to confront an agricultural industry anywhere—an epidemic of "swollen shoot," carried by an insect known as the mealy bug and extremely difficult to extirpate. Of the half-billion cocoa trees in the country, about 10 per cent may have this fatal malady already and it is spreading. Apparently the first infection came from Togoland in about 1930, and the east is the region worst afflicted. "Swollen shoot" is difficult to wipe out partly because of an exceptional zoological phenomenon—the mealy bug is usually associated with a ground ant, the *cremastogaster* ant, which builds a small tent, or shelter, around the mealy bug, so that it cannot be reached by an ordinary insecticide. Then the ant feeds on the mealy bug's honey, while the bug destroys the cocoa tree. Recently, however, a new chemical has been introduced which may operate successfully against these formidably intertwined destroyers.

No one on the Gold Coast minimizes the danger of "swollen shoot"—a recent government pamphlet says flatly that "the spread of the disease threatens the future existence of the cocoa industry." If cocoa *should* be destroyed, the political effects will, of course, be catastrophic. Cocoa provides 70 per cent of Gold Coast exports, and the export duty on it pays for schools, hospitals and government finance. A sharp fall in cocoa revenue could smash the government—any government. Dr. Nkrumah could be destroyed by a bug having a liaison with an ant.

The United States takes 38.4 per cent of the total Gold Coast cocoa exports; every American who nibbles on a chocolate bar may be contributing to the economy of this Negro state. But the Gold Coast's importance to the United States—and vice versa—goes beyond mere cocoa. We critically need Gold Coast manganese. And if there should be another world war and the Mediterranean should be cut off, Accra on the Gold Coast would reassume the position it had in World War II as one of the indispensable bases for Allied communications across Africa.

In a more hopeful field we might mention students. The tendency is more and more for bright young Gold Coast boys to come to America instead of England for education.

There are 140 of them in the United States at present. Most are flaming nationalists as was their spiritual father, Dr. Nkrumah, when he went to a university appropriately named Lincoln.

* * *

The Volta Project is by far the biggest development project in all Africa. The Volta, a triple river—there are Red, Black and White Voltas—flows steeply down to the sea through an area in the Gold Coast that contains the richest bauxite deposits in the world. The reserves probably amount to 200,000,000 tons. For many years schemes have been envisaged whereby the Volta might be harnessed, like the Nile at Owen Falls in Uganda, with the consequent production of an aluminum industry and enormous amounts of hydroelectric power.

In the spring of 1953, agreement to proceed with the project was reached by the Gold Coast government, the United Kingdom government and private British and Canadian aluminum companies. The total cost will be roughly £144,000,000 ($403,200,000), of which the Gold Coast contributes £40,000,000 ($112,000,000). The work will have three phases—a dam on the Volta capable of generating 564,000 kilowatts of power, a smelter to produce eventually 210,000 tons of aluminum per year and a new port (cost $31,000,000) at Tema, east of Accra.

The man in charge of this whole Volta operation is a brilliant, youthful Australian engineer, Commander Robert G. A. Jackson, a former high official of the United Nations. His wife is Barbara Ward, the well-known British economist and political writer, a former editor of the British magazine The Economist, governor of the British Broadcasting Corporation and author of The West at Bay.

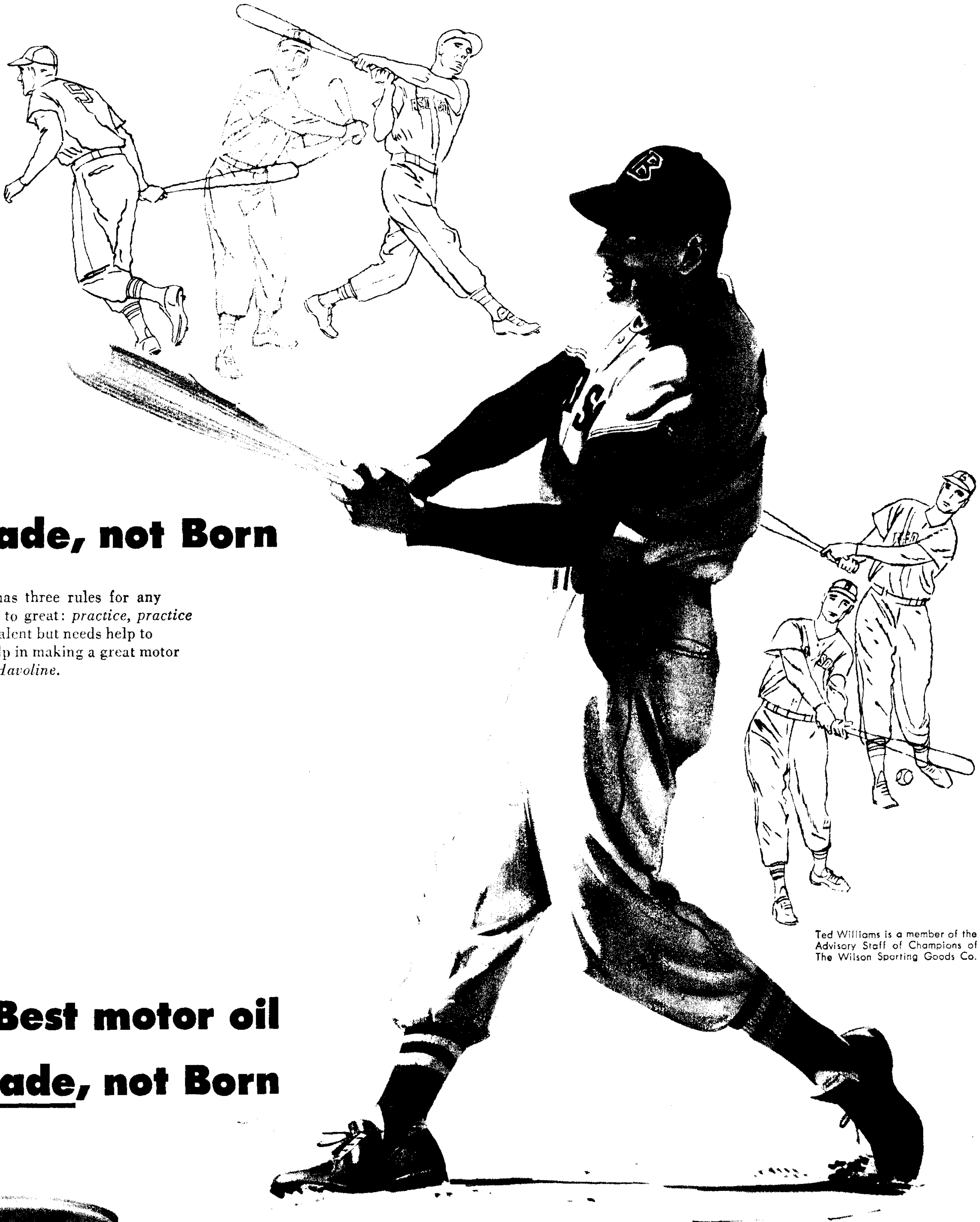
* * *

Accra, capital of the Gold Coast, is not what you would call a tidy town. A city of 136,000, it sprawls and lurches. The sewers are mostly open drains, and there are no traffic lights. It has dilapidated wooden buildings, a few glaringly new and temporary-looking government offices, and tawdry hole-in-the-wall shops under tattered arcades.

The first impression a visitor is apt to get is of an almost desperate physical squalor together with a contrary note of extreme animation. Accra is drippingly moist most of the year. Europeans keep electric lights burning in their closets (as Americans do in Panama); the dry heat of the bulbs keeps clothes from rotting. Books and shoes fall to pieces in a week, and important officials store their private papers in "hot" rooms, which are fanned with hot baked air to keep them dry.

The contrasts of Accra are, of course, startling. I saw outside a tailor shop the legend, "Trained in His Majesty's Prison." Advertisements in the local press tell you whether "frock ladies" or "cloth ladies" will be present at various entertainments—the latter being those dressed in the African manner. The night clubs are mostly named for American states; we went to one called "Weekend in Colorado." Apparently American state names not only give a fine hint of vice, but carry a high tone.

To all intents and appearances, the color bar has



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Britain's Gold Coast is a mixture of primitive and modern life, juju and progress

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Among modern buildings in the Gold Coast is the Supreme Court, built by British in Accra

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Achimota, near Accra, is one of Africa's top colleges. Coeds take part in the sports events

virtually disappeared from the capital. There are several mixed marriages in Accra society. One well known was that of Joseph E. Appiah, acting personal representative of the Gold Coast prime minister in London, to a daughter of the late British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps.

However, Africans are still effervescently self-conscious about color. The American Negro writer, Richard Wright, happened to be in Accra when we were there, and he was in a peck of trouble. It seems that a local journalist, interviewing him, had asked what specific part of Africa his family had originally sprung from. Wright did not have the faintest idea, any more than would most American Negroes born in Mississippi. To cover up his lamentable ignorance with a joke, he blithely suggested to the journalist that the Accra authorities should set up an institute of genealogy so that the lineage of any Afro-American could be traced. To Mr. Wright's consternation, this proposal was taken with complete seriousness, and caused no end of polemics on the radio and in the press.

Gold Coast newspapers are, in general, inflammatory. One story I saw dealt with the "capitalist" Ashanti Goldfields Corporation; the headline was A.G.C. MINES—SHUT YOUR MONSTROUS MOUTH. Here's a piquant item from the same paper:

"Wamba wants to know if that lady teacher at Wesley College will reform AND if she knows that insolence does not pay."

And another:

"Train Guards, Kumasi—I hear some of you try to find out if a girl is old—above the lower rate for passengers—by feeling her breasts. If it's true, stop it. Try and treat the passengers with respect."

Superstition and juju (which is usually known by the more formal term "fetishism" on the Gold Coast) still play a vivid role in Accra. Although he was brought up as a Roman Catholic, people say that Dr. Nkrumah still occasionally consults a juju. We also heard about one Western-educated judge who, every time he has his hair cut, has the shorn bits burned, and who never allows his robe or particularly his wig to be touched by anybody else, out of fear juju will be "put," as the phrase is, on these mundane objects.

Finally one must have a word for Achimota, which, along with Makerere in Uganda, is the most considerable educational institution in British Africa. It is situated a few miles inland from Accra, and is now officially known as University College of the Gold Coast. Nkrumah and almost the entire contemporary generation of Gold Coast public men went there. The student body numbers 510 at present; it will be expanded to 800 by 1956. We should also mention that there are 85,000 girls and 192,200 boys in the Gold Coast's primary schools today.

* * *

The Gold Coast tribal chiefs are a mixed bag, ranging from the illustrious Asantehene of Ashanti, on whom we will have a word later, to petty princelings who scarcely own a cow. There are about 60 paramount chiefs in the colony. Until recently, at least, most were British puppets who largely dominated the old Legislative Council (predecessor to the current Legislative Assembly), and they were a convenient mechanism for imperialist rule. Most were (and are) old, and they inevitably blocked the progress of younger, brighter men. Nkrumah's idea is to restore the chiefs to the position they had in the community before the British made political use of them; in other words, pull their fangs. He would like them to maintain their ceremonial role and be mouthpieces of the people, but without power.

Every chief has a stool, corresponding to a throne, as a symbol of his high office, along with other paraphernalia such as his umbrellas. The stool is normally a kind of low wooden bench with projecting short wings. People use the term stool, or its derivatives, in several ways. The chief's property is known as "stool land," and if a quarrel occurs between heirs to a chieftancy, the claimants are said to be "contesting the stool." When a chief reaches his throne he is "enstooled"; if he is kicked off he is "destooled."

It is important to point out that the British almost never destool a chief directly. This is done by the people themselves in state council; they vote to remove a ruler. It is this which makes the institution of chieftaincy different in the Gold Coast from any other place in Africa. Also since succession to a chiefdom is not necessarily hereditary, extraordinary dynastic and administrative anomalies can occur. A man who was your clerk yesterday can be chief tomorrow.

The most interesting chief I saw on the Gold Coast is, strange as it may seem, an American. A former missionary, he retains his American citizenship although he is chief of an African tribe and also a British civil servant. His name is Lloyd Shirer, and he has his headquarters near Tamale, the capital of the Northern Territories. He is in his middle forties, and is white. He was born in Pennsylvania, and came out to Africa many years ago

Furafuras of the Northern Territories live as their ancestors did. The hut is of baked mud

PIX

Most important tribal chief in the Gold Coast is the ruler of Ashanti—land of the Golden Stool. Subjects carry current ruler in a palanquin through streets of Kumasi, his capital

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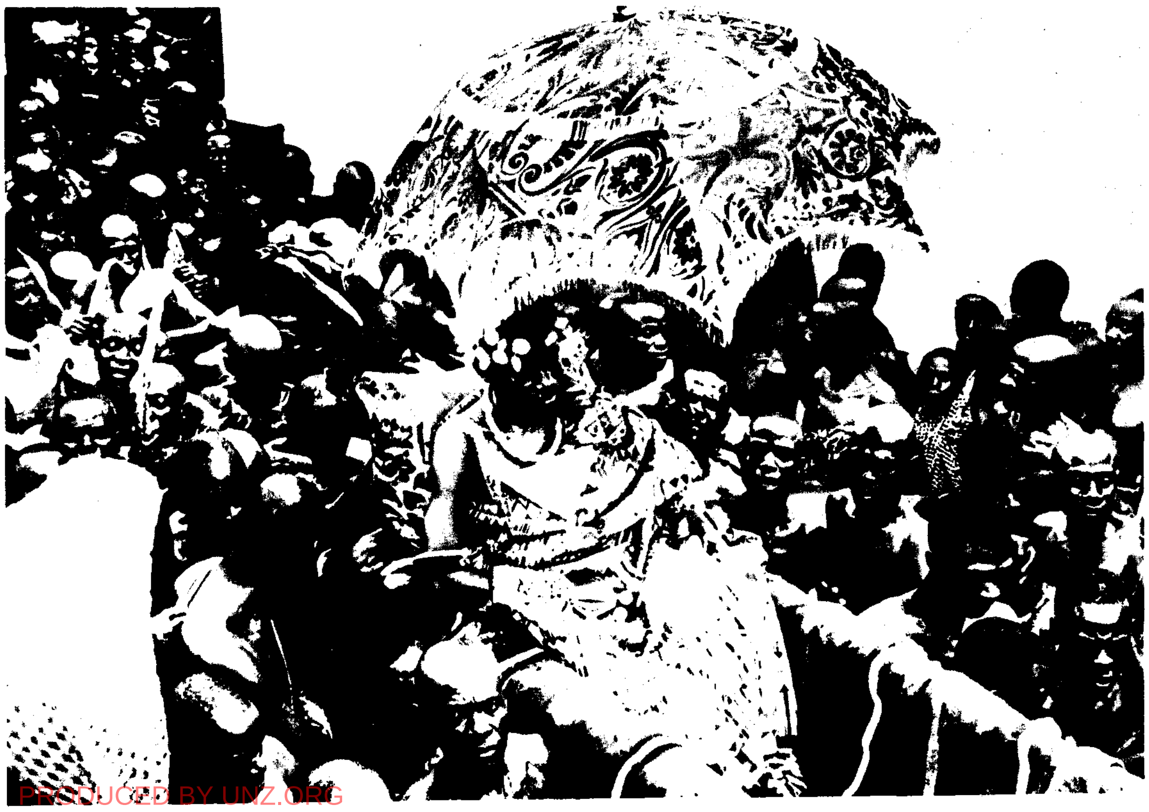

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The tree couldn't be moved—it was sacred. So the new hospital was built around it

for the Assemblies of God mission, first in the Haute Volta in French territory, then in the northern Gold Coast.

Shirer and his wife, also an American, have given most of their lives to Africa, and have made a remarkable contribution. The British liked Mr. Shirer's work so much that, eventually, they asked him to accept appointment as a community development officer, which he still is. The Africans liked him so much that he became the Malgu Naa, or negotiating chief, of an important branch of the great Dagomba tribe. He does not sit on a stool, but on a sacred skin.

When Shirer became chief, he had to promise three things—to own no locust trees (which might give him undue wealth), to possess no streams (to indicate that the fish belonged to the tribe as a whole), and never to pull anybody's ear, that is, punish someone without just cause.

He has done wonders in his territory, which is largely desert, by a concrete, sympathetic, step-by-step approach. He would ask a community, "What do you need most?" The answer would invariably be water first, firewood next. So he would suggest tentatively the idea of building a small dam and planting experimental fruit trees. And presently the dam would be built, and the trees planted, as if by the initiative of the people themselves. Next the villagers would ask for more food, and finally for ways to make money. So, little by little, Shirer tempted them to launch out into small but ambitious new projects like irrigation schemes and growing rice.

Before long the village would be transformed, with fish flourishing in a nearby stream, which replaced an old muddy water hole, teal swarming in the rice fields, and new crops growing. Result: food. Further result: cash. The by-products paid for the original investment, and the work was done eagerly by the Africans themselves, even old men of the tribe, who as a rule never work at all. All they had needed was a lead.

* * *

I flew up to Kumasi, the capital of Ashanti, and there met the ruler of this ancient land—the land of the Golden Stool. The Golden Stool, sacred to the Ashanti kings, is much more than a mere symbol; it is supposed to have been handed down from heaven in a black cloud and is considered literally—not figuratively—to be the soul of the Ashanti people.

Apart from the Golden Stool, the most curious item associated with the Asantehene—as the ruler is known—is that he must be whole, without blemish or alteration. If he should lose a finger in an accident or operation, he would have to be destooled at once. He cannot be circumcised or have his tonsils or appendix out. I did not ask what would happen if he had a tooth pulled.

The present Asantehene, who derives from a dynasty almost 300 years old, and who succeeded to the Golden Stool in 1931, is correctly entitled Otumfuo, the Asantehene, Nana Sir Osei Agyeman Prempeh II, K.B.E., King of Ashanti. Otumfuo, the appellation with which he is addressed, means "All Powerful," "Nana" means grandfather. "Hene" is the native word for chief, and "Asantehene" is Chief of the Ashantis.

This eminent personage was, before he became Asantehene, a wealthy trader. He was the nephew of the previous ruler, and the succession will presumably pass in time to one of his nephews since the Ashantis have a matrilineal system of inheritance, and sons do not succeed.

I found the Asantehene to be a somewhat stagnant character, though amiable. He is a tall man, heavily Negroid in feature. We were disappointed that he wore a simple blue and white costume instead of his blazing robes—the Ashanti are celebrated weavers of sumptuous golden cloth—but he made up for this by showing us a recent portrait painted by a Hungarian artist, that presents him in full and magnificent regalia.

The Asantehene has four wives, and these made the artist's task somewhat difficult, since each wife had to approve of the work day by day, and one wanted the Otumfuo's skin to be somewhat paler than it actually is.

The portrait shows the monarch caparisoned in golden *Kente* cloth, and wearing a green velvet necklace studded in gold, huge golden rings projecting on each finger, large bracelets of gold and velvet around the biceps, and a ponderous gold triangle hanging down from the naked throat. The Asantehene carries a golden flywhisk, and his sandaled feet rest on a stool smothered in leopard skins, near a pot of gold dust accompanied by the traditional Ashanti golden weights. It is a most resplendent work of art. When the portrait was completed, the Asantehene hung it facing the wall for two years, until any juju that might have got into it should be dispelled.

We did not, I regret to say, see the Golden Stool, but we heard plenty about it. Rumors say that it is not of solid gold, which would make it too heavy to carry, but is gold-plated and looks somewhat shabby now. In the old days any unauthorized person who caught a glimpse of the stool, even inadvertently, had to be blinded, and the penalty for touching it was to wash out the touch with blood. The Golden Stool does not, of course, rest on the ground, but sits on its own stool, a large article of furniture, or on an elephant skin, and it has its own umbrella as if it were human. It precedes the Asantehene at a public ceremony, and is usually tipped slightly so that no devil may perch on it.

One of the major sights in Kumasi is a new 500-bed hospital now being built; it will probably be the best hospital in West Africa and will cost £2,500,000 ($7,000,000). It was difficult to proceed with work on this hospital recently, because one wing came perilously close to a certain tree, which marks the place where the Golden Stool descended from heaven and is a formidably sacred monument.

We inspected this tree with some curiosity. It rises 60 feet, gnarled and broken at the top, and hung with creepers and parasitic growths. You could no more get an African to climb up to cut off a rotting branch than you could get him to slit his own throat. The hospital premises had to be built around it, so powerful is its dark magic.

Also in this area is an extraordinary walled pit where public executions took place till recent times. Here, still stuck into the earth, we inspected the Akofokye, or sacred executioner's sword, which is named for the priest who brought the Golden Stool from the skies. Part of this projects about three feet from the ground, and looks like a broken bulldozer blade. The legend is that no one has ever been able to yank it out. The truth is that nobody, not even the British, would dare to try.

* * *

Such then, is the reality, the hope and the vision of the Gold Coast. All Africa is watching its progress toward full independence within or without the Commonwealth. How soon will that goal be reached? The answer largely depends on the wisdom of Dr. Nkrumah. He must continue to work out his subtly meshed program vis-à-vis the British, and get independence when he wants it without disorder or hostility. But he must also maintain his equilibrium with his own followers. He cannot go too fast, but if he goes too slowly he will be pushed ahead willy-nilly by the machine he has created. The future of the Gold Coast—and, in a limited sense, of all colonial Africa—rests in his hands.

▲▲▲

Left: Pattern worker shapes manganese gear. Gold Coast is world's second largest manganese exporter. Center: Photographer interrupts native woman as she fixes coiffure. Right: Whole families help to harvest cocoa, the colony's biggest crop and main source of revenue

COMBINE

PIX

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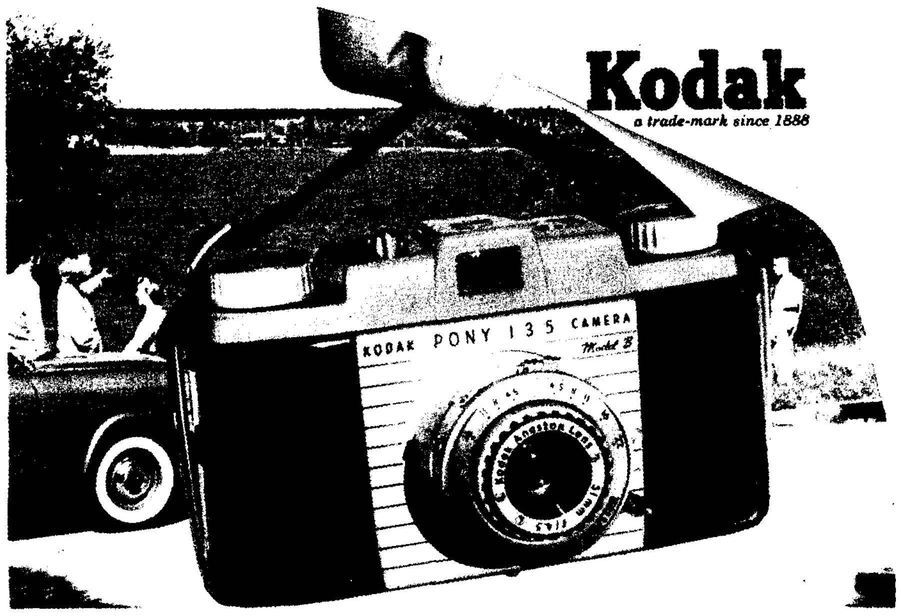
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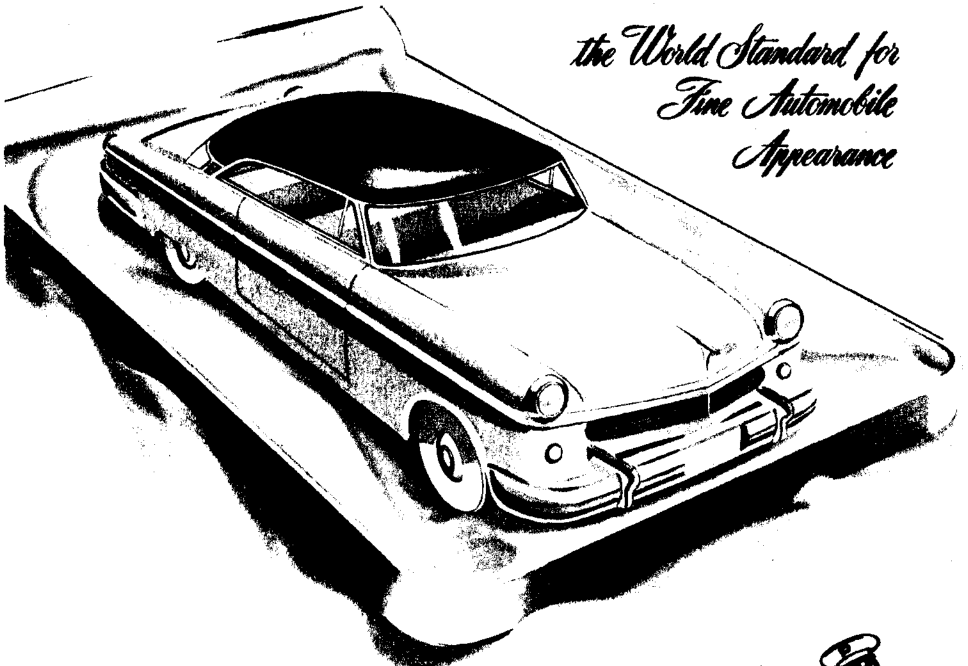

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Oh, You Beautiful Bachelor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

us. "Oh," I said. "Thanks for the help. Good-by. Again."

"I haven't gone yet. I have to see you again. Please?"

"I'll only be here three days," I said. "I'm going to be a bridesmaid in a wedding, and—"

"What church?"

"Oh, go on and give him your telephone number," Cleo said.

"No, no, no," I said. "Good-by, Jerry. Forever."

And I took Cleo's arm and hurried her off. "Why so generous with my time, anyway?" I asked her.

"I just pity anyone," she said mournfully, "who's disappointed in love."

"Love! Are you nuts? That was just a passing ship—"

"Anyway I liked the way he looked at you. So all gone—helpless. That's exactly the effect I was counting on. I told Ted you could help us with Jay."

"What? Who's Jay? Where's the car?" I said. "I don't know what this is all about, but I mean to learn. Come along."

WE GOT in the car and I leaned back and looked at Cleo. She was staring at the steering wheel and chewing the lipstick off her lower lip.

"Well," I said, "I can see it must be pretty bad."

"Oh, Delia," she said, "it is. Ted and I are engaged and we can't get married. Not for two whole years. Maybe never."

"Why not?" I asked. "Doesn't Mom like him?"

"Oh, sure, but—"

"If it's money, Dad would—"

"Oh, no, it's much worse! It's this boat Ted and Jay Wallard built. At first Ted was as crazy over the Water Lou as Jay is. The two of them started building it four years ago and planning on a two-year trip to the South Pacific. They've put all their spare time and money into it, and now they're supposed to leave in about ten days."

"Well," I said, "two years is a long time, but you're young. And honestly, Cleo, I certainly can't blame them for wanting to make a trip like that."

"Ted doesn't!" she said. "He hates the idea now!"

"Sounds wonderful to me. Tropical lagoons and—"

"He wants to stay here with me and build a house."

"—native villages, and coral reefs, and—"

"Sure," Cleo said bitterly. "And girls in hula skirts and sarongs. Listen, Delia, have you ever seen a picture of a Balinese woman?"

"Yes, but—"

"You know what the Water Lou itinerary calls for? Three whole months in Bali." She gave me a gone look, and tears began to drip off her eyelashes.

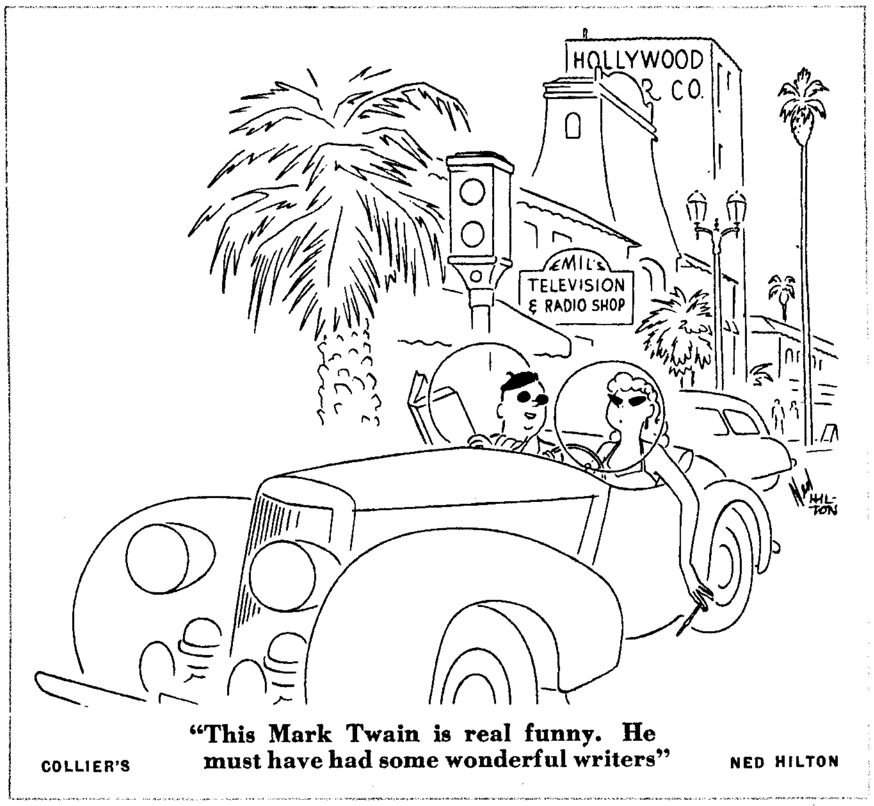
I nodded thoughtfully. "Mmm," I said, "I see what you mean, Cleo. Well, can't Ted get someone else to take his place?"

The pony tail flapped listlessly as Cleo shook her head. "No," she said; "Ted says a long cruise like that on a small boat is touchy. Jay's Uncle Parley is going, and he's not easy to get along with. Ted says if he'd only met me a year earlier, he might have had time to get someone else for the trip, but now it's too late. The weather's right and the boat's stocked and Jay's quit his job. Ted says Jay would let him off if he asked, but he can't because it would ruin everything for Jay and Unc' Parley."

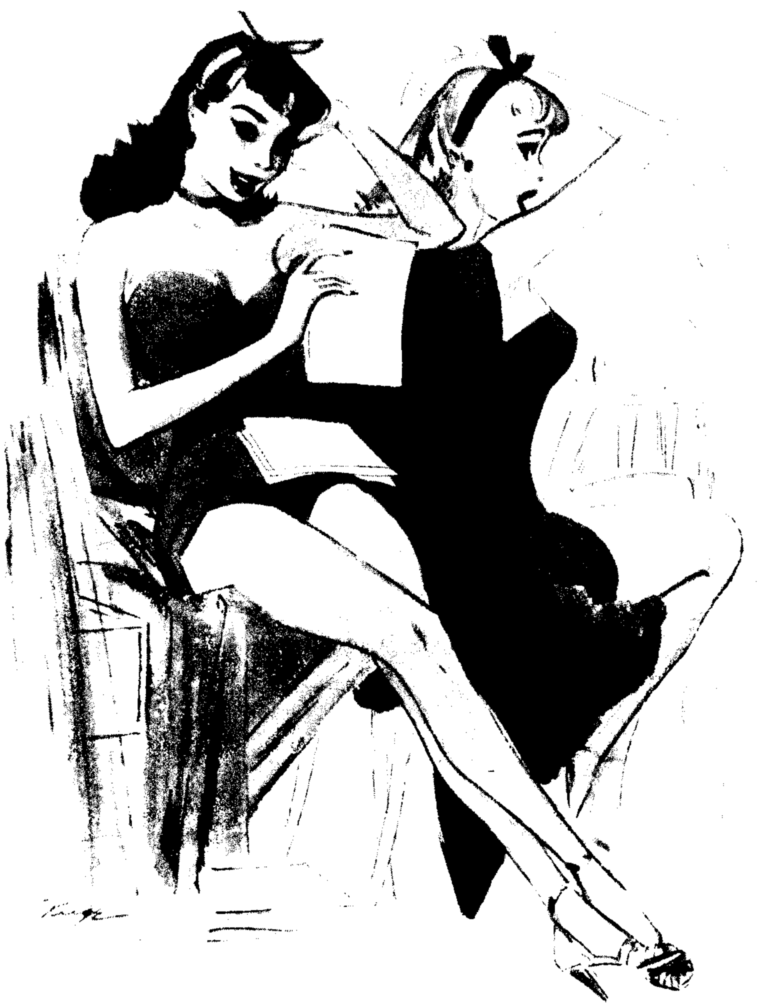
I could see Cleo had a problem all right. I've been around boats enough—brought up on Balboa Island—to know that the crew on a long trip is almost more important than a fresh-water supply. Take along a nonstop talker or somebody who plays Dixie on a harmonica morning till night, and before you get to port, it's all you can do to keep from initiating a drowning. Just the same, it occurred to me that this Jay Wallard ought to be able to see how it was with Ted and Cleo. Aha—maybe he does, I thought. Maybe he also knows that Ted's too honorable to break his part of the bargain. The more I thought about it, the more this theory looked likely to me.

"What's this Jay like?" I asked.

"Oh—sort of arrogant, I guess you'd



COLLIER'S "This Mark Twain is real funny. He must have had some wonderful writers" NED HILTON



"... your father and I are very happy you have a job in the chorus. It's nice to know that your talent is being recognized, and that your voice lessons with Old Miss Gillis were not wasted ..."

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

say. He's very tanned, and his hair is real short and sun-bleached, and he has a beaky nose. It's hard to describe Jay; he's not like anybody."

"That'll do," I said. Even allowing for a natural prejudice on Cleo's part, I had a fine mental portrait of the boatswain of the good ship Water Lou. Let's keep everything right for good old Jay Wallard, and if someone doesn't co-operate, let's dunk him in the nearest lagoon.

"I'm on your side all the way," I told Cleo. "What did you have in mind?"

She started the car, and we drove out of the parking lot. "I told Ted last night," she said, "that the only possible solution now is for Jay to change the same way Ted did—so he won't even want to make the trip. So all I can think of is—"

"Oh, no!" I said, reading her mind. "No! You're expecting too much of me, hon. It wouldn't work. I don't even like the sound of the guy."

"But that's just the point! Listen, Delia, the girls around here act like idiots about Jay, so naturally he's not much interested. Wait till you see the way Midge and Margie Patchison trail around after him! But you're beautiful and so—sort of offhand and distant, and—well, just look at the way that fellow acted there in the station. Please, Delia!"

"Thanks, no," I said. "Couldn't I just lure this boy to an abandoned house and lock him in a closet, say, for three months? By that time you and Ted could be safely—"

"Don't wisecrack about it!" Cleo began to sniffle, and she missed hitting a laundry truck by an inch. "This is serious! It's a matter of life or death!"

The way she was driving, I could see it might well be. More to save my life than anything, I said, "Okay, okay; you talked me into it. But don't build up hopes. Three days is a short time."

She slowed down, and I felt a little safer. "He's heard all about you already. He's Jord's best man, and Bill Garston's one of the ushers. Bill's been checking with Mom every hour on the hour to be sure you were really coming. I heard him tell Jay you were Balboa Island's answer to Jane Russell."

That Bill always was a lovely guy, I thought. "And what did Sindbad say?" I asked.

"Sind—? Oh. Well, he asked Bill if he thought there would be good mooring on the south side of Easter Island. But of course he hasn't seen you yet."

CLEO stopped the car in front of the church where, I gathered, the final rehearsal was in progress. "It sounds to me," I said, getting out, "as if Minnie the Mermaid is more Jay Wallard's type."

Cleo hadn't even heard what I said. She was standing on the sidewalk, looking up at the church. The windows were open and the organ was playing O Promise Me.

I went over and put my arm around her shoulders. "Don't you worry," I said. "It's you and Ted next."

We went in the main entrance, but no one in the group down by the altar saw us at first. Betty and Jord were there, of course, and Betty's twin sis-

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ters. I recognized Ted right off from the thirty or forty snapshots I'd had of him, and I saw Bill Garston talking to the organist. Just then the best man turned around and looked in our direction.

He was arrogant-looking—very tanned with a beaky nose and a sun-bleached crew cut. He was wearing denims and a sweat shirt. He was the most handsome man I had ever seen in my whole life. But he was scowling—at us.

"Here they are!" he said. "High time, too. Come along, kids. What kept you?"

"That's him," Cleo said, out of the corner of her mouth. "See what I mean?"

"Very well, thank you," I said and clutched at the nearest pew. My voice sounded funny even to me.

I followed Cleo down the aisle. "Delia!" Betty squealed and bore down on me. The party broke ranks. I believe the twins told me I looked wonderful. It seems to me that Bill said something about going on with some samba lessons we used to give each other before I left. I guess I was introduced to Ted.

"And this," Betty said at last, "is Jord's best man—Jay Wallard."

"Hello, Jay!" I said in a peculiar shrill, fluttery voice. "I'm awfully glad to know you. I've heard so much about you and your boat and everything—"

"Hi, there," Jay said. "Hope you had a good trip out, Dian—uh—Delia." Then he turned around and made a signal to the organist. "Now!" He looked at Betty and Jord. "I don't want to rush you, but if we hurry this up I can just about make it down to the boat a while before this dinner party tonight. What do you say we get going?"

I SAT down in the nearest pew and gazed dreamily at the blue-and-rose window above the choir loft.

"You," said Jay, pointing to me. "She's third in line, isn't she, Betts? Hop along now, honey. I want to get down to the Lou and check our ballast tanks."

"Yes, Jay," I said, jumping up and stumbling over a basket of white gladioli and getting a run in my stocking. "Where, Jay? Third, Jay?"

The rest of that rehearsal went by me in an off-focus blur. I must have driven home with Cleo and hugged Mom and talked to her about New York. Finally, I went upstairs to unpack, but I gave up in a moment and wandered over to the window and I stood there taking deep breaths and absent-mindedly tying knots in the curtain ruffle. Jay Wallard was breathing the same air, I realized, and this thought seemed of unique and tremendous importance.

Cleo came into the room and plopped down on the bed and stared at me in a very reproachful way.

"Judas!" she said. "Benedict Arnold!" And then her voice trembled. "Delia, you acted even dopier than Midge and Margie! You've got to pull yourself together!"

"You didn't tell me he had a wide grin," I said dreamily.

"Listen to me!" Cleo said, and her tone was awfully grim. "All I've got to say is—remember those Balinese women! How would you feel if you were in my place?"

Realization clutched me. "I am," I said, and a vivid image of Jay with a mahogany-tinted maiden with frangipani blossoms in her hair hovered in front of me. I went over and sat down on the bed beside Cleo.

"You were my last hope," she said in simple, tragic sorrow.

"I know."

We sat there for a long time, heaving deep sighs.

"I suppose I'll sublimate in time," Cleo said. "Maybe I can do volunteer social work. Or knit stuff for orphanages."

I stood up. "No," I said, "maybe it isn't too late yet. Cleo, you go find Ted and tell him to brief Jay on my views." I stared thoughtfully at the floor. "Tell him I feel marriage is a biological trap—that it's only for the middle-aged."

Cleo shuddered but she nodded, and I saw faint hope awaken in her eyes. "I could tell him to tell Jay you said that all this hearts-and-flowers was giving you diabetes. You did say that once—at Nancy Armaud's wedding."

"I did?" I shook my head wonderingly, and Cleo gave me a worried look and said, "You won't cave in again? Sure?"

"Sure," I said, trying to sound surer than I felt. "And as soon as Bill Garston gets here, tell him I'll be down to practice those samba steps he was talking about."

After she left, I went in and took a cold shower, and dressed fast. Once or twice that strange new sensation lapped over me, but I shook it off sternly. Concentrating for a minute on the girl with the flower behind her ear helped a lot, I discovered.

BILL and I were working on the samba when Jay came in. I missed only one step, but without turning my head his way, I somehow seemed to know that Jay was now wearing gray flannels, striped socks, blue jacket, white shirt and maroon tie, and that he had cut himself slightly while shaving. The dinner-party crowd was gathering, and Jay went over and leaned against the mantel to talk to Ted. I could only hope that they were discussing the Delia Theory of the Biological Trap and not the ocean currents off Samoa.

Evidently Ted had done well, however, because when Cleo came in and announced that dinner was ready out on the patio, Jay managed to shake off the twins and bore down on me with two laden plates from the buffet.

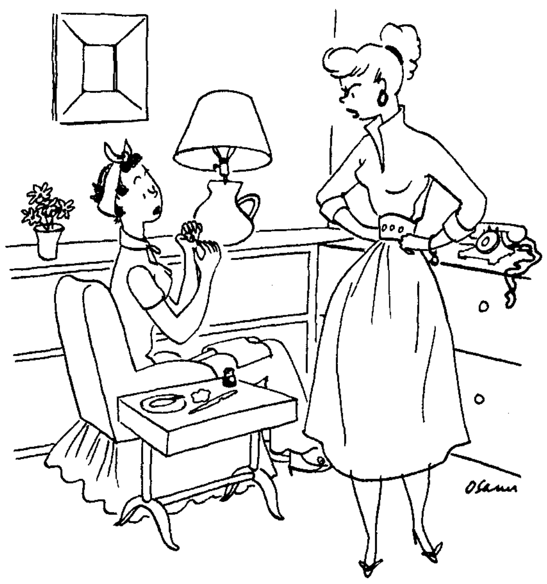
"Come on out and sit with me," he said. My knees began to melt again, and I had a peculiar impulse to run ahead and pull out his chair for him, but I caught myself in time. I glanced doubtfully over my shoulder.

"Don't wait for Garston," Jay said in a lordly way. "He has to bring out some more chairs. Ted's been telling me you're as allergic to this romantic fog around here as I am."

"What?"

Fortunately I noticed my sister's baleful look at that moment and my head cleared. "Oh, yes," I said. "Pretty—uh—sirupy, isn't it?"

He rewarded me with a comradely



"I don't mind his going out with other girls—but not on nights when he has a date with *me!*"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

"I agree, Ethel, that fifty dollars a week isn't much to get married on, but it would keep us going until I find a job"

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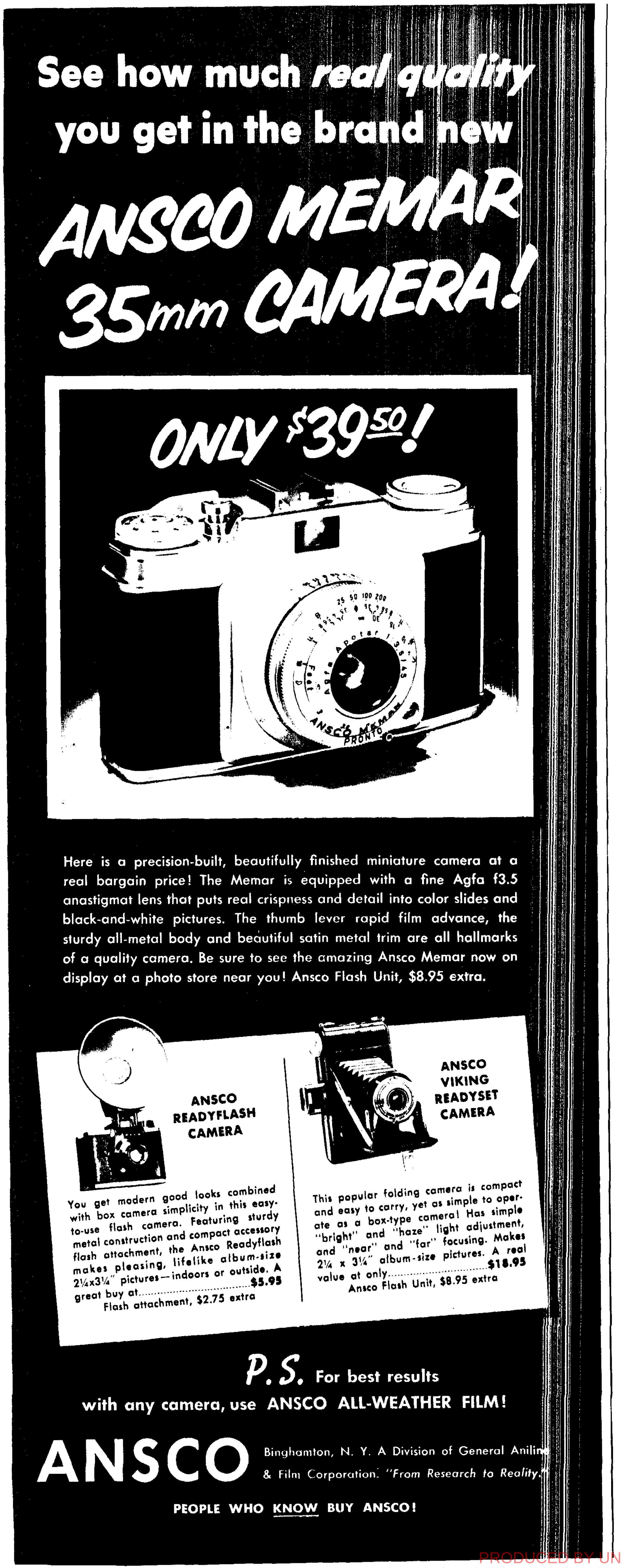
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pat on the shoulder as he seated me, and I managed somehow to resist an urge to put my hand up to the spot he had touched. I nodded languidly at the sprays of white flowers, the tall white tapers and the miniature bride and groom on the buffet table. "Yes, I'm afraid this is all too much for me," I said, quite truthfully. "Look at Betty and Jord! They aren't eating a bite!"

Jay's laugh was definitely friendly. "Yeah, poor guy. My theory is that a fellow ought to wait a while, see the world, before he settles down to the old grindstone. Plenty of time when he's older for working nine to five."

FORTUNATELY, Jay let the matter drop there and gave me a look that was almost tender. I managed a cool, Platonic smile while I put sugar in my coffee for the fourth time. When Jay started talking about the cruise of the Water Lou, I kept my questions so impersonal and technical that he inched his chair over nearer mine. I was sure I was going to break out in blushes and stutters any minute, but fortunately right after dinner Jordan came over to ask me to dance.

Jay scowled at him. "She's chartered," he said; "we're just casting off."

It was only the irritatingly nautical turn of his words that kept me from disintegrating—that, and the fact that Cleo had thoughtfully chosen Slow Boat to China for the first record.

Unfortunately, the next dance was a waltz, slow and romantic. Before I knew what I was doing, I had closed my eyes and put my cheek against Jay's shoulder. He rested his chin on top of my head and we danced in a dizzying silence. I wished I could live to be a hundred and ten and keep on dancing, with Jay Wallard's arms around me.

But when the music stopped, Jay stepped back and gave me a very odd look—cautious, or mad, or surprised. "Sorry, Delia," he said, very gruffly. "I think I'll be running along now."

I couldn't help it: my words came out in a wail. "Now? Why?"

"Frankly," he said, "the atmosphere seems to be getting me too." He pointed sternly over my shoulder. "Why, look at Ted over there! If I didn't know better I'd think he and Cleo were deciding whether they wanted I Love You Truly or At Dawning sung at their wedding. I tell you, this stuff is contagious."

I had lost my voice entirely, but he didn't seem to notice. "That's what I admire about you," he said. "You manage to stay so aloof and dispassionate about all this." He shook his head in fearful wonder. "I think I'd better spend tomorrow working on the Lou. I'll see you at the wedding, Delia."

And he was gone.

I went upstairs to my room and was on the verge of crying when Cleo rushed in, glowing.

"I knew you could do it!" she said. "I watched Jay during that last waltz. He was gone!" She threw herself on the bed and stared dreamily at the ceiling. "Ted and I took one look at Jay and started to plan our wedding. I think we'll have someone sing At Dawning, although—say, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," I said weakly. "Nothing at all." I didn't have the courage to tell her. Let her be happy for a little while, I thought, before she starts knitting for that orphanage.

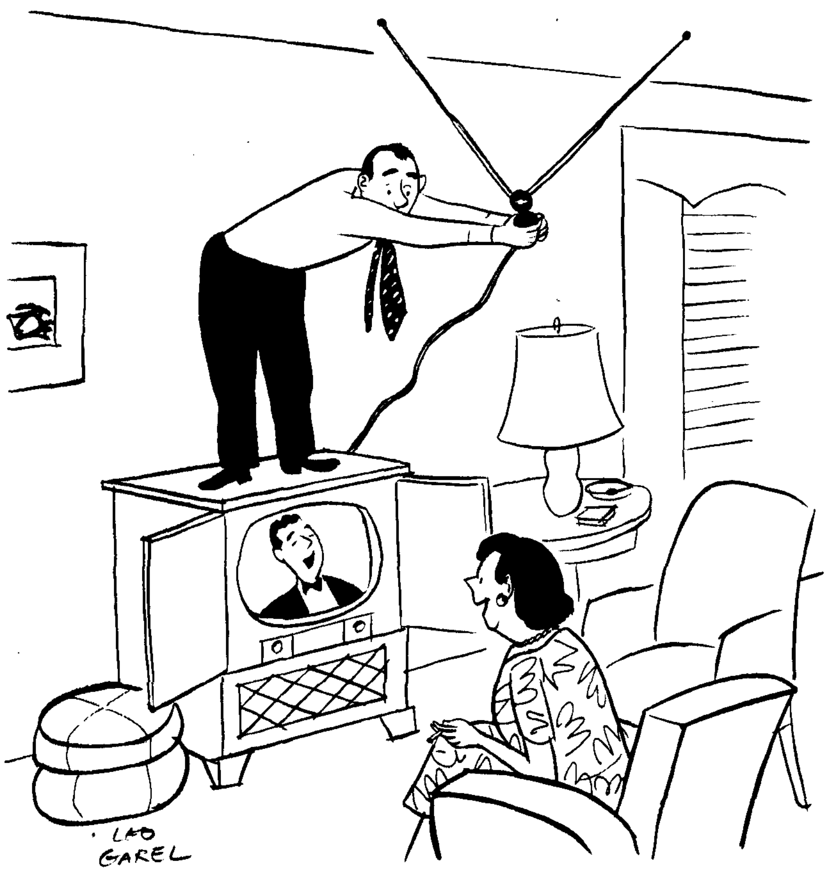
I FINALLY got to sleep sometime the next morning. I was in the breakfast room gazing into my cup of coffee when Cleo called me to the telephone. I had an idea that Jerry Whatdyacallim had tracked me down.

"Yes?" I said, listlessly.

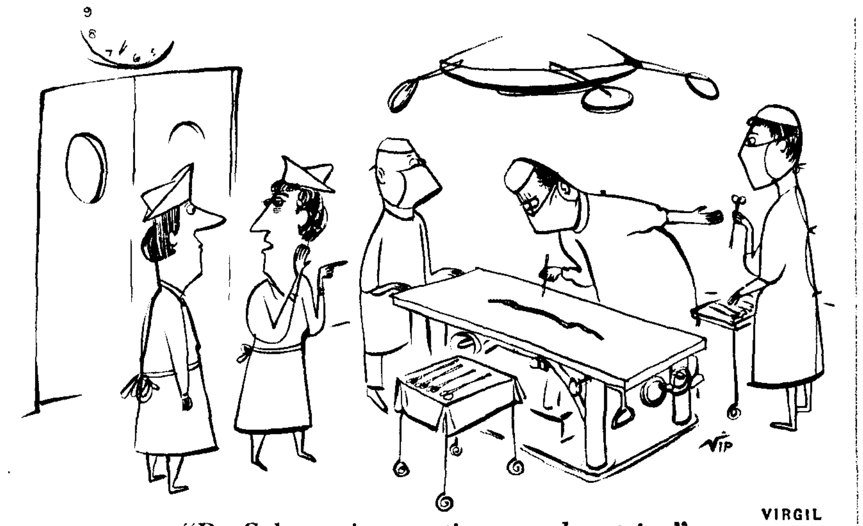
"This is Jay—Wallard, you know. Say, right after this bridesmaids-luncheon shindig today, could I come by and take you down to see the Water Lou?"

I waited a minute until the ringing in my ears had subsided. "Why—why, I thought you were staying away from here till the wedding."

"Oh, that!" he said, laughing carelessly. "Silly idea I had last night. I'm not worried. After all, you're leaving and I'm leaving. I know how I feel and how you feel—"



COLLIER'S "That's fine! Hold it!" LEO GAREL



COLLIER'S "Dr. Colmore is operating on a shoestring" VIRGIL PARTCH

Oh, do you, now? I thought, and suddenly I started getting mad. "I'm afraid I have to go buy a wedding present for Betty this afternoon." I said coldly.

"We'll buy it on the way. See you at two thirty, pal."

Pal. I put down the receiver and kicked the leg of the telephone table. No, he wasn't worried. He didn't think about anyone else—about my kid sister or about his best friend Ted or anyone. He'd sail blithely off, ruining lives right and left, without a backward glance. Jay Wallard was a colossal, selfish egotist, I saw clearly.

When the colossal, selfish egotist drove up to the house that afternoon, I was waiting. "Don't forget, I want to stop at a jeweler's to buy the wedding present," I said, between my teeth. It was all I could do to keep from telling him what I thought of him.

When we stopped at the jewelry store, I was a little surprised that he got out and went in with me. He was pretty helpful in picking out a covered silver vegetable dish. He obviously didn't even notice the tray of wedding and engagement rings just beyond me on the counter.

"Gift-wrap it," I told the jeweler in a dull, dead voice. I took one final look at those lovely rings and I wished Jay Wallard was out in the middle of the Indian Ocean with a whole crew of Balinese women.

"Hi! Well, what do you know!" It was Ted, with a square white package under his arm, staring delightedly from Jay to me to the tray of rings.

ALL at once, I knew just how to fix Jay Wallard. I reached out quickly and picked up the nearest solitaire and held it up to the light.

"This one's nice, isn't it, Jay?" I said loudly and sweetly.

It worked fine. Ted grabbed Jay's arm. You never saw a guy look so happy. "Hey, I can't believe it!" he said. "You too! Look, fellow, don't let me stand in your way. I know a guy who'll take the Lou off our hands for—"

"What in hell are you talking about?" Jay said, jerking his head around to look at me. I smiled up at him lovingly and twirled the ring around on my finger. Then he stared back at Ted, who was slapping him on the back and burbling something about being his best *man*.

"What—what did you say about the boat? What do you mean, me too? *Too!* Did you say *too?*"

Ted was floundering. His face was red to the tip of his ears. He dropped his package and retrieved it. "Nothing," he said hastily, backing off. "Just ran in to exchange this for Cleo. I just jumped to a conclusion—just a natural misunderstanding."

Jay stalked down the shop after him. "Too," he said. "*Too!* I should have known. These last three weeks, stalling about the weather—"

TED had backed all the way out the front door; Jay followed him. I started after them, but in a minute Jay came back alone. He shoved his hands in his pockets and looked at the floor. "Five years," he said. "That's how long I planned that trip."

"Pretty rough," I said faintly. All at once I felt like a low-down dog.

"Five whole years," he said. All at once he looked up at me and then beyond me at the ring tray. His eyes were unfriendly. "You did that on purpose, didn't you? You knew he didn't want to go and that he wouldn't tell me, so you had to help your sister. I see it all."

"Well," I said miserably, "surely you wouldn't have wanted Ted to go if he didn't want to, would you?"

"Yes! Yes, I would. As soon as we were past the breakwater he'd have forgotten—" Then he sighed and shrugged. "No," he said. "No, I guess you're right." He gave me a hostile glare. "But you don't need to think *I* won't make the trip. I will. Right away."

"Just you and your uncle?"

"I'll advertise for somebody. Plenty of people would like to go."

Maybe the idea had been in the back of my mind all the time. It seemed so familiar. "I know someone," I said.

"Who?"

"Me."

It was rude, the way he laughed. "Sorry, no," he said.

I started getting mad again. "Listen," I said. "I was brought up around boats. I can navigate. And what's more, I can cook."

"No, thank you."

"I could pay my share of the expenses. You'd have your uncle for chaperon, if you're afraid it wouldn't be Platonic—"

"Platonic! With you? I know damn' well it wouldn't be Platonic!"

It was the nicest compliment anyone had ever paid me. We were both still yelling, but I guess the jeweler knew the score, all right. He had started to put the tray of rings away, but now, out of the corner of my eye, I saw him take them out again. He put them right down on the edge of the counter by Jay's elbow, where they'd be handy.

—HANNAH SMITH

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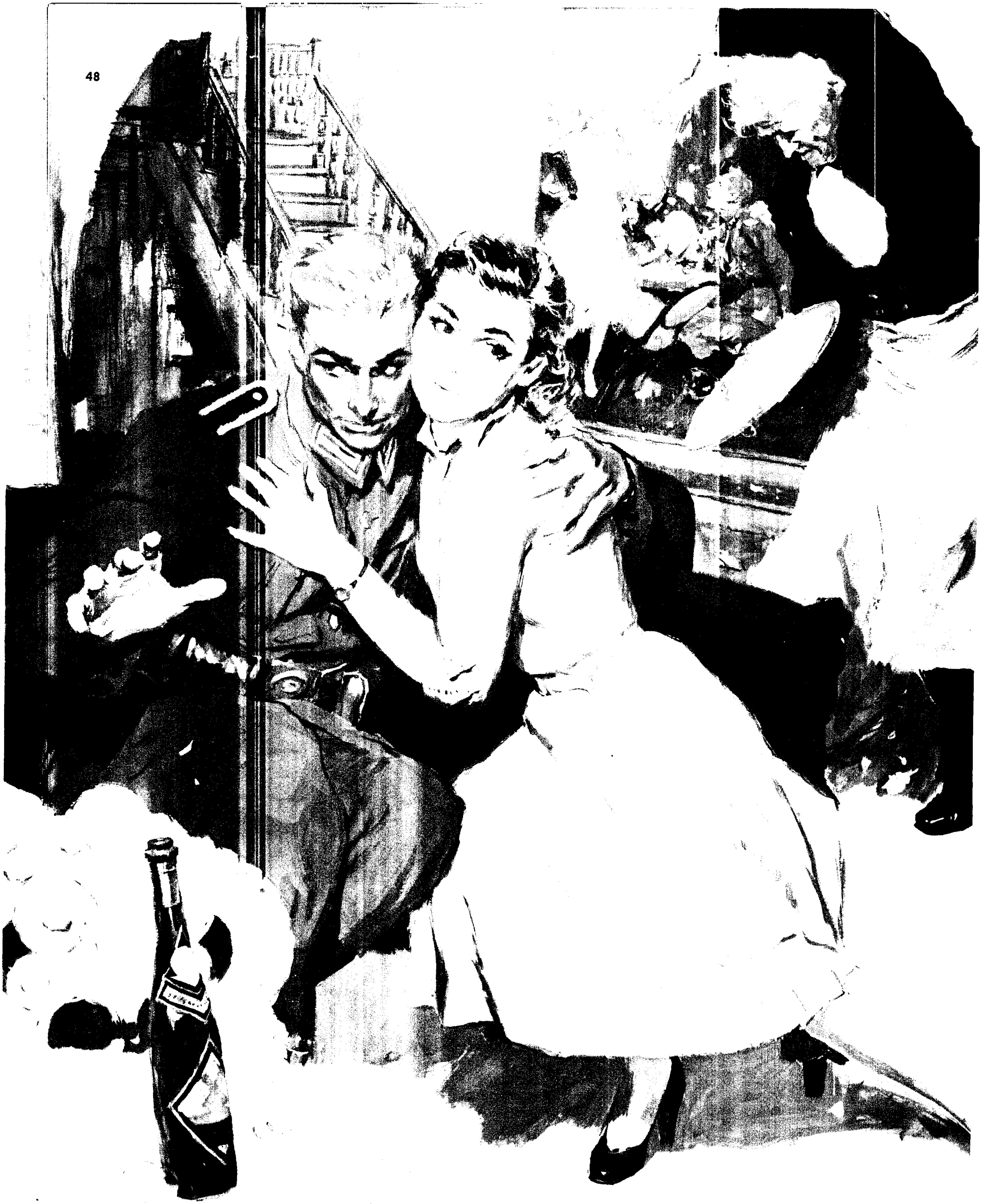
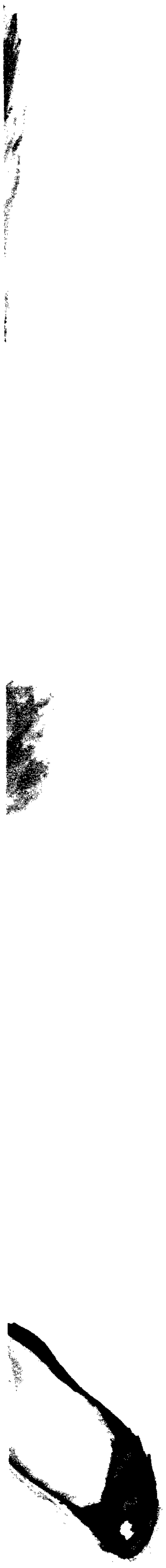


A tremor ran through the cellar. "I'm afraid," Elisabeth whispered. "So am I," Graeber said

A Time to Love and a Time to Die

BY ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

THE SECOND OF FOUR PARTS



The Story: Along the Russian front that spring, the frozen dead lay like cordwood. The German army was in retreat. Of the friends Private ERNST GRAEBER had had at the war's beginning, not one was left. Everywhere there was destruction: bombed villages, dead Russian villagers whom Graeber himself had been ordered to shoot as guerrillas. Graeber longed for his promised furlough; he had not been home in two years. Never a member of the Nazi Party, he secretly believed the war was lost. And he was tormented by his conviction that it was the Nazis who from the start had lied, betrayed, pillaged and murdered. There was no one in his unit with whom Graeber could share his thoughts. All were afraid to speak—especially HIRSCHLAND, who was part Jewish and lived in terror of STEINBRENNER, the S.S. man in their unit. When Graeber, on furlough, reached the city where his parents lived, he found their home and their entire neighborhood bombed to rubble. His parents had disappeared. All he could do was leave a note for them at the site; then he went to live in a barracks among other bombed-out men on leave. Search for his parents proved fruitless, but at the suggestion of REUTER, an acquaintance in the barracks, he even went to ALFONS BINDING, an old schoolmate who was now a prosperous Nazi official. He went also to the home of DR. KRUSE, whom he had known in childhood. ELISABETH KRUSE told him her father was in a concentration camp; he had spoken too freely his belief that the war was lost. Elisabeth was forced to share her house with FRAU LIESER, a fanatical Nazi, whom Elisabeth suspected of having denounced her father. Graeber had never seen anyone so alone, and yet so defiant in hiding her fear as Elisabeth. With her he felt at peace and at the same time was stirred by her beauty. He asked her to dine with him the next night at the gayest place they could find in the war-torn city.

THE Hotel Germania stood between two wrecked houses like a rich woman between needy relatives. The rubble had been neatly piled up on either side, and as a result the ruins no longer seemed wild and haunted by death; they had been made orderly and almost homelike.

The doorman examined Graeber's uniform with a critical glance. "Where is the wine room?" Graeber asked before he could say anything.

"The hall to the right. Fritz, the headwaiter, will take care of you."

Graeber and Elisabeth walked along the corridor. A major and two captains passed them. Graeber saluted. "They say it's crawling with generals here," he explained. "Only officers are allowed, and an occasional noncom if he looks respectable."

Elisabeth stopped. "Then aren't you being very reckless? Suppose they notice something."

"What would they notice? It's not hard to behave like a noncom. And this dress uniform I borrowed from Reuter really fits very well."

"What will happen to you if they find out?" Elisabeth asked. "Could they shoot you?"

Graeber laughed. "No, Elisabeth. They need us too much at the front for that. At most it would be a couple of weeks' arrest. And a couple of weeks' arrest is a couple of weeks' rest. Almost like a furlough. When you have to be back at the front in two weeks there's not much that can scare you. That's the good part of it."

Headwaiter Fritz appeared. Graeber slipped a bill into his hand. Fritz allowed it to disappear and made no difficulties. "The wine room, for dinner, of course," he said and solemnly led the way.

He seated them at a table hidden behind a pillar and departed with dignity. Graeber glanced around. "Just what we wanted," he said.

A LITTLE old waiter who looked like a marabou brought them the menu. Graeber took it, placed a bill inside and handed it back to the marabou. "We'd like to have something that's not on the menu. What have you?"

The marabou looked at him expressionlessly. "We have nothing except what is on the menu."

"All right. Then in the meantime bring us a bottle of Johannisberger Kochsberg nineteen thirty-seven, grown by G. H. von Mumm, not too cold."

The marabou's eyes lighted up. "Very good, sir," he said with sudden respect. Then he bent over. "We happen to have some Ostend sole on hand. Absolutely fresh. With it perhaps a Belgian salad and a few parsley potatoes?"

"Good. And to begin with? No caviar, of course, with the wine."

The marabou became even more animated. "Of course not. But we still have a little Strasbourg goose liver, truffled—"

Graeber nodded.

"And afterward I recommend a piece of Dutch cheese. It will bring out the bloom of the wine perfectly."

"Excellent."

The marabou disappeared in excitement. At first he had taken Graeber for a soldier who had wandered in by chance; now he saw in him a connoisseur who was by chance a soldier.

Elisabeth had listened in amazement. "Ernst," she said, "where did you find out all that?"

"From my friend Reuter, at the barracks. This morning I didn't know any of it."

"And the trick with the tip and the menu?"

"All from Reuter," Graeber said. "He knows his way around here. How to behave like a man of the world—he taught me that too."

Elisabeth laughed suddenly. It was a warm, free and almost tender laugh. He looked at her. She changed completely when she laughed. It was as though all the windows

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They had just found each other, and time was so short. At any moment the Gestapo might come, to take Elisabeth away forever

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

in a dark house had suddenly opened. "That's a pretty dress," he said. "It suits you."

"It's one of my mother's dresses. I made it over last night."

"Do you mean you can sew? You don't look as if you could."

"I couldn't until a short time ago. Now I sew army overcoats."

"Then you were drafted for the labor service?"

"Yes. I had to join up. And I wanted to, too. I thought perhaps it would help my father."

The marabou came with the wine. He held the bottle as though it were a jewel and he poured carefully. He uncovered a silver platter. The rosy slices of black-truffled goose liver lay surrounded by a circle of quivering aspic. "Fresh from Alsace," he announced.

"What luxury!" Elisabeth said.

"Luxury!" Graeber raised his glass. "To that we'll drink our first glass. For two long years I've eaten out of a tin mess kit, never sure whether I'd finish my meal all in one piece, so this is not simply luxury. It is much more. It is peace and plenty and joy and festivity—it is everything that is missing out there. *Prost,* Elisabeth!"

He drank and felt the wine and looked at her and she was beautiful and a part of it all. After his years close to death the wine was now not just wine, the silver not just silver and the music that stole into the room was not just music—they were all symbols of that other life, of the life without death and battle, of the life for life's sake that had already become almost a myth and a hopeless dream.

"Strange," he said. "You practically forget that you are still alive. Weren't we going to drink to that once? When we came out of the air-raid shelter? How long ago was that? Three days? How time leaps!"

Elisabeth stretched. "I feel like someone who has escaped from prison," she said, "and will soon be locked up again for treachery."

"That's how we are! We're afraid of our feelings. And when we notice them we think we are traitors."

The marabou brought the sole and the salad. Graeber watched him as he served. This evening for the first time he had the feeling of being on leave, leave as it ought to be.

"Ernst," Elisabeth said, "can we really pay for all this?"

"We can pay for it. Don't forget that I have two years' combat pay with me. And it doesn't need to last long." Graeber laughed. "Only for a short life, Elisabeth. Two weeks. It will do all right for that." . . .

THEY were standing in front of the door to her house. The fog seethed and eddied. "When do you have to go back?" Elisabeth asked.

"In two weeks and three days."

"That's soon."

"It's soon and at the same time it's a long way off. That changes from moment to moment. Time in war is different from time in peace. This evening was my first day of leave. God bless the marabou and Reuter and your golden dress and the wine."

"And us," she said. "We need it."

She stood in front of him with the mist clinging in her hair and the pale light glittering on it. Suddenly it seemed hard to Graeber to leave all this and go back to the stink and the jokes of the barracks; it seemed hard to tear down the web of tenderness, relaxation, quietude and excitement that had woven itself so unexpectedly over the evening and to return to the comfortlessness of waiting and to fruitless brooding over the future.

"Good night, Elisabeth. Will you go with me to the Germania again tomorrow night?"

"Do you want to go there again?"

"Yes, Elisabeth. Because out there at the front all you remember are the things that have been festive and beautiful. And this was a little like a feast."

HE DREW her to him and she yielded. He felt her in his arms and suddenly everything else dissolved; he wanted her and he wanted nothing else. "You're not wasting your time with me?" she murmured.

"No."

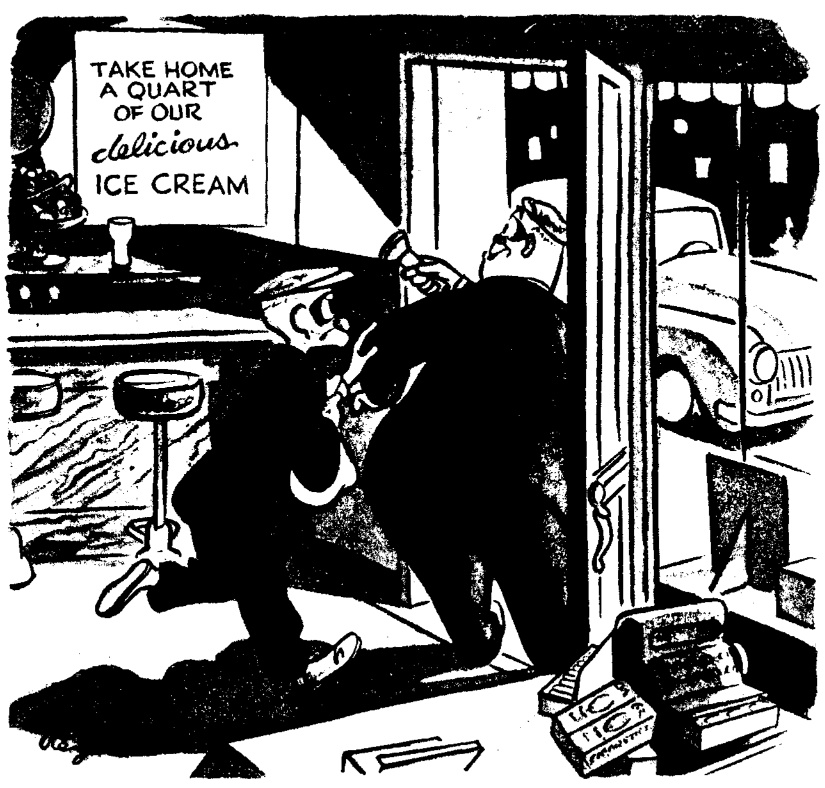
"Where are you going now?"

"Back to the barracks."

She kissed him. He held her close and did not want to let her go. . . .

He walked to Hakenstrasse. He was confused and excited. He believed he had done and said everything wrong. Most of all he would have liked to turn back and talk to her again. But he knew it would only make things harder.

BUTCH



"Now quick, into th' getaway car an' away we go. Okay, Butch?"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

In front of his parents' house he stopped. The moon broke through the mist. He bent down. Then with a sudden jerk he pulled the notice out from between the stones. Something had been written in pencil on one corner. He reached for his flashlight. *Inquire at Main Post Office. Window fifteen,* he read.

Involuntarily he glanced at his watch. It was much too late; the post office was not open at night. He could not inquire until eight in the morning; but then at last he would know. . . .

Part of the post office was still standing. There were crowds of people everywhere. Graeber had to wait for a while. Then he got to window fifteen and showed the slip of paper.

The clerk came back with a small battered package. Graeber saw his mother's handwriting on it. She had sent it to him at the front and it had been forwarded from there. He looked for the sender's address. It was still given as Hakenstrasse. "Is that all there is for me?" he asked.

The clerk glanced up. "Do you think we are withholding something?"

"Not that. I thought you might perhaps have my parents' new address."

"We've no new address here. Otherwise we would not have sent the package to Hakenstrasse. But you can always ask the letter carrier from your district."

"Could he possibly know the address when you don't know it here?"

"Of course not. He only gets the addresses from us. But there are people who like to ask him just the same. That's the way people are."

Graeber took his package and went down the stairs. He looked at the date. It had been sent three weeks before. It had taken a long time to reach the front, but from there it had got back quickly. He opened the brown paper. A dry cake lay inside, a pair of woolen socks, a package of cigarettes and a letter from his mother. He read the letter. There was nothing in it about a change of address or about air raids. He put it in his pocket and waited until he was calm again. Then he went out into the street. He told himself that now, surely, he would soon get a letter with a new address; nevertheless, he felt more miserable than he had expected.

WHEN he stopped for news at Binding's house he was boisterously received. "Come in, Ernst," Alfons called. "We're busy emptying a bottle. You can help us."

An S.S. man was half lying on the big sofa, as though he had fallen there and could not get up again. He was a thin fellow with a sallow face and hair so extremely blond that he looked as though he had neither eyelashes nor brows. "This is Heini," Alfons said with a certain measure of respect. "Heini, the snake charmer! And this is my friend Ernst, on furlough from Russia."

Heini was fairly drunk. "Russia!" he muttered. "I was too. Fine times! Better than here!"

Graeber looked at Binding questioningly. "Heini is already one bottle ahead," Alfons explained. "He is sad. His parents' home was bombed. Nothing happened to the family; they were all in the cellar. But the house is wrecked."

"Four rooms," Heini growled. "All new furniture. The piano too. Wonderful piano! Those swine!"

"Heini will get even for that piano," Alfons said. "Come, Ernst, what will you have to drink?"

"Nothing at all, Alfons. I just stopped in to ask whether you've found anything out yet."

"Nothing so far, Ernst. One thing seems certain though; your parents aren't any longer in this district. Either they have moved on and haven't reported yet, or they've been sent on with the other evacuees. You know how it is nowadays. The whole of Germany is being bombed by those swine. And so it takes a while for communications to be restored. Come along, have something to drink. You can risk one glass."

"All right, some vodka."

"Vodka!" Heini woke up for a moment. "In Russia we swilled it in rivers! And then poured it down the beasts' throats and set fire to it. Made flame throwers out of them. Children, how they hopped around! You'd die laughing!"

"What?" Graeber asked.

HEINI did not reply. He was staring glassily ahead. "Flame throwers," he muttered. "Magnificent idea."

"What's he talking about?" Graeber asked Binding.

Alfons shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, Heini had a hand in all sorts of things. He was with the S.D. in Russia."

Graeber picked up the bottle and looked at it. The clear liquor swashed back and forth. "What proof is vodka?"

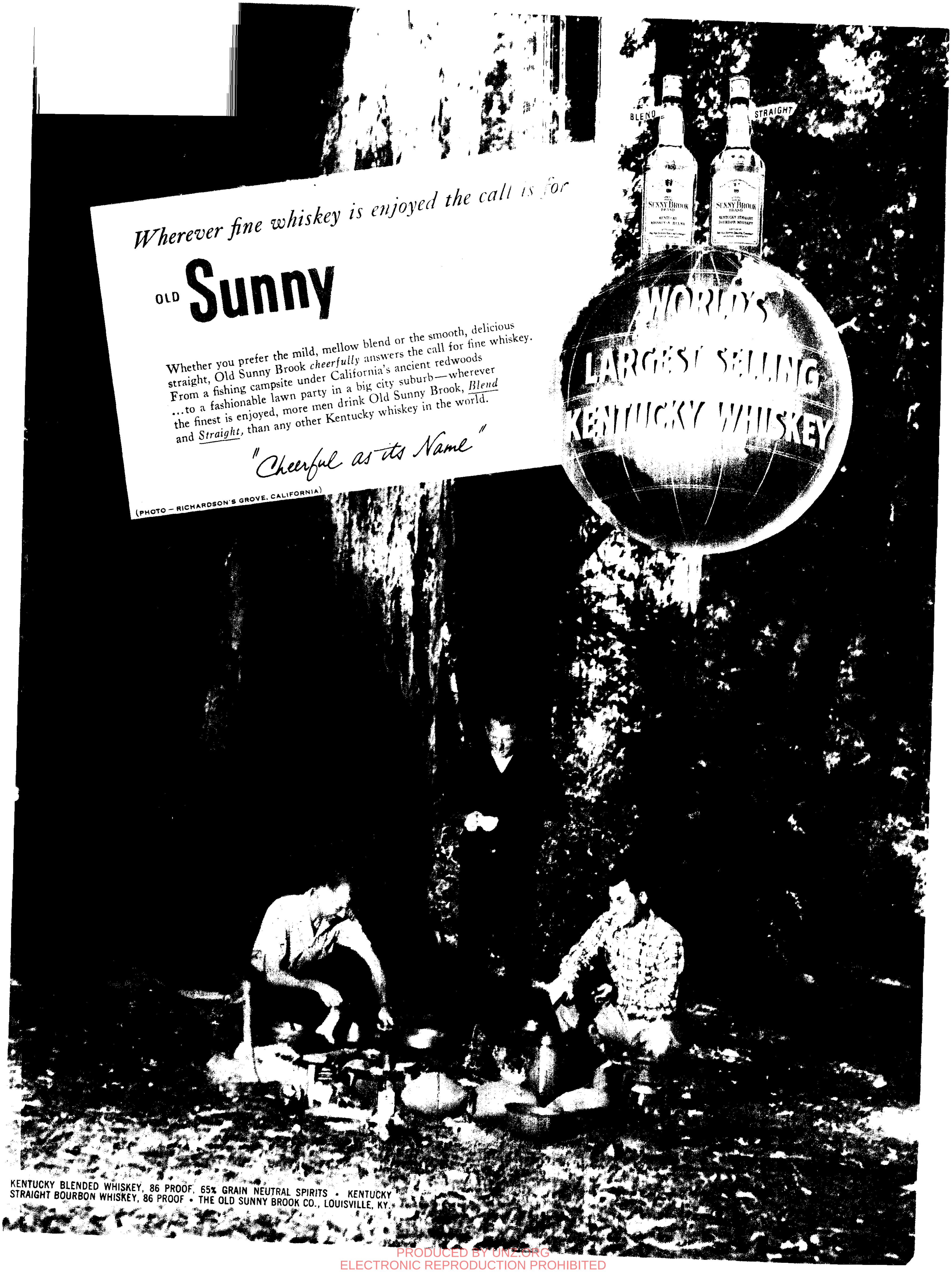
Alfons laughed. "Sure to be a hundred and twenty proof. The Ivans can take it strong."

They can take it strong, Graeber thought. And if it's as strong as that, then it will burn if someone pours it down your throat and sets fire to it. He looked at Heini. He had heard enough stories about the Security Service of the S.S. to know that what Heini was saying in his drunkenness was no exaggeration. The S.D., under pretext of providing *Lebensraum* for the German people, carried on liquidations in the grand style and by the thousands. And to keep the mass killings from becoming too monotonous, they invented humorous variations. Graeber had known some of them; others had been told him by Steinbrenner. Living flame throwers were new.

Graeber put the bottle back. He wanted to get up and go away but he forced himself to remain seated. He had gone away too often and had looked the other way and refused to see what was going on. He and a hundred thousand others. They had thought that in that way they could quiet their consciences. He no longer wanted that. He no longer wanted to evade. He had not come back on furlough for that purpose.

He looked at Heini, who was half asleep. "Is he still with the S.D.?"

"No longer," Alfons said. "He's here now. He's a commandant in the concentration camp. Have another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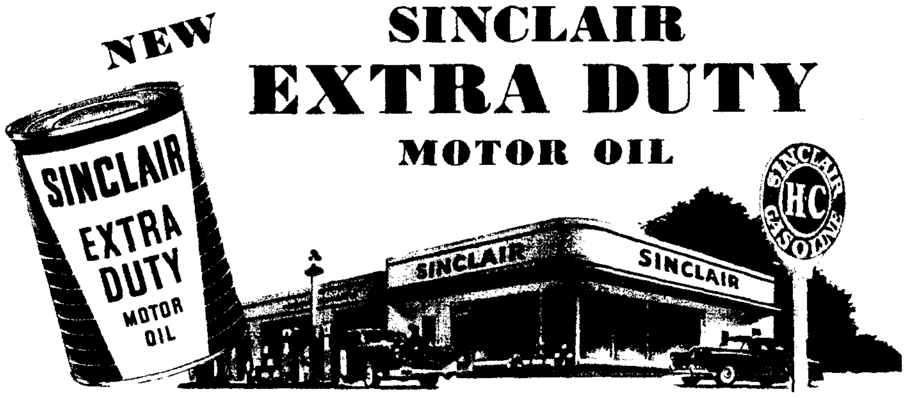
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swallow, Ernst! And stay a while longer. Don't always run off!"

"No," Graeber said, staring wide-eyed at Heini. "I'll not run off today."

Alfons was standing with Graeber in front of the door. The sky was filled with fleecy white clouds. Heini was vomiting in the bathroom. In the birch trees a blackbird was singing, a little black ball with a yellow beak in whose voice was all of spring. "Mad fellow, that Heini, eh?" Alfons said.

He said it like a boy talking about a bloodthirsty Indian chief—with a mixture of horror and admiration. "Man, that was quite a story about the wooden funeral pyre, wasn't it? First a layer of wood and then a layer of people, and each layer having to haul its own wood and then lie down on it and be shot in the back of the head. The things they think up, eh?"

"Yes, the things they think up."

"And the women! Can you imagine what went on with them!"

"Yes, close enough. Would you like to have been there?"

"With the women?"

"At the burning pyre and the mass machine gunnings?"

BINDING reflected for a moment. Then he shook his head. "I don't think so. Perhaps once, just to have seen it. Otherwise, I'm not the type for that sort of thing."

A couple of sparrows flew twittering to the birdbath in the middle of the lawn. They perched for a while on the rim. Then one of them waded in and began to beat his wings and all at once they were both in the bath splashing about. Alfons watched them. "Just look at that!" he whispered, enchanted. "They're learning how to do it. I only had the bath put there this spring, but they already know all about it. I only hope the blackbird will come soon."

Graeber looked at him in amazement. He seemed already to have forgotten Heini's stories. "The birdhouses are already occupied. I just hope everything goes all right this year. What do you really think of the situation, Ernst? The papers haven't sounded so good lately. According to them we're still withdrawing. You've just come from there. Tell me, will you, in confidence between old friends, what's really up?"

Graeber looked into the candid, round red face. For a moment he hated Alfons for his candor and the ease with which he could forget. "We were given orders at the border not to say anything," he said.

"But, Ernst!" Binding exclaimed. "That doesn't count for us!"

"It counts for me. The government doesn't take a light view of alarmists. Whoever doesn't believe in the war is hanged, shot or beheaded, you know."

"Alarmists?" Binding had heard only the one word. "Is it actually as bad as that, Ernst? Tell me the truth."

Graeber knew that he could calm Alfons with a few inconsequential words. That's what Binding wanted; he certainly did not want to hear the truth. You shall hear it, Graeber thought, suddenly embittered. At least once you shall hear it! "You can see for yourself where our armies stand now—and where we were a year ago," he said. "And how many cities have been bombed that were intact a year ago. You can see that too."

"That's right. And so you mean—"

"I mean nothing at all, Alfons. But there are people who say that it's a damn' bad sign, after three years of war and so many victories at the start, when there is suddenly such a long withdrawal on all fronts. And there are people who declare that the war is lost if after three years of fighting we have achieved nothing in the world except to have Germany bombed to bits. However, all these people should be brought before the People's Court, and most of them are already either in concentration camps under the supervision of Heini and his friends or they will soon have their heads chopped off by the executioner. And so we don't have to worry about anything at all. Look, there is a whole regiment of sparrows around the bath."

Binding brushed this aside impatiently. "Let's talk sensibly, Ernst. I often have my own thoughts about all this. Honor bright, do you really believe things are bad?"

Graeber saw that Alfons was not trying to make him talk in order to catch him out; his concern was too obvious; but Graeber knew too that you could never trust anyone unless you had him in your power. "I do not believe that," he said. "I believe everything is splendid. It's just the alarmists we were talking about."

Alfons began to sweat. "Ernst," he besought earnestly, "you don't have to be cautious with me. After all, we're friends! You know I'm a respectable man. Wouldn't hurt a fly. I'm no fanatic. I haven't anything to do with—" he gestured in the direction of the bathroom. "Those are things that don't concern me. Necessary, to be sure, but others are responsible for them. So now, tell me what you think. Of course I know a good deal, but it's different when you hear the opinion of someone who has come straight from the front."

Gods of clay, Graeber thought. How quickly they lose confidence. But it's just their uncertainty that makes them so dangerous. Only those who are safe can be generous and understanding toward others. "But I've told you what I think," he said calmly. "Don't forget that we still have our secret weapons. They say they'll be ready soon now."

"Yes, there's that, of course. I only hope they won't be ready too late." Alfons stood there thoughtfully in his brightly polished boots, staring with troubled eyes at his garden.

HEINI appeared in the doorway. He was very pale. "On duty!" he growled. "Late already! I'll rub the swine's noses in it."

He stamped down the garden path. At the gate he straightened his cap, threw back his shoulders and strode on like a stork.

"I wouldn't like to be the next prisoner to fall into his hands," Alfons said.

Graeber glanced up. He had been thinking the same thing. "Do you consider that right?" he asked.

Binding shrugged his shoulders. "They're all traitors to the nation, Ernst. They're not there for nothing. So what does it matter to me what happens there? It's not my responsibility."

Alfons had regained his calm. A few minutes before, he had been frightened, had even disowned Heini; now he was once more unconcerned about him. Graeber looked at the satisfied, harmless face and, with sudden shock, realized the eternal hopelessness to which justice and sympathy are condemned: always to suffer shipwreck on self-seeking and indifference and fear. He realized it and he realized too that he himself was not exempt, that he too was caught in it as though in an anonymous, indirect and threatening complicity that was not to be escaped however much he might struggle against it.

"This business of responsibility isn't as simple as all that, Alfons," he said.

"But, Ernst, don't try to be funny. You can only be held responsible for what you yourself have done."

"When we shoot hostages we say exactly the opposite—that they are responsible for what others have done."

"Hostages are something else again, Ernst. They are exceptions! Necessary exceptions."

"Everything is a necessary exception, Alfons," Graeber said bitterly. "Everything that one does oneself, I mean—of course not what the others do. When we bomb a city, that's a strategic necessity; when the others do it, it's the act of a common criminal."

"That's just what it is," Alfons replied without thinking. Then, catching sight of Graeber's face, he grinned slyly. "That's modern politics, Ernst. The right is what is useful to the German people, as our minister of justice has said. We only do our duty. We are not responsible." He bent forward. "There—there's the blackbird. Do you see him! The first time he's taken a bath. How the sparrows clear out!"

THE waiter who looked like a marabou greeted Graeber and Elisabeth like old and honored guests. "Today we have a good *Wiener Schnitzel.*"

"We'll take it," Graeber said. "And everything with it that you recommend. We put ourselves in your hands."

The waiter stalked off, gratified. Graeber looked at Elisabeth sitting on the banquette opposite him. She looked beautiful. "Weren't you going to wear civilian clothes this evening?" she asked.

"I couldn't. No place to change."

He had intended to change at Alfons', but after the afternoon's conversation he could not go back there. "You could have done it at my place," Elisabeth said.

"And Frau Lieser?"

"Frau Lieser can go to the devil."

The waiter brought the wine and opened it; but he did not pour. All at once he held his head oddly cocked to one side, listening. "There it goes again," he whispered.

He had no need to explain what he meant. The next moment the yammering of the sirens rose above the chatter in the room.

"Where's the nearest air-raid cellar?" Graeber asked the marabou.

"We have one here in the hotel, sir. It's better than a good many of them elsewhere. We have important military commissions here."

Graeber took the bottle out of the marabou's hand and filled two glasses. He handed one to Elisabeth. "Drink this, Elisabeth."

She shook her head. "We must go."

"We have plenty of time. That was just the first alarm. Perhaps nothing at all will happen. Drink it quickly. It helps you over the first fright."

"I believe the gentleman is right," said the marabou. "It is a shame to toss off so noble a wine—but this is a special case." He was pale and he smiled with effort. "Sir," he said to Graeber, "formerly we used to look up to heaven to pray. Now we do it to curse. That's what we've accomplished."

Elisabeth lifted her glass and drained it slowly. She did it with a determined gesture that had in it, at the same time, a kind of reckless prodigality. She put down her glass and smiled. "To hell with panic too!"

"My wife," said the marabou. "Our youngster is sick. It is hard for her to get him down to the cellar alone. She is delicate, a hundred and six pounds. I cannot help her. I have to stay here."

Graeber picked up a glass from the next table, filled it and offered it to the waiter. "Here! Drink this with us."

"It is not permitted, on duty—"

"This is a special case. You just said so yourself."

"Very good." The waiter looked around and accepted the glass. "But I can't empty it at one gulp, sir. Not a noble wine like this."

"That does you honor. Take the glass with you." . . .

A part of the wine cellar had been reinforced with steel and concrete and had been fitted up as an air-raid shelter. Chairs, tables and sofas stood around, a few worn carpets lay on the floor, and the walls had been newly whitewashed. There was a radio there and and on a sideboard stood glasses and bottles. It was a shelter de luxe.

They found a place at one side where the real wine cellar was shut off by a latticework door. A swarm of guests were pushing their way in. Among them was a very beautiful woman in a white evening dress. A noisy blonde with a face like a carp followed her, then came a number of men, an older woman and a group of officers. A waiter and a bus boy appeared. They began to open bottles.

"We could have brought our wine with us," Graeber said.

Elisabeth shook her head. "One oughtn't to do that. It's play acting."

She's right, Graeber thought, and looked angrily at the waiter who was going around with his tray. It's not courage. It's frivolity. Danger is too serious a thing for that. How serious and how profound, one only knew after much death.

"The second warning," said someone behind him. "They're coming!"

Graeber pushed his chair close to Elisabeth. "I'm afraid," she said, "in spite of the wine."

"So am I." He put his arm around her shoulders and felt how tense she was. A wave of tenderness suddenly came over him.

A MILD tremor ran through the cellar. Then came the muffled rumble of an explosion. The conversation at the blonde's table halted and then began again, louder and more self-conscious. Three more explosions followed, quick and nearer.

Graeber held Elisabeth tight. He saw that the blonde had stopped laughing. A heavier blow unexpectedly shook the cellar. "Don't be alarmed," someone shouted. "It's a long way off."

Suddenly the walls rippled and cracked. The light flickered like a bad film; there was a sound of crashing. Darkness and light alternated wildly and, in the jumpy flashes, the groups at the tables seemed like frames of an extremely slow motion picture. The beautiful woman in white was still sitting in the first flash; in the next flash she was standing, in the third she was running into the darkness, and then people were there holding her and she was screaming and the light went out completely and, in a roar that was reechoed a hundred times, all the earth's gravity seemed neutralized and the cellar hung suspended.

"It's only the light, Elisabeth," Graeber whispered in her ear. "It has gone out. It was just the shock of the explosion. The hotel has not been hit."

She pressed against him. "Candles! Matches!" someone shouted. "Hell and

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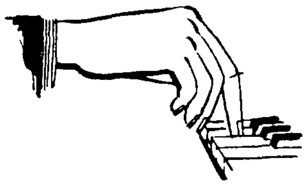

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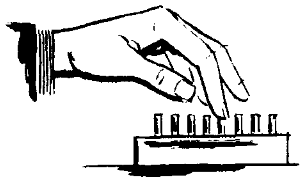

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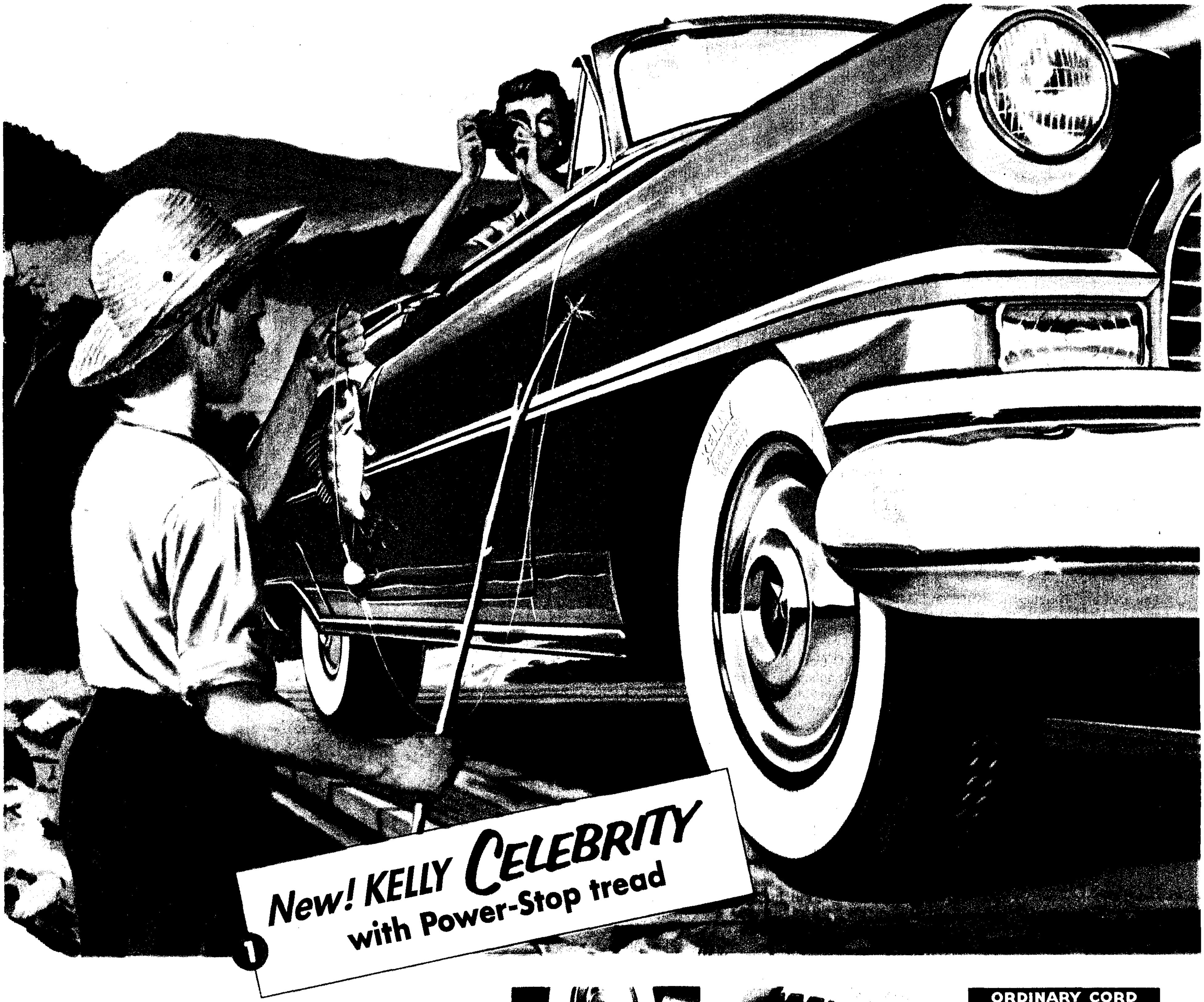
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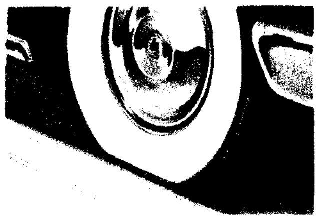

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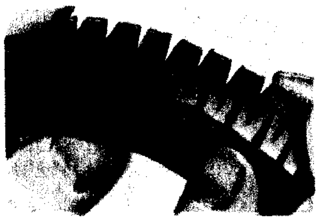

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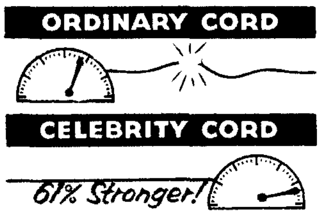
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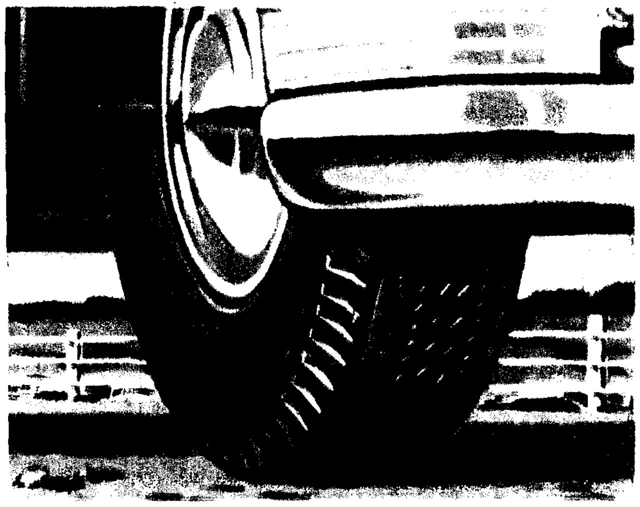

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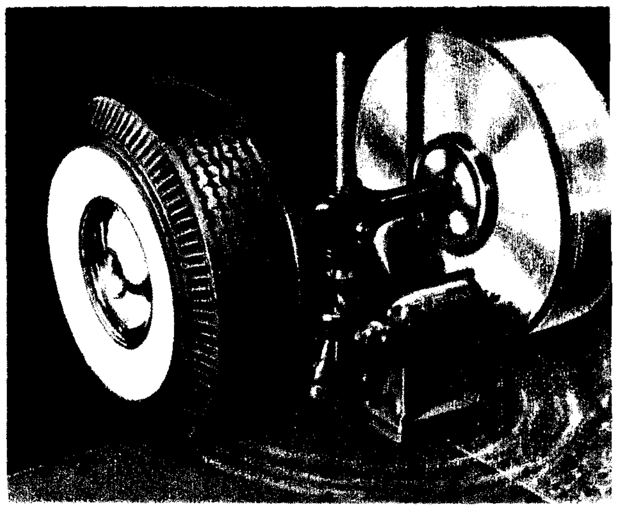

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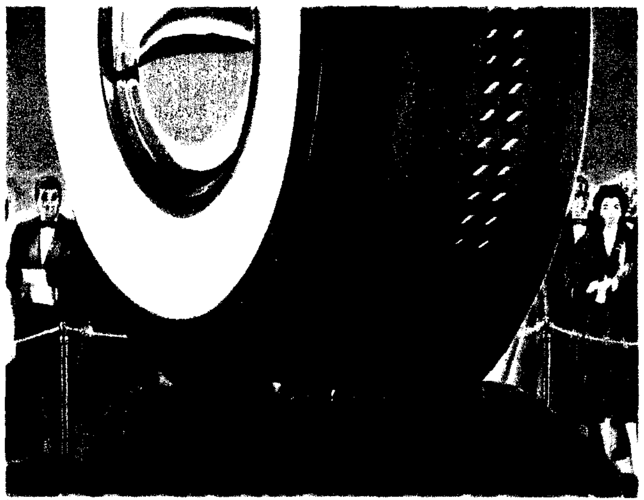

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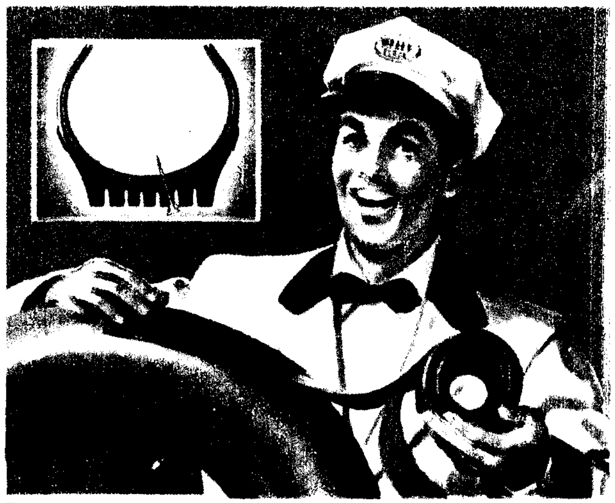

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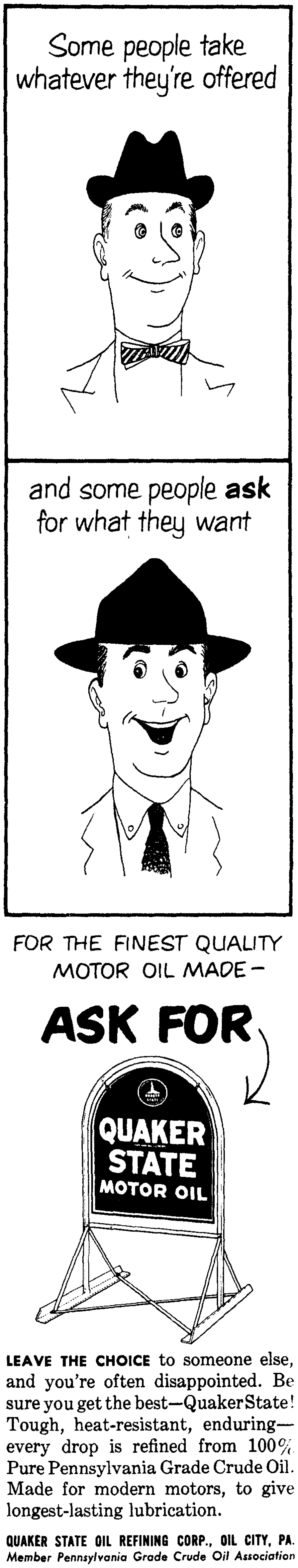

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damnation, hasn't the management any candles? Where's the waiter?"

A few matches flared. They seemed like small marsh lights in the great resounding space, and they lighted faces and hands as though the bodies had already been destroyed by the roar, and only the bare hands and faces were left floating there.

Then a howl arose, increasing until it became maddening and unbearable, as though a planet were plunging straight at the cellar. Everything shook. The cellar was no longer suspended; the monstrous roar seemed to break up everything and cast it into the air. Graeber felt as though his head were flying up to the ceiling. He clasped Elisabeth with both hands—it was as though she were being torn away from him. He threw himself against her, over her; he pulled her to the floor and tilted a chair over her head and waited for the ceiling to fall.

There was a splintering and clattering, a tearing and roaring and cracking as though a giant paw had struck the cellar and thrown it into a vacuum so that lungs and stomachs were torn out of bodies and the blood forced out of veins. It seemed as though all that could come now was the last thundering darkness and suffocation.

They did not come. Instead there was suddenly light, a quick twisting light as though a pillar of fire had burst up out of the floor, and there was the woman in white screaming: "I'm burning! I'm burning! Help! Help!"

She sprang up and beat about her with her arms, sparks cascading under her blows; her horrified face was starkly lighted. Then voices and uniformed figures descended on her and someone pulled her to the floor. She twisted, screaming—a scream that soared above the sirens and the flak and the destruction, high, inhuman and then muffled, cut off under coats and tablecloths and cushions in the dark cellar, as though out of a grave.

Graeber held Elisabeth's head between his hands, under him, until the blaze and the screaming had ceased and the whimpering had changed to darkness and the smell of burned clothes and flesh and hair.

"A doctor, get a doctor!"

"We must get her to a hospital! Damn it, you can't see a thing. We've got to get her out of here."

"Now?" someone asked. "Where to?"

Everyone fell silent. They were listening. Outside the antiaircraft guns were firing madly. But the explosions had stopped. Only the guns were in action.

"They're gone! It's over!"

"Stay where you are," Graeber said in Elisabeth's ear. "Don't move. It's over. But stay on the floor."

A ROUND beam of light came through the doorway. It wavered feebly through the darkness. It was a very small flashlight. "This way! Come over here! Who is it? Bring that light!"

The beam swung rapidly around, and lighted a starched shirt front, a black tie and an embarrassed face. "I'm the headwaiter, Fritz. The dining room is destroyed. We cannot go on serving. If the gentlemen will perhaps pay . . . I have brought the checks—"

"What's that? It's unbelievable!"

"Sir," Fritz replied helplessly to the darkness, "the headwaiter is personally responsible to the restaurant."

"Unbelievable," snorted a man in the dark. "Are we swindlers? Come here—quick! Someone is hurt!"

Fritz's circle of light wandered over the walls, along the floor to a bundle of uniforms and stopped there. "Good Heaven!" said the man, now palely visible in his shirt sleeves. The beam wavered. The headwaiter was shaking visibly. Army coats were thrust aside. "Good Heaven!" the man said again.

"Don't look," Graeber said to Elisabeth. "That sort of thing happens. It can happen anywhere. It had nothing to do with the air raid. But you mustn't stay in the city. I'll take you to a village that won't be bombed. We can live there and you will be safe."

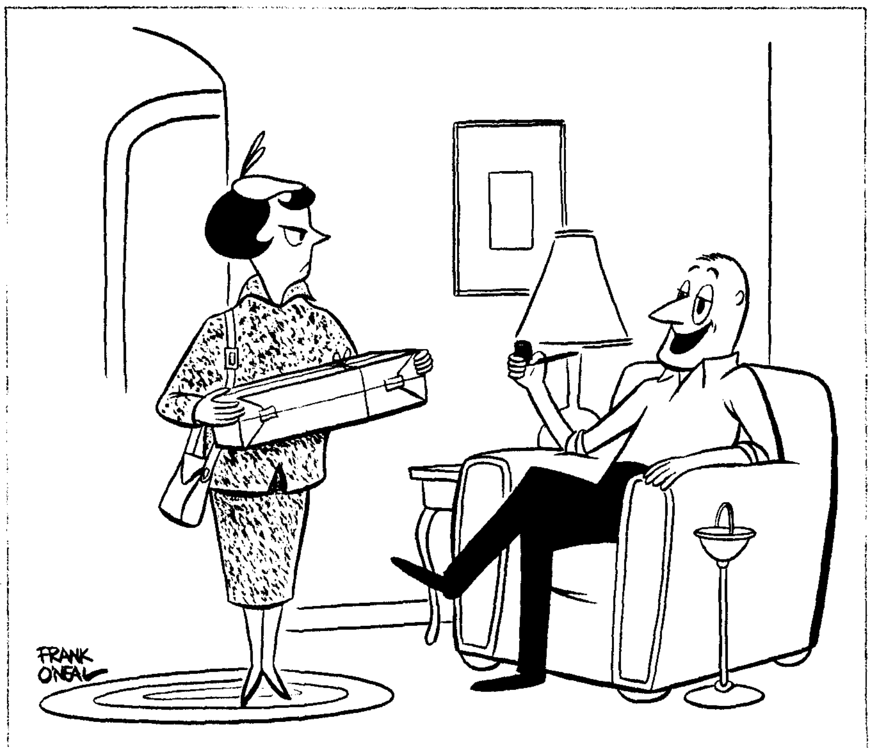
"A stretcher!" said the kneeling man. "Have you a stretcher in the hotel?"

"I think so. Yes, Herr—" Headwaiter Fritz could not distinguish the man's rank. The blouse of his uniform lay with the others on the floor beside the woman. He was now just a man in braces with a commanding voice. "I ask your pardon about the checks," Fritz said. "I did not know that someone was injured."

"Hurry up! Get the stretcher. Or no, I'll go with you. How is it outside? Can we get through?"

"Yes."

The man got up, put on his blouse and was suddenly a major. The light disappeared, and it was as though a ray of hope had disappeared with it. The woman's whimpering became audible. "Wanda," said a frantic male voice. "Wanda, what are we to do? Wanda!"



"What have you got there —a new pair of shoes?"

COLLIER'S FRANK O'NEAL

"Where is the light? Light!"

"We need a doctor—morphine—"

"Wanda," said the frantic voice. "What can we possibly tell Eberhardt? What—"

The light came back. This time it was an oil lamp carried by the major. Two waiters came behind him carrying a stretcher.

"No telephone," said the major. "The wires have been broken."

He knelt beside the woman and then straightened up. "So. That's taken care of. She'll soon be asleep. I still have one hypodermic left, for emergencies. Careful! Be careful how you lift her. We'll have to wait outside till we find an ambulance. If we find one—"

The stretcher swayed out. The black, burned, hairless head rolled back and forth on it. The body was covered by a tablecloth.

"Is she dead?" Elisabeth asked.

"No," Graeber said, "she'll pull through. It will all heal. I've seen lots of burned people."

"How did it happen?"

"Her dress caught fire from the matches. But this cellar is good. It stood a heavy direct hit."

Graeber picked up the chair that he had tilted over Elisabeth. In doing so he stepped on fragments of a broken bottle and saw that the latticed door to the wine cellar had fallen from its hinges. A number of racks hung awry, bottles were broken and strewn everywhere, and wine was flowing over the floor like dark oil or blood.

"Just a minute," he said to Elisabeth. "I'll be right back." He went into the cellar and returned at once. "All right, now we can go."

OUTSIDE stood the stretcher with the woman on it. Two waiters were whistling for a car. "What in the world will Eberhardt say?" asked the woman's escort with the frantic voice. "What damnable bad luck! How can we possibly explain to him—"

Eberhardt must be the husband, Graeber thought, and tapped one of the whistling waiters on the shoulder. "Where's the waiter from the wine room?"

The waiter looked at Graeber. "Otto is dead. The wine room caved in. Otto is dead, sir."

Graeber was silent for a moment. "We still owe him money," he said then. "For a bottle of wine."

The waiter wiped his forehead. "You can give it to me, sir. What was it?"

Graeber told him and gave him the money. The waiter put it in his pocket. Graeber knew he would not hand it in. "Come," he said to Elisabeth.

They picked their way through the ruins. Toward the south the city was in flames. The sky was gray and red, and the wind was driving clouds of smoke before it. "We must go and see whether your apartment still exists, Elisabeth."

She shook her head. "There's always time for that. Let's stay somewhere in the open."

They sat down on a bench in the park. "Are you hungry?" Graeber asked. "You didn't get anything to eat."

"That doesn't matter," she said. "I couldn't eat now."

He unfolded his overcoat. There was a tinkling sound and he pulled two bottles out of the pockets. "I don't know just what I've got hold of here. This one looks like cognac."

Elisabeth stared at him. "Where did you get that?"

"Out of the wine cellar. Dozens of bottles were smashed. Let's assume that these would have been broken too."

"You simply took them with you?"

"Of course. A soldier who neglects an open wine cellar is sick. I was raised to think and act practically. The Ten Commandments don't hold for the military."

Out of the other side of his coat Graeber drew two more bottles. "Here's one I can open without a corkscrew. It's champagne." He twisted the wire off. "We're not celebrating anything. We're drinking it because we're thirsty and haven't anything else. And also, for my part, because we're still alive."

Elisabeth smiled briefly. "You don't have to explain that to me again. I've learned it now. But explain something else to me. Why did you pay for the one bottle when you were taking four more away with you?"

"There's a big difference. These four I stole from the restaurant. The other would have been like welshing on a debt. And welshing is the act of a swine." Graeber cautiously twisted the cork out. He did not let it pop. "We'll have to drink out of the bottle, Elisabeth. I'll show you how."

It grew still. The red dusk extended farther and farther. Everything grew unreal in the strange light. "Just look at that tree over there," Elisabeth said suddenly. "It's blooming."

Graeber looked at it. The tree had been almost torn out of the ground by a bomb. Some of its roots hung free in the air, and the trunk was broken; but it was actually full of white blossoms tinged by the reddish glow.

"The house beside it has burned down. Perhaps the heat forced it," he said. "It's farther out than any of the other trees around here, and yet it's the most damaged."

ELISABETH got up and went over to it. The bench stood in the shadow and she stepped out of it into the wavering glow of the conflagration like a dancer stepping onto a lighted stage.

"It's blooming," she said. "For it, this is spring and nothing else counts."

"Yes."

She stood there with her hair glinting; her skin shimmered in the strong, shadowless light, and her face seemed enchanted and aroused by a secret that was connected with the bursting buds and the destruction and the imperturbable deliberateness of growth—a secret that was outside time. Then she came slowly back and stepped out of the light, and was once more warm and darkly breathing and living in the shadow beside him. He drew her down to him and the blossoming tree was there, reaching for the light, and the earth; and she did not resist him. . . .

Graeber was looking for the house where Pohlmann, his old teacher of history and religion, was supposed to be living. It was located on the ruined side of the Jahnplatz. It was strange to see on one side houses where the daily round went on, with women cleaning and cooking, while opposite the house fronts had collapsed, revealing fragmentary rooms where sparrows fluttered and torn carpets hung down like slashed flags after a lost battle.

He was on the point of giving up when he discovered beside Pohlmann's house a narrow, trodden path through the rubble. He followed it and found a passage shoveled out to the undamaged back door. He knocked.

After a while a chain rattled and the door was cautiously opened. An old man peered out. "Herr Pohlmann," Graeber said. "I am Ernst Graeber. A former pupil of yours."

"Ah, yes. And what would you like?"

"I came to call on you. I am here on furlough."

"I no longer hold a teaching position," Pohlmann said shortly.

"I know that."

"Good. Then you know too that I was dismissed for disciplinary reasons. I no longer receive students; in fact, I do not have the right to do so."

"I am no longer a student; I am a soldier and I have come from Russia, Herr Pohlmann."

Pohlmann continued to regard Graeber for a moment. Then he made up his mind. "All right, come in."

THEY went along a corridor that led to a kind of kitchen and from there through a second short passage. Pohlmann suddenly walked faster, opened a door and said much louder than before: "Come in here. I thought at first you were the police."

Graeber looked at him in amazement. Then he understood. He did not look around. Obviously Pohlmann had spoken loudly in order to reassure someone else.

The room was lighted by a small oil lamp with a green shade. The windows were broken, and outside the rubble was piled so high that you could not see out. Pohlmann paused in the middle of the room. "Now I recognize you," he said. "Outside the light was too strong. I don't go out much and I am no longer used to it. Here I have no daylight." He smiled. "Sit down."

Graeber looked at him. He would not have recognized him, he had grown so old. Then he glanced around, and it seemed to him as though he had come into another world. It was not only the stillness and the unexpected lamplit room that was like a catacomb after the harsh afternoon sun; it was something else besides—it was the rows of books on the walls, it was the reading desk, it was the steel engravings of Weimar, and it was the old man with the white hair and furrowed face which seemed in its waxen pallor like that of a man who had been imprisoned for years.

Pohlmann gazed into the soft green light of the lamp. "Why did you come to see me, Graeber?"

"Because I thought you would tell me the truth."

"The truth? About what?"

Graeber looked at the old man. It seemed infinitely long ago that he had been in his class; nevertheless, for the span of a heartbeat, he suddenly had the feeling that he was once again a student facing an examination about his life, that in this little half-buried room with all the books and the discredited teacher of his youth something was about to be decided for which he had been waiting a long time. Here was embodied the past that had once been—the kindness, tolerance and knowledge—and the rubble outside the windows was everything the present had achieved.

"When I came in I thought it would

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take a long time for me to formulate it," he said. "But now I can almost ask it in one sentence. I would like to know how far I am involved in the crimes of the last ten years—and what I ought to do."

Pohlmann stared at Graeber. Then he stood up and walked across the room. Finally he turned around. "Do you know what you are asking? People are beheaded for less than that nowadays."

"At the front people are killed for nothing."

Pohlmann came back and sat down again. "By crime do you mean the war?" he asked.

"I mean everything that led up to it. I mean oppression, lies, force, slavery and murder. And I mean the war."

Pohlmann was silent. "I have seen certain things," Graeber said. "And I have heard a good deal. I know too that the war is lost. And I know that we are only continuing to fight so that the government, the Party and the people who caused it all—the liars and fanatics, the murderers and the insane—can stay in power for a while longer and create still more misery."

Pohlmann stared at Graeber again. "You know all that? And you have to go back to the front again?"

"Yes, in two weeks."

"It is dreadful to know that and to have to go out again."

"I believe it would be still more dreadful to have to go out, knowing all this," Graeber said, "and to be an accomplice for that very reason. Is that what I shall be?"

"How do you mean?" Pohlmann asked almost in a whisper.

"You know what I mean," Graeber said calmly. "You instructed us in religion. How far shall I become an accomplice if I know not only that the war is lost but also that we have to lose—so that slavery, murder, concentration camps, S.S. and S.D., mass exterminations and treason trials shall cease? If I know that and in two weeks I have to begin fighting for it all again—"

Pohlmann's face seemed suddenly gray and extinguished. Only his eyes still had color, a strong clear blue. "Do you really have to go out again?" the old man asked.

"I could refuse. And then I would be hanged or shot. Or I could desert. Then I would pretty certainly be caught in a short time—you can depend for that on the organization and the informers. And besides, where could I hide myself? Anyone who gave me shelter would be risking death himself. Besides that, they would take revenge on my people. The least would be to throw them into a concentration camp. They would die there. And otherwise? I can go back to the front and not defend myself. That would be a clear case of suicide."

A CLOCK began to strike. It was an old grandfather clock in a corner behind the door. Its deep note was suddenly a ghostly indication of time in the quiet, buried room.

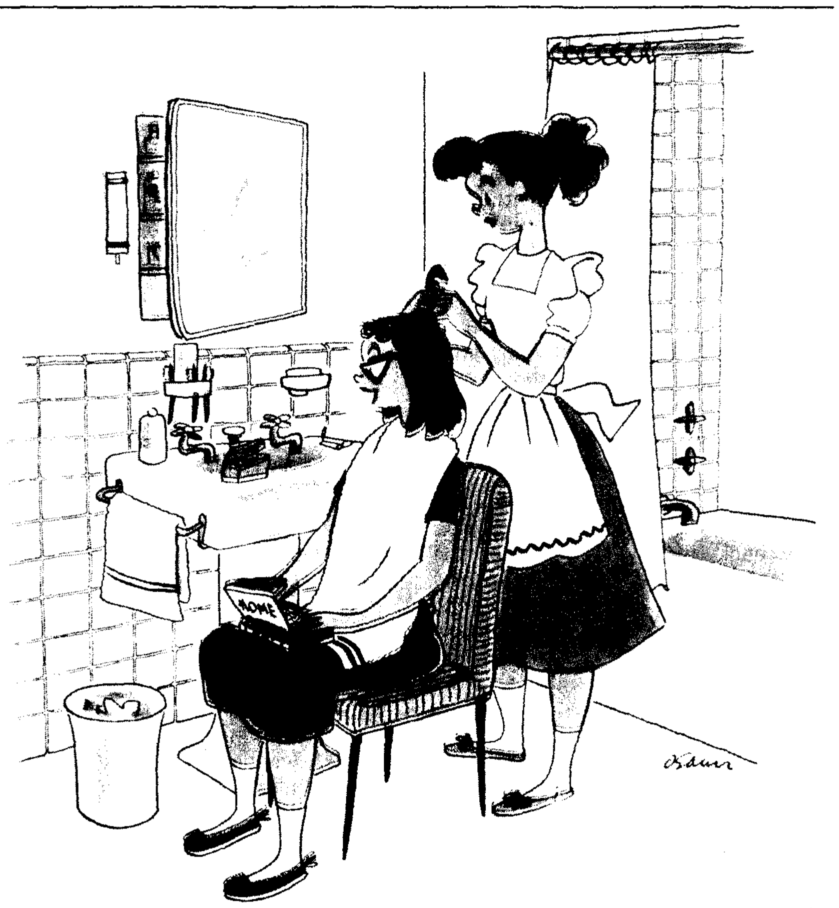
"Is there no other possibility?" Pohlmann asked after a while. "Couldn't you be transferred? Back home?"

"No," Graeber said and smiled briefly. "I am very healthy and strong. I think, too, it would not do much to answer my question. You can be an accomplice in an office too."

Pohlmann pressed his hands together. "Guilt," he said softly. "No one knows where it begins and where it ends. If you like, it begins everywhere and ends nowhere. But perhaps it is just the other way about. And complicity? Who knows about that? Only God."

Graeber made an impatient gesture. "God knows about it; otherwise He

TIZZY



COLLIER'S

"I've started on my trousseau. So far I have two dishcloths and a potholder"

KATE OSANN

would never have imposed original sin on humanity. That is complicity extending over thousands of generations. But we too ought to know something about it. We cannot simply take refuge behind the fact that we were acting on orders. Tell me when complicity begins. When does what is ordinarily called heroism become murder? When you no longer believe in the reasons for it? Or in its aim? Where is the dividing line?"

Pohlmann looked at Graeber tormentedly. "How can I tell you that? It is too great a responsibility. I cannot decide that for you."

"Is it decided for each one separately?"

"I believe it is."

Graeber was silent. Why do I go on questioning? he thought. Why do I torment this old man and call him to account for the things he once taught me and for the things I have learned later without him? Haven't I already answered myself? He looked at Pohlmann. He could picture how day after day he crouched in this room, dismissed from his position, in hourly expectation of arrest, laboriously seeking comfort in his books.

"You're right," he said. "To ask someone else always means an attempt to evade a decision. Besides, at bottom I was only questioning myself. Sometimes you can't do that except by putting the question to someone else."

Pohlmann shook his head. "You have the right to ask. I was your teacher. But I didn't want to give you one of the many answers that are excuses; they are all smooth and all convincing and they mean nothing."

"Those of religion too?"

"Even there they can be found. Over against Love Thy Neighbor and Thou Shalt Not Kill stands that other saying, 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's.' Given that, a good acrobat can perform all sorts of tricks."

Graeber smiled. Pohlmann saw him. "You're smiling," he said, suddenly almost indignant. "And you talk about all this as calmly as if it didn't affect you. Why aren't you screaming?"

"I am screaming," Graeber replied. "You just don't hear it."

POHLMANN nodded. "Complicity!" he said. "You ask about complicity. That applies more to people of my age than to you! You were young. Too young to be able to judge. But we, we saw it happen! And let it happen! Complicity! Callousness of heart! Fear! Indifference! Self-seeking! Those are all names for it. Dear Heaven, I wish I knew a way! There is so little one can do, now."

"I must leave now, Herr Pohlmann," Graeber said. "Thank you for letting me in and for trusting me."

Pohlmann did not hear him. "The young people have been contaminated," he murmured. "What will come of it?"

"Not all of them," Graeber said.

He picked up his cap. Pohlmann got up. "You are going?" he said and took Graeber's hands with a strangely shy and tender gesture. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I still have two weeks to think it over. That is a lot of time when you're used to living from minute to minute."

"Come once more before you go. Promise me that you will."

"I promise."

Graeber paused in front of the door. Bright spears of sunlight assailed his eyes. Slowly he walked across the square. He felt the sun warm on his face. Suddenly he did not want to think any more. His mood was like that of a defendant who has received a verdict after a prolonged and uncertain trial and hardly cares whether he has been acquitted or not. It was over, he knew that now, and the decision seemed less terrifying than the earlier torment. At the moment he could not have said whether he was in despair or almost at peace. All that he could distinguish in the withdrawing wave that seemed to wash away names and concepts was a strong, clear sympathy for Pohlmann.

ELISABETH herself opened the door of the apartment. "There is no one else here," she said. "Frau Lieser has gone out to the villages with her child. Collecting contributions for the National Socialist Women's Auxiliary. She's not coming back till tomorrow night. We have tonight and the whole day tomorrow all for ourselves."

"How can that be? Don't you have to work?"

Elisabeth laughed. "Today's Saturday," she said. "We haven't yet reached the point where we have to sew army overcoats on Sundays."

Graeber looked at her. He felt a wave of warmth rising in him. "I had forgotten that tomorrow was Sunday," he said. "That's an unexpected piece of luck. So I'll finally be able to see you in the daytime. What shall we do? The Germania is closed. We'll have to find another place to dine."

"We can stay here. I'll try to cook something."

They went into the kitchen. Graeber looked at Elisabeth's provisions—a little bread, some artificial honey, margarine, two eggs and a few withered apples.

"I still have ration coupons," she said. "We can go out and get something."

Graeber shook his head. "Keep your coupons. You'll need them for yourself. Today we'll have to use other methods of procurement. Don't look alarmed. I'm not going to steal today. I'm going out to requisition like a soldier in enemy country. I was invited to a celebration. I'll go there and get what I would have eaten if I'd taken part in the celebration and I'll bring it here. I'll be back in half an hour."

"Can you really do that? And don't you want to stay there and help celebrate?"

Graeber looked at her. "Elisabeth, I'm not going for the celebration—I'm going to plunder the S.A. The celebration is going to be here . . ."

Alfons received him red-faced and open-armed. "Ernst! Come in! This is my birthday! I have a few friends here."

The hunting room was full of smoke and people. "Listen, Alfons," Graeber said quickly in the corridor. "I can't stay. I have to go right back."

"Go back? But, Ernst, that's out of the question."

"I have to. I had made an appointment before I got your message at the barracks."

"That doesn't matter! Tell the people you have to go to an unexpected official meeting. Or to a trial!" Alfons laughed boisterously. "There are two Gestapo officers sitting inside! I'll introduce you to them. Tell your friends you had to go to the Gestapo. Or bring them over if they're nice."

Graeber saw that the simplest thing

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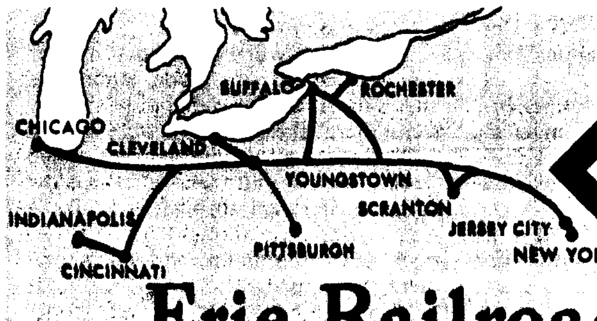

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was to tell the truth. "That won't do, Alfons," he said. "I didn't know you were having a birthday. I came by to get something to eat and drink from you. I'm going to meet someone I can't possibly bring here. I'd be a fine fool if I did. Now do you understand?"

Binding suddenly grinned. "The eternal feminine! At last! I understand, Ernst. Alfons is a cavalier himself. Let's go into the kitchen and find something for you and later you'll drink a glass to my birthday."

Binding's housekeeper, Frau Kleinert, was standing in the kitchen in a white apron. "We're having a cold buffet, Ernst," Binding said. "Frau Kleinert can make up a nice package for you. We two will go on down to the cellar."

THE cellar was well stocked. "Now you just let Alfons attend to this, Ernst," Binding said. "You won't be sorry. Now here, to begin with, is a genuine turtle soup in cans. Just heat it up and eat it. Comes from France. Take two."

Graeber took the cans. Alfons went on searching. "Asparagus, Dutch, two cans. You can eat it cold or warm it up. And here's a Polish ham in a can too." He climbed up on a little ladder. "A piece of Danish cheese and a can of butter—it all keeps, that's the advantage of canned goods. Here are some brandied peaches, too. Or does the lady prefer strawberries?"

Graeber thought of Elisabeth's pathetic supplies. "There'd be more nourishment in both," he said.

Alfons laughed. "You're right." He got off the ladder and went to the other side of the cellar where the bottles lay. "Here we have a respectable selection of booty. Our enemies are great in their liquor. What will you have? Vodka? Armagnac? And here's slivovitz, too, from Poland."

Graeber had not really intended to ask for liquor. The supply from the Germania still sufficed. But Binding was right—booty was booty, and one ought to take it wherever one found it.

Alfons put the bottles under his arm and went quickly into the kitchen. "Make up two packages, Frau Kleinert. One with the food and one with the bottles. Will that do you, Ernst?"

"I just hope I can carry it all."

Binding beamed. "Alfons doesn't do things by halves. Not on his birthday! And certainly not for an old schoolmate!" His eyes gleamed and his red faced glowed. Graeber was troubled by his kindliness, but then he reflected that Alfons had looked exactly the same way when he was listening to Heini's stories of Russia.

"And now come! I'll introduce you to Schmidt and Hoffmann of the Gestapo. You can never tell when that sort of acquaintance will be useful. Just for a minute or two. Drink a glass to my health. May everything stay just as it is here and now! The house and everything that goes on in it!" Binding's eyes were moist. "We Germans are just hopeless romantics." . . .

"We can't leave that in the kitchen," Elisabeth said, overcome. "I must try to hide it. If Frau Lieser saw it she'd immediately report me as a black-marketeer."

Graeber opened a can. "We'll think about that tomorrow afternoon. Just now we'll eat as much as we can. Let's unpack the whole lot. We'll crowd the table with it—all at once!"

"The tins and bottles too?"

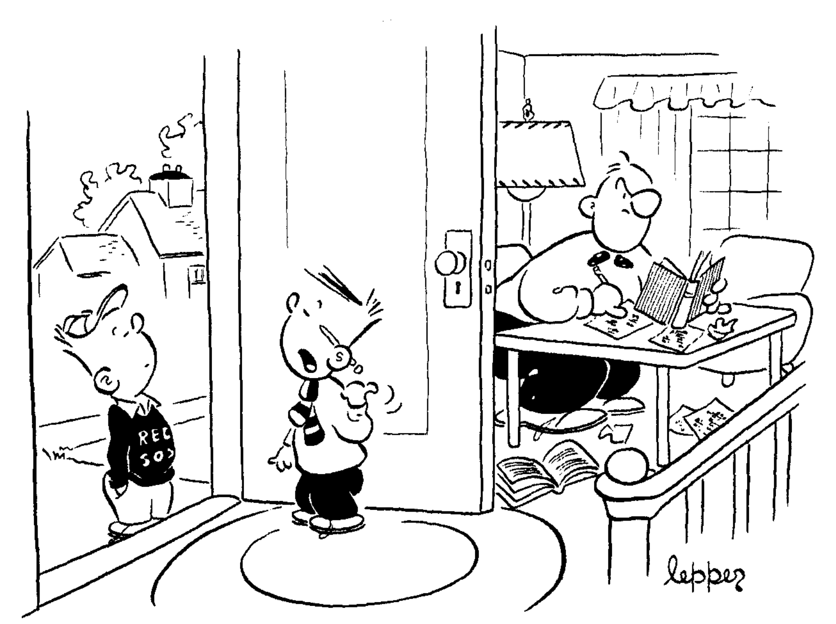
"The tins and bottles too. For decoration! All our riches. You mustn't save anything, for you never know whether you'll still be here tomorrow. And it would be a horrible thought to have got all this together for Frau Lieser."

They pushed the table into the middle of the room. Then they opened up all the packages and uncorked all the bottles.

"It looks magnificent," Elisabeth said. "What are we celebrating?"

Graeber handed her a glass. "We're celebrating everything at once. We haven't time for a lot of separate celebrations. We're simply celebrating everything at once no matter what it is, and principally that we are here and that we have two days to ourselves!"

He walked around the table and took her in his arms. He had felt a sort of shyness about doing it before; but now he suddenly felt her close to him and he felt her like a second life that opened around him, warmer, more colorful and easier than his own, without questions, without boundaries and without a past, wholly present and without any shadow of guilt.



COLLIER'S **"I can't come out just now. I'm helping him with my homework"** EDWIN LEPPER

Elisabeth leaned against him. "Sometimes I believe we would really know what to do with life if they'd only let us, Ernst."

Graeber looked at her. "At the moment," he said, "we're doing very well with it."

GRAEBER and Elisabeth were lying stretched out on the bed. On the table stood the remnants of dinner. They had not cleared anything away; they were waiting till they got hungry again.

The room was unlighted; thus they could leave the windows open. From time to time they heard people going by in the street. A radio was playing somewhere.

"The moon will rise soon," she said.

The moon will rise soon, Graeber thought sleepily. The moon, tenderness and simple creature happiness; they were there already, they were in the calm circling of his blood, in the stilled wishes of his mind and in the slow breath that swept through him like a weary wind. He thought of his afternoon with Pohlmann, and for a moment it seemed strange to him that hard on the heels of such clear hopelessness there could come so much happiness.

But perhaps it was not strange at all; perhaps it could not be otherwise. As long as one was full of questions and confusion one was incapable of perceiving much else. Only when you expected nothing more were you open for everything and without dread.

A beam of light swept over the window. It disappeared, flickered back and remained.

"Is that the moon already?" Graeber asked.

Elisabeth went to the window and leaned out. "It's a cleanup detail from the air defense," she said. "They have a searchlight and shovels and pickaxes and they're over by the burned house across the street." She came back beside him. "Sometimes after an attack I have wished that I might return and find this house burned down. The house, the furniture, the clothes and the memories. I don't mean the memories of my father. I mean the others, the fear, the despondency—if the house burned that would be over with. It would be as though I could begin all over again."

Graeber looked at her. The pale beam from outside fell on her shoulders and her hair falling loosely. She did not need to begin all over again, he thought. She had nothing to do with this room or her work or Frau Lieser once they were together like this. She no longer belonged to accident, to emptiness, and to unmeaning lostness.

Elisabeth turned her head. "What are we really," she asked, "happy or unhappy?"

Graeber reflected. "We are both. And probably that's how it has to be today. Unmixed happiness in our times belongs only to cows. Or not even to them any more. Perhaps now only to stones."

"That doesn't matter, does it? Does anything matter?"

"Yes." Graeber looked into the cold, golden light that was slowly filling the room. "We are no longer dead," he said. "And we are not yet dead." . . .

In the morning Graeber went to Hakenstrasse. At his parents' house he looked to see whether a message had been left; but by now that was just habit. He no longer expected one.

When he came back, Elisabeth was perched on the bed in a white bathrobe. She had twisted a towel around her head like a turban and she sat there beautiful and still and entirely self-contained like a great white bird that had flown in through the window and was now resting in order to fly off again.

"I have used up all the hot water for a week," she said. "It was a great luxury. Frau Lieser will set up a fine howl."

"Let her howl. She won't miss it. True National Socialists don't bathe very often. Cleanliness is supposed to be a Jewish vice."

Graeber went to the window and looked out. The sky was gray and the street was quiet. "Elisabeth," he said suddenly, "we ought to get married."

She looked at him as though she did not understand him. "Get married?" she repeated then. "Why?"

He felt the blood rise to his face. "Because it's senseless," he said. "Because we have only known each other a few days and because in a few days I have to go off again; because we don't know whether we want to stay together and actually could not possibly know in such a short time. That's why."

She was motionless. "You mean because we are alone and desperate and have nothing else?"

"No. Not for that reason alone," he said. She would not understand him—how could she after all? Even he himself did not clearly understand why he wanted it.

"If we were married you would not have to be afraid of Frau Lieser," he said. "As the wife of a soldier you would be more secure than you are alone."

"Would I?"

"Yes. At least it would help some."

ELISABETH shook her head. "We have no time at all to get married. You have to have papers, permits and licenses, proof of Aryan blood, blood and health certificates, and I don't know what else. That takes weeks."

"With soldiers it's different. War marriages go faster. In a couple of days. I've heard all about it at the barracks. Lots of soldiers get married on furlough. And why not? When a front-line soldier marries, his wife is entitled to a monthly subsidy from the state, did you know that? It amounts to two hundred marks, I think. Why should we make a present of that to the state?"

Elisabeth made no reply.

"There are even loans for the head of a family when one marries," Graeber said. "A thousand marks, I think. And perhaps you wouldn't have to work in the coat factory if you were married."

"Yes, I would. That has nothing to do with it. And what should I do otherwise all day long? Alone."

For a moment Graeber felt very helpless. Just what are they doing with us? he thought. We are young and ought to be happy and free to stay together. What do our parents' wars have to do with us? "We will both be alone," he said. "For that reason we will be less so, Elisabeth."

Elisabeth shook her head. "We would not be less alone," she said. "We'd be more so."

"After all, it doesn't have to be irrevocable, if that's what you're thinking," he said. "We could always get a divorce later on."

"Then why should we marry?"

"Because it's practical. Why should we make a present of anything to the state?"

Elisabeth got up from the bed. "Yesterday you were different." She smiled briefly. "Let's not talk about it any

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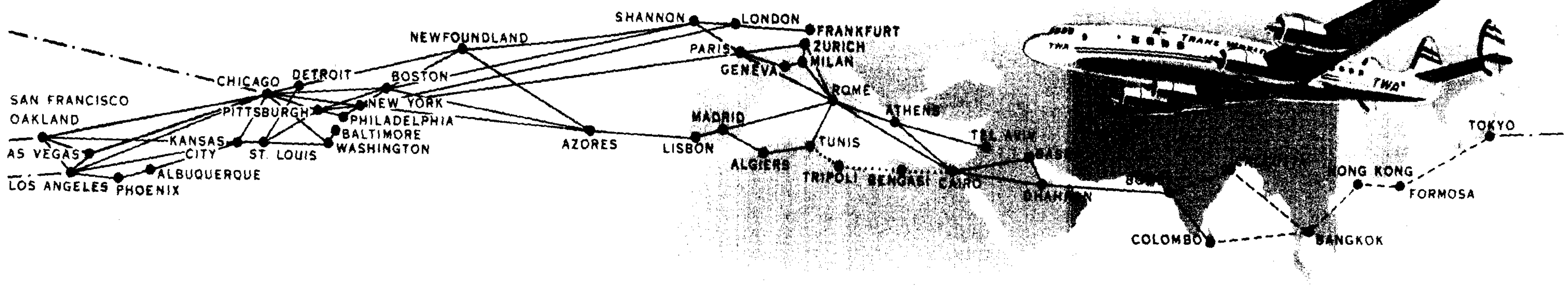
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more. We are together; that's enough."

"You don't want to?"

"No."

He looked at her. Something in her had withdrawn and closed against him. "Damn it!" he said. "I meant it so well." He felt empty and tired.

"Sometimes that's just the trouble. One oughtn't to mean well."

He went to her and took her in his arms. Then he saw that her eyes were full of tears. "Was I talking nonsense," he asked, "just now?"

"No."

"But I must have done something. Otherwise why are you crying?"

He held her tight and looked over her shoulder out into the street. A couple of children were playing war in the trench that led to the cellar of the demolished house. "We won't be sad, Elisabeth," he said.

"No, we won't be sad, Ernst," Elisabeth said.

IN THE afternoon it began to rain. The window was open and the rain falling outside, slanting and pale, was a wavering, fluid wall.

Graeber listened to the monotonous downpour. "Don't I have to leave?" he asked. "Frau Lieser will surely be back soon."

"Let her come," Elisabeth murmured sleepily. "Is it so late already?"

"I don't know." Graeber stared into the gray sheet of rain outside the window. "If we were married I wouldn't have to go," he said.

She laid her face against his shoulder. "Why do you want to marry me?" she murmured. "After all, you have known me only a few days."

"It's not a few days. It's the equivalent of about a year. That's long enough."

"How can it be a year? We can't include the time from our childhood; that was too long ago."

"I'm not counting that either. Nevertheless it's even more than a year. I will figure it all out for you. I was given three weeks' furlough for two years in the field. I have been here about two weeks; so that corresponds to eighteen months at the front. And so I have already known you nearly a year and a half. The equivalent of one and a half years. It is just simple, concentrated time."

Elisabeth opened her eyes. "That hadn't occurred to me."

"Nor to me either. I thought of it just now."

"Did anything else occur to you?"

"Yes. It occurred to me that a man could use his hands and arms for something besides shooting a gun and throwing grenades. I no longer really knew that thoroughly."

"For what then?"

"To keep hold of you."

Elisabeth moved in his arms. "Why didn't you tell me that at noon today? It would have been better than talking about monthly allowances and marriage subsidies."

"It was the same thing, Elisabeth, only in different words."

Elisabeth murmured something. "Words are sometimes very important," she said then. "At least in something like this."

Graeber held himself very still. Elisabeth's head rested on his arm, and the shadows of the rain moved across her face. He felt suddenly that he loved her more than anything he had ever known, and for a heartbeat he could not grasp that he would have to leave her. It seemed to him that she was so closely bound up with his fate that if he lost her he would also lose his life.

He had come to terms with the war; he knew that he would have to go back into it, and that there was nothing ahead for him but desperation, resignation and a slender hope of surviving. But that hope could quickly disappear if he did not have something he could think about, something that would hold him like an anchor and to which he would want to return, and it mattered greatly whether this was just the memory of someone he had known for a couple of weeks or someone who bore his name and belonged to him.

Elisabeth looked at him. "That's why I want to marry you," he said. "Because of all the things I haven't said to you. And not because of the monthly subsidy and security from Frau Lieser."

"Not because of them? But just the same we won't scorn them, will we?"

For an instant it seemed to Graeber that the room rocked. "You're willing?" he asked quickly.

"If we've already known each other for a year and a half we really almost have to," Elisabeth murmured. "And you said after all that we could always get a divorce. Didn't you?"

"No."

She pressed close against him. Her breath drifted against his shoulder lightly and regularly. He listened to the rain and to her breathing and gradually the two became a gentle rhythm in which time and the future were suspended, a far-off equilibrium where there was no longer any pain.

BINDING said through the door, "Take anything you want, Ernst. Behave as though you were at home."

Graeber was stretched out in the bathtub. His army gear lay on a chair in the corner, gray, green and disreputable as old rags; next to them hung a blue suit which Reuter, his friend in the barracks, had found for him. Suddenly he no longer wanted to be in uniform. Nothing was to remind him of the war during this last week. He wanted to take back to Russia with him a fragment of peace.

Binding's bathroom was a big room with green tile walls that shimmered with porcelain and nickel plate—a paradise by contrast with the roar and the stink of disinfectants in the shower room at the barracks. The soap was some that had come from France, and there was as much hot water as you wanted.

He dried himself and slowly began to dress. The civilian clothes were light and thin after the heavy uniform. When he had finished dressing he still felt as though he were in his underclothes, so unaccustomed was he to being without heavy boots, harness and weapons. He looked at himself in the mirror and hardly recognized what he saw. An unfinished, half-baked young fellow looked out at him in surprise, someone he would not have taken seriously if he had met him elsewhere.

"What's up?" Alfons said. "Are you going to get married?"

"Yes," Graeber replied, startled. "How did you know?"

Alfons laughed. "Something was the matter with you. You weren't acting like an ordinary man on leave. Have you really thought this over carefully, Ernst?"

"No."

Alfons looked at Graeber in bewilderment. "I haven't had time for years to think anything over carefully," Graeber said.

Alfons grinned. He went out and got a bottle and two glasses. "*Prost,* Ernst! My congratulations. Tell me, do I by any chance know your future wife?"

"No." Graeber drank the cognac. He was angry with himself for having admitted he was going to be married; but Alfons had caught him off guard.

Binding was becoming a little sentimental. "With you of course everything is in order," he said. "But nevertheless, if you should need any help you must know that you can count on Alfons."

"What do you mean by help? Something like this goes quickly and simply."

"With you, yes. But you are a soldier, you don't need any other papers. For your wife I believe you will need the usual papers. But you will find out about that. If it takes too long we can always help along a bit with the Gestapo."

"The Gestapo? What's the Gestapo got to do with a war marriage? That's no concern of theirs."

Alfons laughed contentedly. "Ernst, there is nothing that isn't a concern of the Gestapo! But you need not worry about it. After all, you're not going to marry a Jewess. Or any other subhuman enemy of the state. Nevertheless they'll probably make inquiries. Routine matter. That's where one might be able to help so it won't take too long."

Graeber made no reply. He was suddenly deeply alarmed. If any inquiries were started, it was bound to come out that Elisabeth's father was in a concentration camp. She had gone to the town hall that morning to ask for her papers. Damn it, what have I started? he thought. What if their attention is called to Elisabeth because of this? Till now they have let her alone. If they thought of it, the Gestapo might send her to a camp too, just because her father was in one. He felt himself growing hot. They would make inquiries, Alfons had said. From whom? What if they questioned that esteemed Party member, Frau Lieser?

He got up. "Alfons," he said, "will you do me a favor? Give me two pounds of sugar from your storeroom and a package of good cigarettes."

"Consider it done. But why do you need so much sugar? You ought to be sweet enough yourself, now—"

"I want to bribe someone with it."

"Bribe? But, Ernst, we don't have to do that! Threatening is much simpler. And more effective. I can do that for you."

"Not in this case. Besides, it isn't really bribery. The sugar is for someone I want to have do me a favor."

"All right, Ernst. And the wedding celebration will be at my house, eh? Alfons will make a good witness."

Graeber thought this over rapidly. A quarter of an hour earlier he would have taken refuge behind some excuse. Now he no longer felt able to. "I don't think we'll have much of a celebration," he said.

"Well, we'll talk about it later." Binding picked up Graeber's army gear and glanced at the decorations on the blouse. "You must tell me sometime how you got all these. You really must have done something special!"

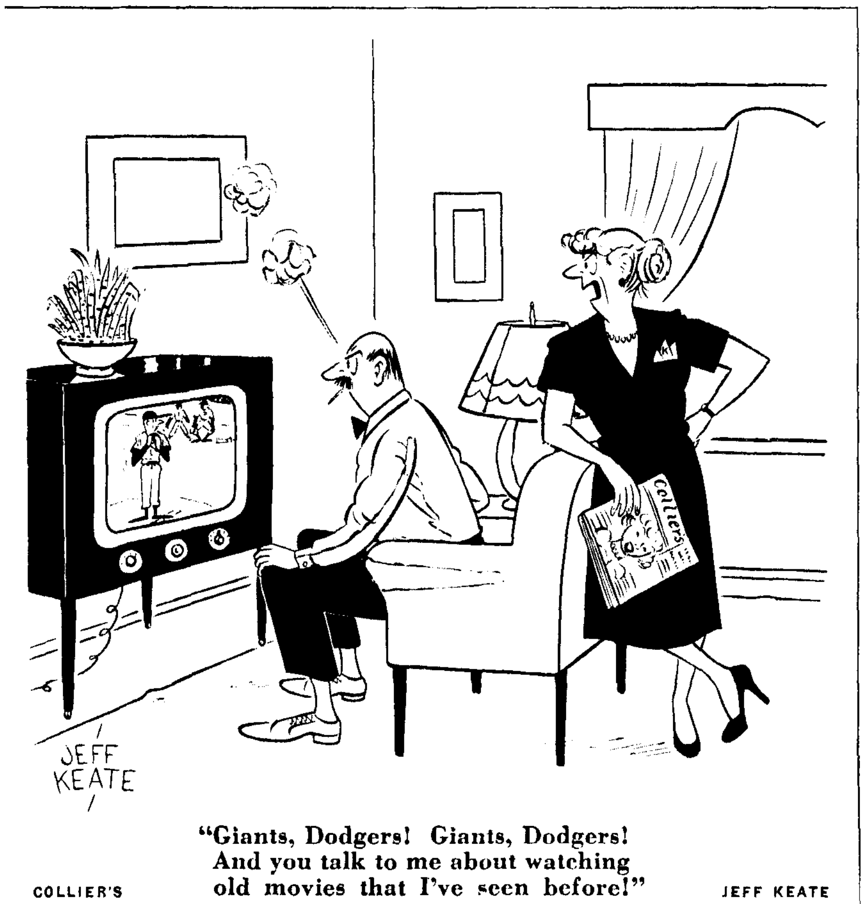
Graeber glanced up. Binding's face suddenly had the same expression as on the day when the S.S. man Heini had been drunkenly boasting about his exploits in the S.D. "There's nothing to tell," he said. "You get these things simply with the passage of time."

FRAU LIESER opened the door. She stared at him for a moment before she recognized him. "You? Fräulein Kruse is not at home." She looked at him with hostility. On her brown blouse shone a badge of honor with the swastika. Her hair was oily and disordered. In her right hand she held a dustcloth as though it were a weapon.

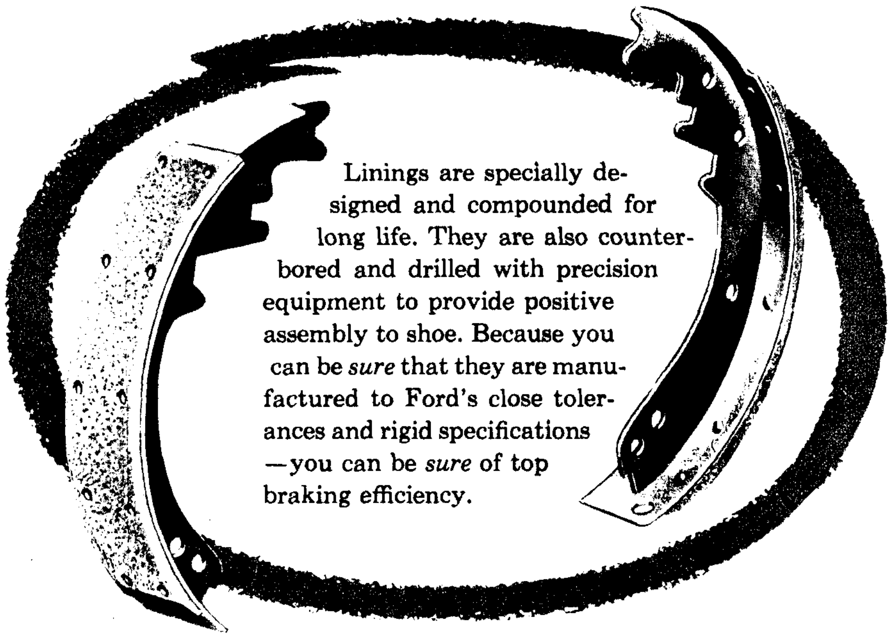
"I would like to leave a package for her. Will you put it in her room?"

Frau Lieser looked at it uncertainly. Then she took it. "I have a second package here," Graeber said. "Fräulein Kruse has told me in what exemplary fashion you sacrifice your time for the common good. I have a pound of sugar here, and I don't know what to do with it. Since you have a child who can use sugar I wanted to ask you whether you would like to have it."

Frau Lieser's face assumed an offi-



COLLIER'S "Giants, Dodgers! Giants, Dodgers! And you talk to me about watching old movies that I've seen before!" JEFF KEATE



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cial expression. "We have no need for hoarder's wares. My child and I are proud to get along with what the Fuehrer allows us."

"Your attitude is certainly praiseworthy. If everyone at home behaved like that, many a soldier at the front would be in a happier frame of mind. These are no hoarder's wares. This is sugar from a package the Fuehrer gives soldiers at the front who are leaving on furlough, so that they can take it to their families. My family is missing; so you needn't hesitate to take it."

Frau Lieser's face lost some of its severity. "You came directly from the front?"

"Of course. Where else?"

"From Russia?"

"Yes."

"My husband is stationed in Russia."

Graeber showed an interest he did not feel. "Where is he stationed?"

"With the Central Army Group."

"Thank God it's quiet there for the moment."

"Quiet? It is not quiet there!" Frau Lieser said. "The Central Army Group is fully engaged. And my husband is in the very front line."

So—the very front line, Graeber thought. As though there still were such a thing as a front line! For a moment he was tempted to explain to Frau Lieser what it was actually like beyond the wall of phrases about honor, Fuehrer and Fatherland. "I hope he'll come back soon on leave," he said.

"He'll come on leave when his turn comes. We don't ask any favors."

"Neither did I. The last time I was here was two years ago."

"Were you out there the whole time?"

"Yes. From the beginning. When I wasn't wounded."

GRAEBER stared at this unshakable Party warrior. Why do I stand here and justify myself in the eyes of this vixen, he thought. I ought to shoot her down—just as her husband, who is certainly in the S.D., is executing Russian kulaks in order to gain that notorious *Lebensraum* for his Fuehrer.

The Liesers' child came out of the room in which the desk stood. She was a thin girl with lusterless hair, who stared at Graeber and then began to pick her nose.

"Why are you suddenly wearing civilian clothes?" Frau Lieser asked.

Graeber in his excitement had completely forgotten about that. "My uniform is being cleaned," he explained.

"So that's it! I thought perhaps—"

Graeber did not find out what she had thought. He suddenly saw that she was smiling at him with yellow teeth, and it almost terrified him. "Well, good," she said. "Thank you. I will use the sugar for my child."

She took the two packages and Graeber noticed how she weighed one against the other in her hands. He knew she would open the one for Elisabeth as soon as he had gone and that was just what he intended. She would be amazed to find simply the second pound of sugar and nothing more. "That pleases me, Frau Lieser. *Auf Wiedersehen.*"

"Heil Hitler!" The woman said, staring at him.

"Heil Hitler!" Graeber said.

How corrupt a little fear for another can make one in an hour's time, he thought. . . .

He went past the headquarters of the Gestapo. A young S.S. man was standing in the gateway yawning. Graeber walked by and then came back on the other side of the street. At the next corner he stopped and watched the entrance.

A couple of S.S. officers came out. Then an elderly man approached, hesitated, looked up at the windows, halted and took a slip of paper out of his pocket. He read it, glanced toward the sky as though taking leave and then went slowly up to the guard. The S.S. man read the summons and let him in.

Graeber remembered the first months of 1933. This house had then been a meeting place for the S.S. One evening they had dragged a number of Jews inside. A couple of hours later they had been tossed out, beaten half to death, onto the moonlit pavement. He had known one of them. It was the doctor who had taken out his tonsils. Still and small and bloody, he had lain on the curb. During the night his wife and children had taken him away. Graeber had been fifteen years old at that time.

He stared up at the windows. He felt fear again, stickier, heavier and clammier than before. Why had he come here? He was acquainted with many fears, sharp ones and dark ones, breathless and paralyzing, and also with the creature's last great fear—but this was different; it was a creeping, strangling fear, undefined and threatening, a fear that seemed to soil, slimy and destructive, that was not to be seized and that could not be brought to bay, a fear of helplessness and gnawing doubt, the fear for others, for the guiltless victims, the unjustly persecuted, fear before the caprice of power and inhumanity, it was the black fear of the age.

He turned away. He felt helpless and miserable. And suddenly Hirschland came to his mind. Hirschland, who had been helpless and miserable in just this way in the company—helplessly forced to fight for a system that spat upon and extirpated all he had come from—full of the same fears, the doubts and the desperate courage to hide them.

He recalled with shame that he had promised to visit Hirschland's family. Quickly he pulled out his paybook and leafed through it. On the page before the last he found the address. He decided to go there at once. Suddenly he had the unreasoning hope that all would be well with Elisabeth if he went there.

It was a small three-storied house. He climbed to the third floor and rang. No one came. He rang twice more. Then the door was opened cautiously. A very pale woman peered out.

"May I speak to Frau Hirschland?"

"I am she."

The woman looked straight at him with very bright, staring eyes. "I am in the same company with your son," Graeber said.

THE woman continued to look at him. It was like the glance of a terrified animal that has been brought to bay and is ready to fight.

"Your son asked me to come and see you," Graeber said. "I'm here on furlough."

"Yes." The woman opened the door wider. "Yes, please. Come in, please, Herr—"

"Graeber, Ernst Graeber."

The woman preceded him into a living room. She walked noiselessly and very lightly. In the living room there was a high, wide chaise longue standing against one wall; over it was thrown a blue cover which had been pulled down low in front. Graeber was about to sit down on the chaise longue when the woman pushed up a chair. "Here, you will be more comfortable in this. That over there—we only have this one room—that's the bed."

Graeber sat down on the chair. The room was clean and furnished in middle-class fashion. Over the chaise longue hung a few pictures. "About two weeks ago I was still with your son," Graeber said.

The woman had not seated herself. Her glance had lost none of its glassy fixity; but her hands jerked restlessly this way and that. "Perhaps you will —I could—perhaps you'll have a little something to eat."

Graeber suddenly realized that he was very thirsty. "Thanks," he said. "If you happen to have a glass of water—"

"Yes, certainly." Frau Hirschland looked around the room. "Yes, I will—in the kitchen—just one moment—"

She went. At the door she looked around once more. What's the matter with her? Graeber thought. But by now he was used to people being afraid.

He got up and looked at the pictures above the chaise longue. One was a big etching. He stepped closer to get a better view. In doing so his foot jostled something behind the hanging cover. He bent down and lifted the cover to see whether he had upset anything. He saw two narrow cardboard boxes arranged end to end and extending almost the whole length of the chaise longue. One was at an angle. Graeber pushed it straight. As he did so he saw a girl's hand in the crack between the two boxes. Someone was lying behind the boxes next to the wall, with her arm pressed close against her body. He let the cover fall and went back to his chair.

Frau Hirschland came in. She was carrying a tray on which there was a small glass of red wine; on a plate next to it were two slices of bread. "Please have something to eat," she said.

Graeber took a sip. The wine was very sweet and sticky. "I must tell you things are going well with your son," he announced. "When I left we were in reserve position. All of us like your son."

The woman looked at him. He took another sip. He was surprised that she did not ask him the usual questions—where they were located, how the food was, whether it was dangerous and that sort of thing.

"So, things are going well with him?" she asked finally.

"As well as possible in the field. Now it's just about the same here as out there. Almost equally dangerous."

HE WAITED a while longer. But the woman asked nothing more. Perhaps she is worried about the girl she has hidden, Graeber thought. "That's really all," he finally announced lamely and stood up. The woman walked noiselessly with him to the door. "Your son and I are good friends," he said. "Do you want me to take him some message? I have to go back in a week."

"No," she replied, barely audibly.

"I can take something for him too. A letter or a package. I can come and get it before I leave."

She moved her head in negation.

Graeber looked at her in amazement. Parents weren't usually like this. He thought she did not trust him and got out his paybook. "Here are my papers—I'm just accidentally in civilian clothes—"

She raised her hand as though to push the paybook aside, but she did not touch it. "But he is dead," she whispered.

"What? But how is that possible? He was the last one I talked to—"

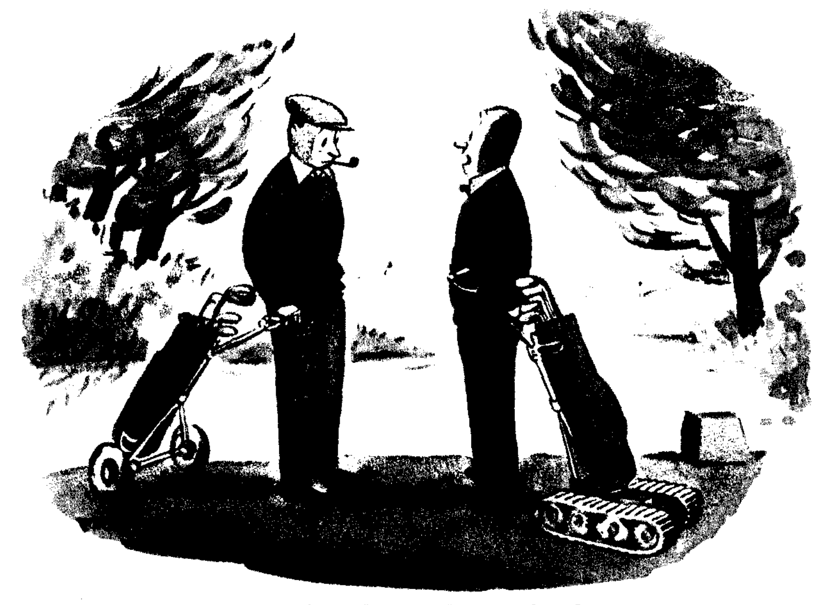
"Dead," the woman whispered. "The news came a week ago." She shook her head rapidly as Graeber was about to ask something more. "No, please don't, forgive me, many thanks, I can't, letters keep coming from him, just today, no, please—"

She shut the door. Graeber went down the stairs. He tried to recall Hirschland. He had known very little about him. Not even his first name. It was too bad he had not taken more trouble with him. But it was too bad about so many. Hirschland had had a miserable life. Now his mother was up there hiding another child—perhaps the child of a second marriage in which more Jewish blood was involved, making her ripe for a concentration camp.

He paused on the half-darkened stair. Threatening and hopeless, the darkness closed in around him and it seemed as though there was now no escape. If someone had to be hidden because her father was a Jew, what might not happen to someone else—to Elisabeth—whose father had been locked up as an enemy of the state?

—ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

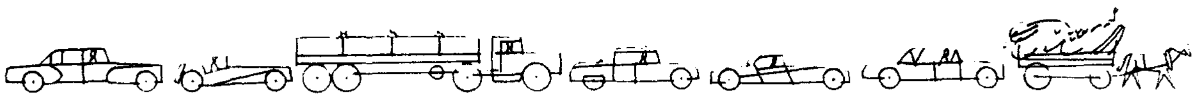
(This is the second of four parts)



"The way I've been playing lately I get into some pretty tough spots"

COLLIER'S LESLIE STARKE

Remember last summer?



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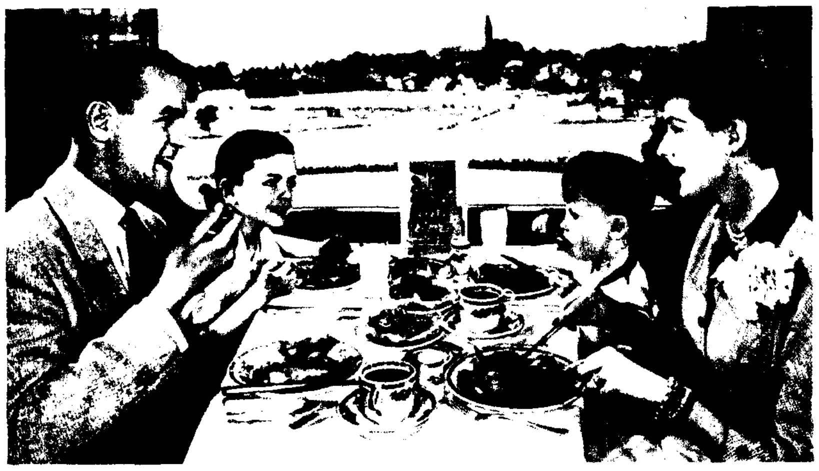
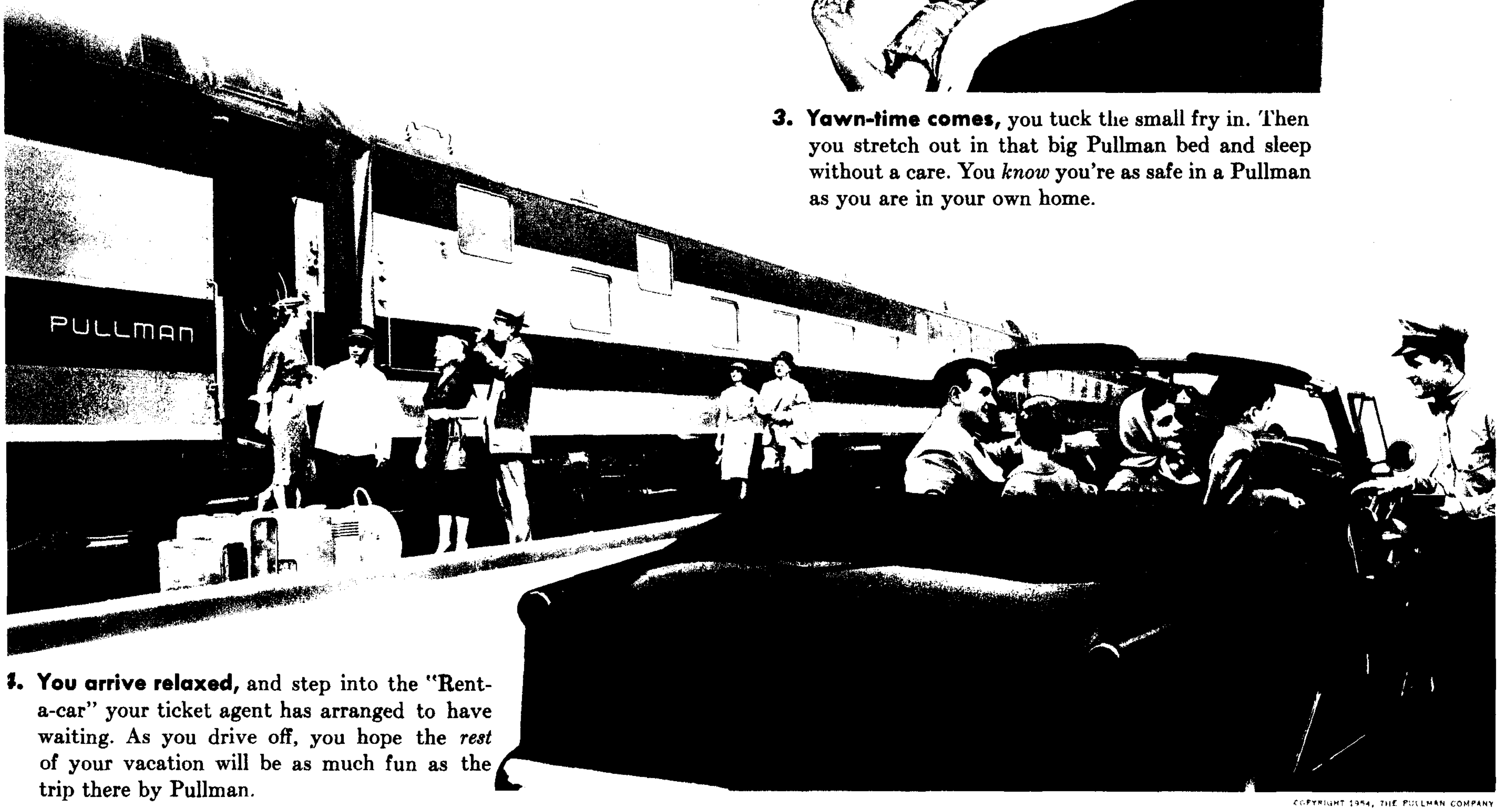


2. **You lose no time** "looking for a good place to eat" when you Go Pullman. The best meals between home and vacation-land are as near as the dining car. And the service rivals that of the finest restaurants.

3. **Yawn-time comes,** you tuck the small fry in. Then you stretch out in that big Pullman bed and sleep without a care. You *know* you're as safe in a Pullman as you are in your own home.



4. **You arrive relaxed,** and step into the "Rent-a-car" your ticket agent has arranged to have waiting. As you drive off, you hope the *rest* of your vacation will be as much fun as the trip there by Pullman.

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THE PLIGHT OF THE HONEST COP

VICE SQUAD

Hunting down gamblers, prostitutes, dope peddlers is dirty work. Good cops hate

PATROLMAN GEORGE HARVEY, pounding a beat in the big city, six months out of rookie school, was a proud man the day he was tapped for vice-squad duty. The police captain in charge of the squad told him: "The vice squad needs men like you—men with intelligence and initiative." Patrolman Harvey hurried home that evening to break the good news to his wife, Martha. No raise in pay was involved, to be sure, but it looked like a step toward promotion.

Harvey's first assignment was to catch prostitutes operating in the downtown district. From the older squad men, he quickly learned what constituted legal evidence that would stick in court: the pickup by the prostitute, the visit to her apartment or hotel room, the payment in marked bills and waiting for the precise moment to make the arrest.

It turned out to be dirty work, and Harvey didn't like it. He knew it had to be done; prostitutes were law violators and often carriers of venereal disease. But he was dismayed by the sordid associations he had to make, the shabby parts he had to play, the deceptive climax in the bawd's room.

Harvey didn't want to ask for a transfer lest it hurt his promotional chances, but his heart wasn't in his work. He grew tense and dour, and turned from moderate to heavy drinking. Harvey's job was hard on his wife, too. His working hours were irregular; he often worked week ends; he rarely had time to play with his children. Martha spent many long evening hours wondering about her husband's whereabouts and what his job was doing to him. Anxiety fed suspicion. Questioning eyes led to outspoken accusations when Harvey came home after a night's work. The family was on the point of disruption when Harvey finally got a transfer.

Patrolman Harvey escaped the fate of many other vice-squad men; he was not corrupted by the corrupt forces he was sent out to suppress. His family escaped the breakup experienced by many another vice cop's family. There are, of course, many men on vice squads who make a good accommodation to their jobs, maintaining a wholesome family life undamaged by the nature of their work. Often they go on to higher posts, looking back on their vice work as a valuable experience.

But in many cities, assignment to the vice squad can warp a policeman's morals—although it may make him a rich man.

The dangers inherent in this police specialty are highlighted by two recent incidents. In January, the entire vice squad of the Pittsburgh Police Department—Lieutenant Louis Morgan and six patrolmen—was sent to prison on charges arising from accusations that its members took bribes from sex deviants and framed innocent men arrested as sex offenders. Morgan was sentenced to prison for three-and-a-half to seven years; his subordinates received lesser penalties.

In February, the citizens of Cleveland—normally a well-policed city—were shocked by conditions disclosed when Police Chief Frank Story and Safety Director John McCormick led a raid on "Papa" Joe Cremati's house of prostitution. In a series of sensational reports, the Cleveland Press published photographs of police officers entering and emerging from the "police-protected vice resort." A police lieutenant attempted suicide the day after the Press ran a picture purportedly showing him about to enter the place for a snack.

For years, repeated demands by the safety director and other city officials that the place be closed had failed to get effective action. When the close-down raid was finally conducted in February, a thirteen-year-old girl was found in the house. Seventeen police officers—including three captains, two lieutenants and ten vice-squad members—were charged with neglect of duty in what the Press called "the most sweeping mass disciplinary action in the history of the Cleveland Police Department." Twelve cops were fired from the force; the five others were suspended for periods of from 30 days to six months.

MASON WEYMOUTH

* * *

Albert Deutsch is one of this country's best-known writers on such sociological subjects as family problems and mental health—and, more recently, the many problems confronting the honest majority of the nation's police officers. Three earlier articles by Mr. Deutsch on the police problem were published in Collier's last September 18th, October 2d and October 16th, and additional articles on the subject will appear in forthcoming issues. The author is shown in the accompanying photograph interviewing Dean O. W. Wilson (standing left) of the school of criminology at the University of California

* * *

As used by the police, "vice" is a loosely defined word covering the range of human behavior which is prohibited as immoral by the community—prostitution, gambling, the illegal sale of liquor or narcotics, and sexual behavior that is condemned as perverted. Many large towns have no special vice squads. Others have disbanded their vice squads after some public scandal. Some city police departments have divided vice work among super-special narcotics squads, gambling squads and sex-offense squads. Some cities have their vice squads operating out of central headquarters, others from precinct stations; others have both kinds.

Too Great a Source of Temptation

Many police experts question the usefulness of a special vice squad, believing that it requires constant contact with pressures and temptations too great for ordinary mortals to resist indefinitely. One of the most outspoken critics is Donal E. J. MacNamara, chairman of the Law Enforcement Institute of New York University, who says:

"The vice squad, in its traditional form, is an undesirable, unnecessary and frequently dangerous appendage to a modern law-enforcement organization. At its best, it does little or nothing that can't be done by the regular uniformed police force. At its worst—which is usual—it is a continual source of departmental corruption, blackmail, and a police-criminal alliance that destroys the efficiency, good name and morale of the entire force."

The vice squad rarely nets a real big shot of organized vice. It bags mainly the small fry—the streetwalkers, pimps, the petty gamblers and drug peddlers in the lowest echelons of racket outfits.

Downey Rice, who served as counsel with two Senate committees, says: "In our inquiries into organized crime and law enforcement, we encountered very few vice squads that were effective and honest. The vice squad seems always to be a main center of police corruption."

In many cities, as noted in the report of the Kefauver Senate committee, "The police-department bosses set up a vice squad composed of a chosen few directly accountable to them. They instruct the remaining law-enforcement officers to stay away from gambling and vice and to channel any complaint to the vice squad for action or, in most cases, inaction. By this device a small clique frequently controls the collection of the protection pay-off."

Nearly all police graft is derived from illegal vice operations. The problem of controlling vice without corrupting police has bedeviled law enforcement for generations. Time was when "honest graft" was so common that it was often conducted with little or no effort at concealment. In nearly every large city, the police take from vice operations was highly organized. The famous Lexow

By
ALBERT DEUTSCH

d cops are corrupted by it

legislative investigation into police corruption in New York City in 1894 revealed a graft-ridden mess from top to bottom. One captain alone was collecting $20,000 a month in bribes; the city's total annual police graft was about $7,000,000.

Again, about 20 years ago, a sweeping investigation into municipal corruption directed by Judge Samuel Seabury exposed practices that horrified even the most sophisticated New Yorkers. A large number of vice cops were becoming wealthy fast by joining extortionist rings, framing innocent women on prostitution charges and blackmailing the innocent and the guilty alike. Bank records showed that more than half a million dollars had been accumulated by five cops within a few years' time. Here are a few of the many methods used by the corrupt vice-squad cops:

The police officer would enter a respectable woman's apartment and arrest her as a prostitute. In some cases the bewildered woman would be beaten up while resisting arrest. On the way to the precinct station, the arresting officer would apparently soften and recommend a bail bondsman to the woman. The bondsman, after extorting an outlandish fee, would recommend a lawyer, who would complete the mulcting.

Police stool pigeons played vital roles in an extortion practice known as the Landlady Racket. The informer would rent a room in a rooming house, pay for it with marked bills, and bring to it a woman introduced as his wife. His police accomplices would break in soon after and arrest the innocent landlady as an operator of a house of prostitution.

A number of vice-squad officers were convicted and imprisoned as a result of the Seabury investigation. Curbs were placed on the operations of policemen engaged in vice work, and the vice squad itself was drastically reorganized.

Yet, in spite of sporadic shake-ups, "cleanups," and reorganizations, vice rackets in New York City, as elsewhere, remained a powerful corroder of police morality. Early in 1952, a single Brooklyn bookie, Harry Gross, testified before a Kings County grand jury that out of his $20,000,000-a-year gambling operations he had doled out $1,000,000 in bribes annually to about 1,000 of New York City's 20,000 police officers, low and high. His revelations led eventually to the dismissal of 45 policemen after trials, the hurried resignations of many others, and the disciplining of nearly 200 more.

Grand Jury Flays Police Officials

Notwithstanding the attending scandal, the Kings County grand jury handed up another scathing report in February, 1953, charging that "the deplorable and outrageous alliance between plain-clothes squads and bookmakers operating in this borough did not end with our disclosures following the apprehension of the notorious bookmaker, Harry Gross . . ." The grand jury wound up its blistering report with these words: "We charge . . . that officers of higher rank who have the responsibility of assigning the duties of supervising the work of the vice squads are equally derelict in that they have either tolerated the misfeasance of their subordinates or given it active encouragement."

More dismissals, suspensions and disciplinary action followed, and the plain-clothes squads were

WIDE WORLD

Above: This girl, arrested on suspicion of prostitution in California, hurled a drinking glass at the photographer who snapped her picture. Arresting officers posed as free-spending conventioneers to gain entry. Below: Police Chief Frank Story of Cleveland—normally a well-policed city—breaks into bedroom of a vice den which was operated (unknown to him) with the connivance of certain cops

CLAYTON KNIPPER

Police forces often tolerate vice in exchange for information about other crimin

reorganized. Did that end New York's vice-squad-racketeer scandals forever? On past evidence it seems doubtful.

The seasoned policeman anywhere will tell you that no gambling joint or house of prostitution can do business for two weeks without being known to some part of the local police force. Strangely, foot patrolmen are often required by regulation not to interfere with vice operations on their beat, on the principle that their intervention might destroy a big-scale raid being developed by the vice squad, with its presumably broader perspective. Many foot cops, resentful of this curtailment, turn their backs on vice operations in their districts.

Patrolman's-Eye View of Vice Squad

"Why should I bother to make reports when others make the arrests—and get all the credit for them?" a patrolman in a Midwestern city said to me. Then, too, sometimes the foot patrolman knows that the vice-squad men are getting rake-offs—bribes in which he does not share.

Whether or not a police department boasts a special vice squad, the citizen can be pretty sure that somebody is getting graft if commercialized gambling, prostitution or other forms of organized vice operate without molestation for any period of time. In the course of my present inquiry, I interviewed several operators of houses of prostitution, past and present, in order to get a clearer picture of the mechanics of the pay-off. A callhouse madam in a Western city talked frankly, on my pledge not to reveal her identity. She said:

"I always make it a rule to go to the very top for protection—the chief of police or whatever political bosses control him, right up to the mayor. I pay through a lawyer or a bail bondsman who has the proper contacts.

"I've never had any difficulty making a police-protection contact, and I've been in this business for more than twenty years, in this and other cities. If you know the ropes and use discretion, you don't get into trouble. Of course, I've stayed clear of towns that are really closed tight. I don't care to do business in wide-open towns, either; they may be all right for low-class houses that cater to all comers, but they usually aren't very profitable for high-class callhouses like the one I run here. This is a liberal town. The police let you operate—at a price—if you run your place quietly."

This madam had just finished reading Polly Adler's best-selling book, A House Is Not a Home, an account of the author's career as a famous New York City madam.

"I don't think Polly Adler was a very efficient madam," my informant remarked. "She tells how she was constantly being harassed by lower-grade policemen demanding individual pay-offs. Why, if a police lieutenant or sergeant or patrolman or vice-squad man rang my doorbell, I'd tell him to go away. If he refused, I'd phone my protection man, and the caller would find himself in trouble."

Later, in Hollywood, I interviewed Miss Adler. She told me:

"The way the system operated in New York during my twenty years as a madam—I quit about ten years ago—I never paid off to an official higher than a police captain. Higher-ups may have been involved in other operations, such as gambling, but you might say the system was decentralized in my business. The big pay-offs came in the form of fixes after the house was raided. A power-wise lawyer or bail bondsman could usually arrange the fix with a police officer, politician or judge to get the case dismissed or settled by a light fine." Miss Adler estimated that pay-offs consumed about 10 per cent of her total income.

UNITED PRESS

Entire Pittsburgh vice squad was marched off to jail after trial resulting from claims they took bribes from sex deviants and framed innocents on sex charges. Ex-Lt. Louis E. Morgan (right, wearing hat) led squad. Man with him, and two at far left, are sheriff's deputies

Madams and their prostitutes form a large reservoir of police informers, and their operations are sometimes tolerated in exchange for information on the activities of criminals who patronize their places. The budget of nearly every urban police department includes a fund, usually unspecified or listed under a euphemism, for the purpose of paying informers. The Los Angeles Police Department for example, has an $85,000-a-year fund out of which it pays its stool pigeons.

Like prostitutes, drug addicts comprise one of the largest single groups of paid informers. Others include small-time members of the underworld who keep their ears open for gossip about current criminal undertakings that they then transmit to the police. In return, they may be placed on modest regular retainers, given bonuses for particularly valuable information, or paid so much for each item of information, depending on its worth.

Stoolies Useful in Solving Crimes

Almost without exception, police chiefs regard stool pigeons as valuable adjuncts to the force. They will tell you: "It takes a crook to catch a crook." They point to numerous cases that might never have been solved except for an informer's timely tip.

Often, the stool pigeon is himself engaged in an illicit enterprise which is tolerated by the police on the theory that the small-time stoolie is legitimate bait for the big-time criminal. Many cases are on record where vice-squad men actually have rewarded dope addicts with small supplies of narcotics in exchange for information. The chief of one of our best-policed cities gave me an elaborate rationalization for a more indirect but surprisingly widespread practice: "We don't hand out dope to an addict who supplies us with information. But if one comes in who is desperate for want of the addicting drug, and if he gives us information that we consider valuable, we send him to the public hospital where a doctor can administer the drug for medical reasons—to relieve his suffering."

This chief, along with others who defend the practice, claimed it is almost impossible to apprehend dope peddlers without the co-operation of their addict customers.

Police toleration of illegal activities in exchange for information poses a problem of ethics and public morals that few law-enforcement executives have faced squarely. Some experts urge the abandonment of the policy on the ground that it is unethical, demoralizing and, in the long run, fruitless. Captain Don L. Kooken, a veteran law-enforcement officer, at present a professor of police administration at Indiana University and a recognized authority on police ethics, observes that the paid stool pigeon usually turns in tips only on minor violations—often less serious than his own crimes. "Not only does the protected informer stand to gain from his unmolested illegal activities," Kooken adds, "but very often by gaining the confidence of the police officers with whom he works he is in a good position to sell real information of police activities to other criminal gangs."

Some police chiefs seem to be reaching the same conclusion. Recently, Police Superintendent Robert V. Murray of Washington, D.C., who took office in 1951 after a series of scandals had toppled the capital's highest police officials, ordered that police informants no longer were to be given immunity from arrest. This order, of course, did not put an end to the employment of paid informers by the Washington vice squads, as was demonstrated by a court hearing last October in which four hotel employees were charged with handling horse-race bets for guests. It appears that the case had been built up by a police informer, one Ben Moscovitz, who posed as a well-heeled guest with a yen for gambling. He testified that he was doing undercover work for the police department's Morals Division, headed by Deputy Chief Clarence H. Lutz.

No Salary—but He Got All He Needed

The defendants' lawyer wanted to know if Moscovitz received a regular salary for his assistance to the police, to which the informer replied:

"Whenever I need money I get it. I don't want any fixed salaries. I needed $150 this week. I got it. Whenever I need money, I tell Inspector Lutz."

Moscovitz, according to Deputy Chief Lutz, was considered a special agent of the Morals Division, paid on a per diem basis, plus expenses. Most Washington police informers, however, are paid on a piecework basis, depending on the quality of their information. The money comes out of a special fund appropriated by Congress. It amounted to $25,000 annually until last year, when it was raised to $35,000.

Vice-squad operations touch on still another sensitive area of police ethics, known in legal parlance as entrapment. That is an ugly word that means, generally, the employment by police of illegal or unethical methods to induce persons to commit offenses for which they are arrested. The term is most often applied to certain wiles used in setting the stage for arrests of suspected prostitutes and homosexuals.

Most vice squads working the prostitution or sex-offense details operate in teams, with one officer used as a decoy, or "bait," while his partner moves in for the arrest. Sometimes, though, the vice-squad man operates alone, a procedure which often results in difficult civil-liberties problems for the courts. Invariably the arresting officer and the alleged offender give contradictory testimony as to what actually happened; the judge must decide which to believe. Always at issue in cases involving the possibility of entrapment is the question of initiative. Did the police officer or the accused person make the initial approach? Who suggested committing the illicit act? How far did the preliminaries proceed toward its culmination?

A Washington psychiatrist specializing in the treatment of homosexuals and other sex deviants told me that many of his clients had presented verified stories of being trapped into consenting to illicit acts by overzealous police officers posing as fellow homosexuals. In some instances the cops had built up a series of suggestions and temptations that finally overcame their initial resistance. One vice-squad head, defending this practice, told me:

"I don't care how my men catch them, so long as they catch the right ones. You can't afford to be completely scrupulous. Rats must be trapped."

Many courts, on the other hand, have sternly disapproved this policy. A federal appeals court, in setting aside a conviction based on alleged entrapment, has ruled: "The first duties of the officers of the law are to prevent, not to punish, crime. It is not their duty to incite to and create crime for the sole purpose of prosecuting and punishing it."

GLENN ZAHN

This candid picture of cops leaving Cleveland vice resort was printed by Cleveland Press, helped bring about firing of 12 policemen and the suspension of five others. Man in center, entering, is prospective customer, not a police officer. Car parked at left is police squad car

Associated with the problem of entrapment, in many cities, is the existence of an unofficial, but strictly imposed quota system, requiring each vice-squad man to make a certain number of arrests each week or month. Judge Morris Ploscowe, of New York City, a leading authority on sex offenses, observes, commenting on the national police picture: "There is always the temptation to frame a known prostitute when a police officer's quota of arrests is low. Unfortunately, such framing may occasionally involve a decent woman and may be done for more sinister motives than merely to keep up a quota of arrests."

Chief Magistrate John M. Murtagh, of New York City, is another who is deeply concerned about the impact of vice-squad work on society and on the personality of the policemen involved.

Work That Corrupts the Men Who Do It

"I don't think it's so much a problem of framing the innocent, as it is of overreaching the proper scope of police work," Judge Murtagh told me. "Far too often, as I see daily in my court work, individual vice-squad men follow the vicious precept of justifying the means by the end. I am firmly convinced that vice-squad work, with its need for constant contact with sordid circumstances and the use of low trickery and deceit, inevitably corrupts the men engaged in it. Society must take a keen look at the practices that open so many policemen to the charge of entrapment, and find a better way of handling its sex offenders."

The wide use of entrapment is reflected in the abundant number of cases in which judges have scored policemen for resorting to the practice.

One of the most controversial practices in vice-squad activities is the use of children as decoys in catching adult sex-offense suspects, or sellers of liquor or narcotics to minors. Many police chiefs vigorously object to the use of juveniles as bait under any circumstances. They note the ever-present danger of moral corruption arising from contact with criminals and training in deception—even for a good cause. In Los Angeles, where the use of child decoys was fairly common until recently, I heard of a boy who had served as effective bait to trap dope peddlers and who later became a habitué of the sordid joints in which he had stalked his adult prey, became addicted to dope and came into conflict with the law as a full-fledged thief.

Police Chief William H. Parker of Los Angeles assured me that the use of child decoys in trapping perverts has been discontinued since he took office in August, 1950. However, he defends the practice —with qualifications—in one area of vice work.

"I'm opposed to using juveniles as bait in making vice arrests," he says. "The only time we believe a juvenile may be properly utilized is where he has already been purchasing narcotics. With the permission of the parents and the juvenile court, he may be allowed to make one additional purchase, enabling the police to make an effective arrest."

In Washington, Deputy Chief Lutz expressed the belief that his Morals Division men could catch many more child molesters and dope peddlers if they were permitted to use juvenile decoys. But he said his staff is stymied by a regulation requiring the written permission of parents for such decoy work—permission, Lutz added, that is extremely hard to obtain.

One of the most serious abuses growing out of vice-squad activities is the occasional blackmailing by crooked policemen of known prostitutes and sex offenders. In some cities, police officers may accost known prostitutes and demand a pay-off on the threat of arrest, even though no law violation is involved at that moment.

Homosexuals and other sex offenders are peculiarly susceptible to blackmail. Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and his colleagues, in their recent report on female sex habits, observe that the "capricious" enforcement of our sex laws "offers an opportunity for maladministration, for police and political graft, and for blackmail which is regularly imposed both by underworld groups and by the police themselves . . . Our histories include cases of law-enforcement officers blackmailing the apprehended youth into making a financial settlement in order to avoid arrest."

On the other hand, the police often are falsely accused of shakedown rackets perpetrated by crooked civilians posing as vice-squad men. About a year ago a bogus vice cop was sentenced to a long prison term in New York City after shaking down a well-to-do college student for $20,000. With the aid of confederates, the shakedown artist had lured the student into a compromising situation, flashed his phony police badge and announced that the student was under arrest for homosexuality. On the way to the "police station," the counterfeit cop hinted that he might be able to get the case fixed, but that it would cost plenty. The following day the panicky student, who was engaged to a socially prominent girl, drew $20,000 in cash from his bank and handed it to the impostor. A few weeks later, the blackmailer demanded more money. The youth consulted a lawyer, who directed him to the New York County district attorney's office. There the victim identified the rogues' gallery picture of his tormentor, who had made a career of blackmailing sex offenders. The blackmailer was apprehended, convicted and imprisoned.

Despite the pitfalls besetting the vice-squad officer, newcomers into that specialty are rarely picked with care—which accounts partly for the sloppy vice-squad record in many localities.

What makes a good vice cop?

I asked that question of police chiefs and vice-squad heads in a dozen cities from coast to coast. The answers were varied and sometimes contradictory. All agreed that a vice officer should have good appearance ("and not look like a cop"), intelligence and good moral character, but as Lieutenant Walter C. Nemetz, head of the Los Angeles Police Department's Central Division vice-control staff, explained:

"We can't pick Sunday-school teachers for these jobs. The man must be able to drink, because he may have to spend long periods of time in saloons; he must be able to consort with rough underworld characters; he must be prepared for rough-and-tumble episodes."

Most police officials prefer married men for vice details, on the theory that they are likely to be more stable and less apt to fall into temptation.

Some departments rotate vice assignments, others do not. Rotation has two main advantages: vice-squad men are less likely to be recognized in undercover work if they are constantly shifted, and the temptations besetting the vice cop are more easily resisted when he knows he will leave the squad after a prescribed period.

But Dean O. W. Wilson of the University of California's School of Criminology, an outstanding expert, recommends that men be assigned to vice squads, where they exist, on a permanent basis, on the ground that long-time service increases skill and efficiency. The Los Angeles Vice Control Division has adopted a middle way: after 18 months an officer's work is evaluated, and if he is deemed still valuable he is kept on indefinitely, with periodic checks on his continued efficiency.

The number of arrests a vice-squad man makes is not necessarily a measure of his efficiency and honesty. Some of the worst bribetakers have built up the most impressive arrest records. In city after city, the Kefauver Senate Crime Investigating Committee found vice officers who were allied with racketeers, and who cracked down vigorously on all competitors of their pay-off sources. The committee charged that Miami Beach's vice officer, Pat Perdue, was a hatchet man for the largest organized bookmaking group in the area—the S. & G. Syndicate, which in 1948 handled $26,500,000 in bets in 200 Florida hotels where it controlled the gambling concessions.

The Story of a Gambling Concession

Here's part of the story unraveled by the committee, involving the concession at Miami's Roney Plaza Hotel:

"Meyer Schine, owner of the hotel, testified that Pat Perdue, the Miami Beach one-man vice squad, urged him to give the concession to the S. & G. When he refused, the Roney Plaza was raided by Perdue with great attendant publicity and forced to discontinue gambling, in contrast to the usual discreet raids which ended in a fine and the resumption of gambling.

"The following season, the Roney Plaza gambling concession was operated by an S. & G. member bookie."

As the Kefauver and other recent crime investigations revealed, some police officers divide vice operations into two classes—those that are paying for protection (either to themselves or to higher-ups), and those that aren't. Those that pay are left strictly alone (except for token raids when the heat is on). The others are hit hard and often, until they learn to pay for protection or go out of business. In past decades many a police official with a reputation as a merciless enemy of vice operators has been revealed as a bribe-taker. Investigations in New York, California and other states have left a trail of ruined reputations among police officers specializing in vice work.

A police captain in one Midwestern metropolis told me: "It is almost impossible for a police officer here to work vice and remain honest. The cards are stacked against the man of integrity. Either he has to go crooked or get out."

The wonder, in most cities, is that so many honest men can and do retain their integrity and serve honorably throughout their careers with no breath of scandal touching them. In some cities, too, the general reputation of the police as incorruptible is so strongly developed that vice operators steer clear of them. They know they can get neither police nor political protection at any price, and that commercialized vice can prosper only in an atmosphere of official corruption.

Whether the police attack on commercialized vice is specialized or generalized, its success will depend, in the final analysis, on the strength of the whole police force, which depends in turn on the integrity of the local political system—which depends in turn on the awareness of the general public and the measure of the demands for honest law enforcement.

A major key to the whole picture is the question of the unenforceable and unpopular vice laws that we pile up on our statute books in haste and violate at leisure. We are still possessed by the impulse to solve complex moral problems by the simple passage of repressive laws. Sooner or later, American communities must face squarely the issue of what types of individual morality they wish to regulate by law. Unenforceable laws and those not supported by a clear majority of the populace should be expunged from the statute books. Those that remain should be vigorously and unqualifiedly enforced by the policing agencies, with full public support. Some experts insist that many of our antivice laws now serve principally as stimulators of political and police corruption, and should be repealed.

August Vollmer, a police chief for more than 25 years and generally regarded as our foremost expert on local law enforcement, is among the many who believe that the police attack on vice will continue ineffectual until our antivice laws are drastically overhauled. He says: "The unwillingness of the people to face the facts about vice, and their faithful and reverential devotion to the idea that the problems can be solved with the passing of repressive laws, have been the greatest handicaps to an intelligent treatment of vice as an important problem of society."

There is the basic challenge. Until it is met, police corruption will continue to go hand in hand with commercialized vice, to the shame of the communities that tolerate both. ▲▲▲

Albert Deutsch's next article on problems of law enforcement, dealing with the handling of juvenile delinquents by the police, will appear in a forthcoming issue of Collier's

MASON WEYMOUTH

Police expert August Vollmer says vice laws must be changed

INTERNATIONAL

Chief W. H. Parker halted use of kids to trap Los Angeles perverts

WIDE WORLD

New York's chief magistrate, John Murtagh: "Vice work corrupts cops"

HARRIS & EWING

Washington Chief R. V. Murray took away informers' immunity

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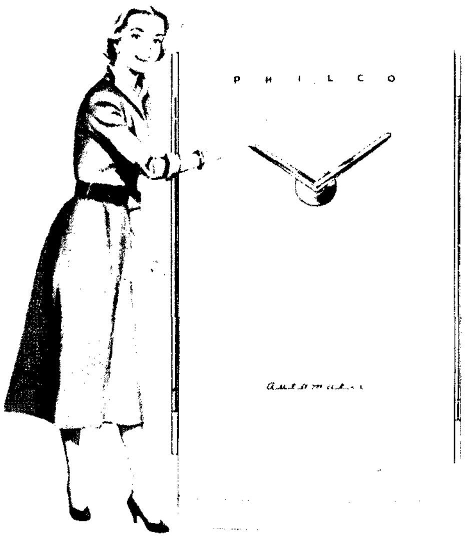

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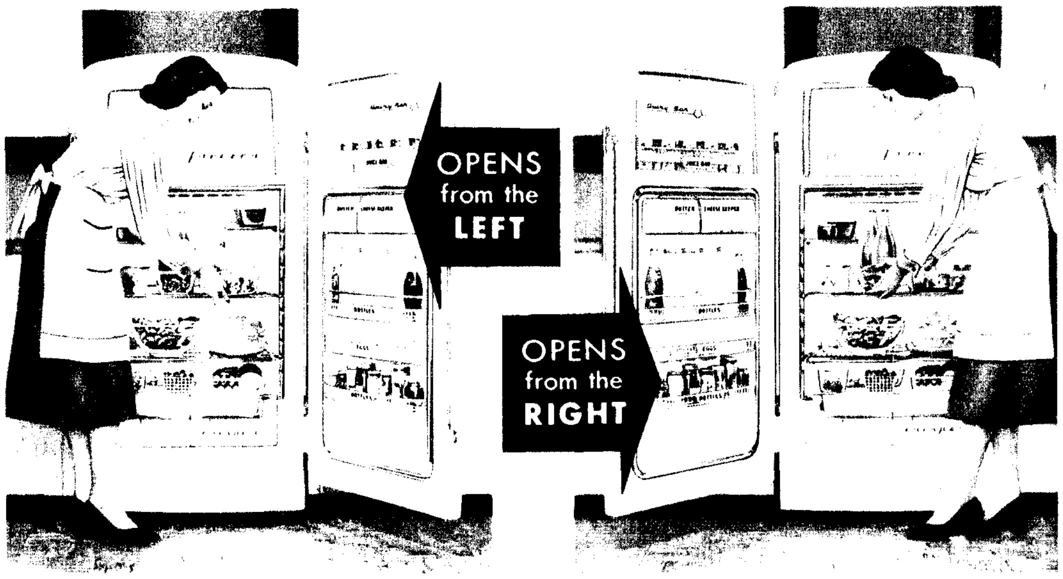

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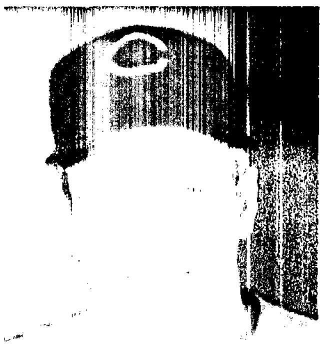


How Rosen Rocks

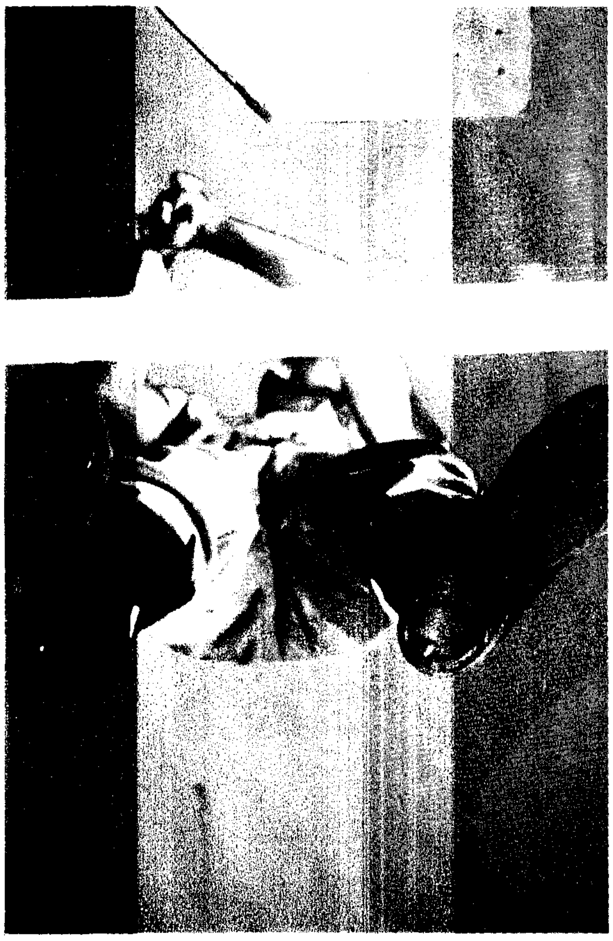
The American League's most dangerous batter uses his head as well as h

IT'S a common baseball plaint today that the all-around hitter is disappearing. The high premium placed on the home run, say observers, keeps the hitters gunning for the fences and the batting averages down.

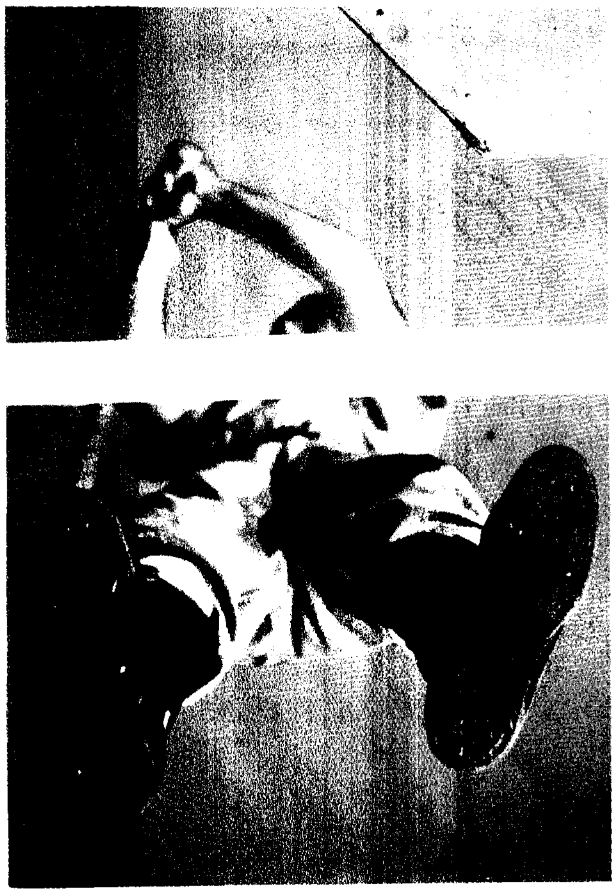
In rebuttal, the defense can present Al Rosen of the Cleveland Indians, and almost rest its case right there. By all standards, the twenty-nine-year-old Tribe infielder has developed into one of the great hitters in the game—and one of the most versatile. A right-handed batter, he's equally adept at bringing in a winning run with a punch single over first base, or a 400-foot drive into the left-field stands.

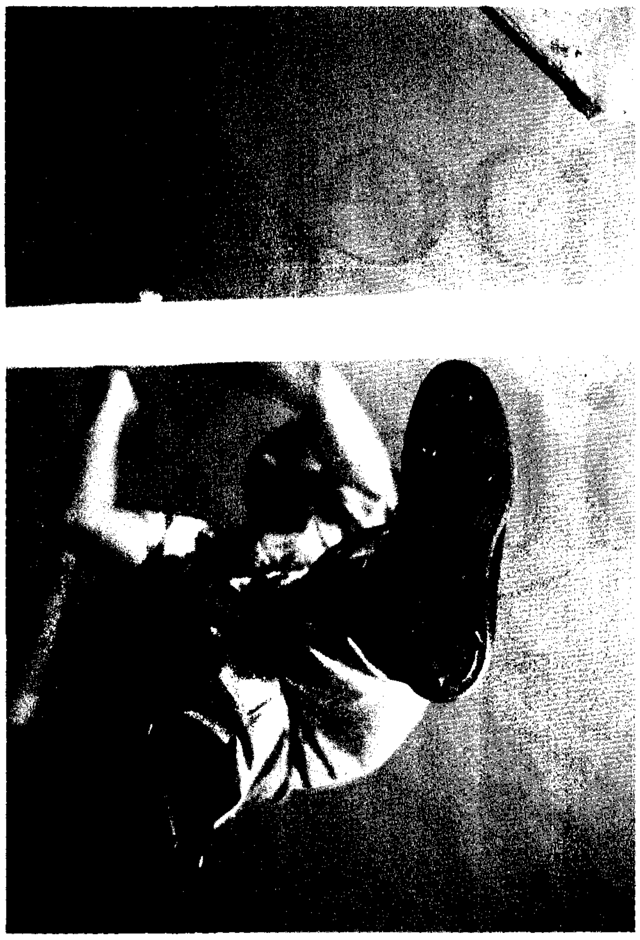
Nowadays, when Rosen takes his turns at the plate, he has a remarkable record to try to improve upon. Last season, he led the American League in home runs with 43, in runs batted in with 145, came within a point of Mickey Vernon's league-leading .337 batting average, and was the first unanimous selection in history for the junior loop's Most Valuable Player award.

What makes these honors even more impressive is the fact that Rosen averaged an adequate but scarcely awesome .284 over the span of his earlier three major-league years. He credits hard work and study for his transformation from run-of-the-mill player to established star. Such recognized experts as Cleveland general manager Hank Greenberg, former pitching ace Red Ruffing and baseball Hall of Famers Tris Speaker and Al Simmons agree with Rosen's view, but add another ingredient: Al's ability to take and utilize advice.

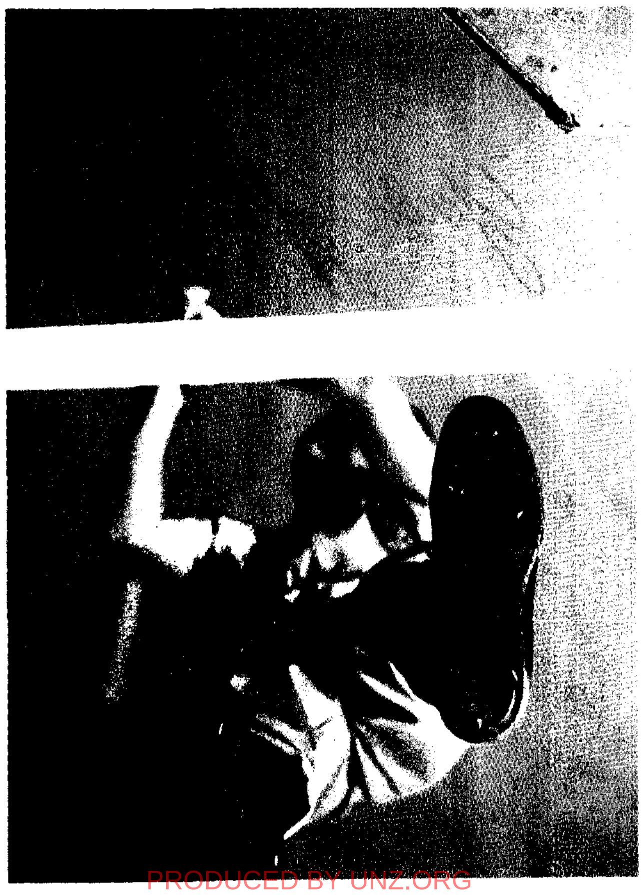


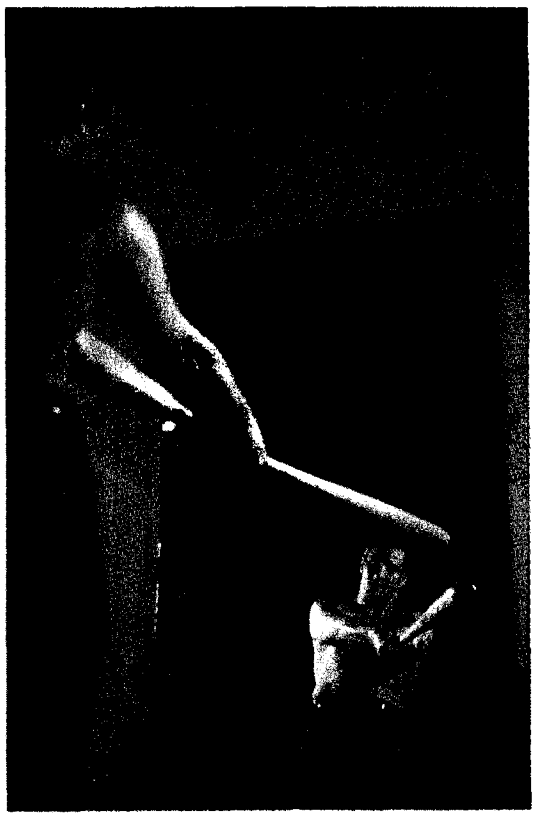
With photographer shooting from below glass platform, Al Rosen demonstrates his batting stances. White line represents inner border of batter's box. Top picture shows Rosen's usual position against slow-baller; bottom, his stance when facing medium-speed pitcher





Rosen's left foot is forward and the right one is well back when he faces a fast-ball pitcher (top). And he adopts a similar stance (bottom) when any hurler, regardless of speed, has two strikes on him. In this situation, Rosen is all set to give the pitcher the least chance to sneak a pitch past him





Al often practices before mirror. He goes from 38- to 32-ounce bat as season unfolds

Em

it to earn his base hits

"You're planting yourself too solidly in the box," Simmons once told him. "Vary your position according to the pitcher and the situation."

"Control the plate," advised Greenberg. "Concede the pitcher one corner of it, but hit everything else that comes over."

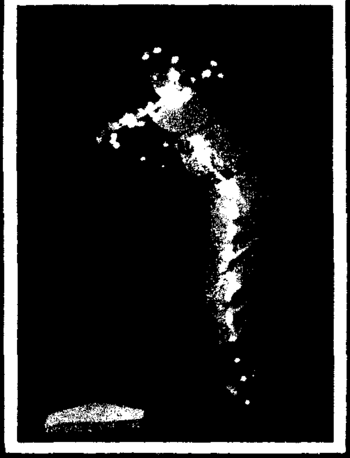
"You're uppercutting the ball," Speaker noted. "Try to aim the fat end of your bat at the pitcher's face when you swing at the ball. It will keep your own head from moving and help level off your swing."

"I used to spend hours before a game figuring what I would throw each batter," said Ruffing. "You should spend hours figuring the best way to hit each pitcher."

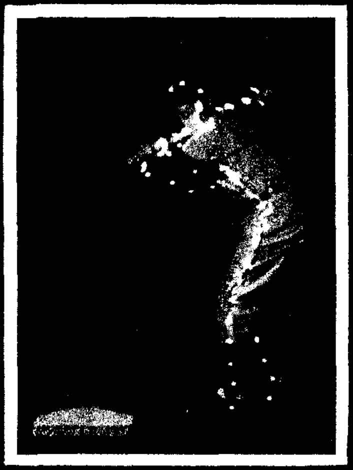
Rosen listened to these pointers, tried them out, and by last year had made them all part of his batting philosophy. It's a philosophy which also includes real animosity against whoever may be facing him from the mound.

Rosen shows the pitcher the same anger that he used to reserve for a ring opponent during his boxing days at the University of Miami (Florida). And at five feet ten and a half and 185 pounds, Al packs more punch today on the diamond than he ever did as a good amateur middleweight boxer.

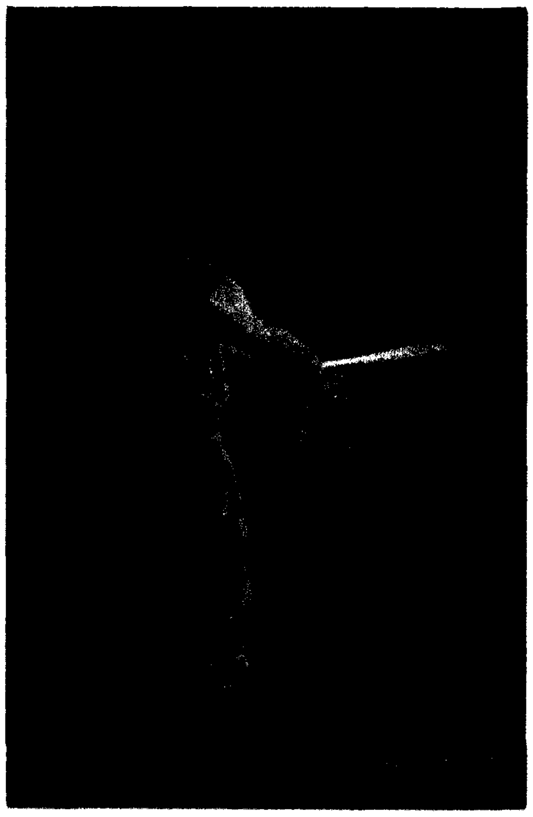
"I've seen Rosen get three straight hits and still come back to the bench storming after flying out his fourth time up," Cleveland manager Al Lopez said recently. "He'll shake his fist at the pitcher, mutter a few choice words and yell, 'I'll get you next time.' I wish I had a whole team like him." —HAL LEBOVITZ



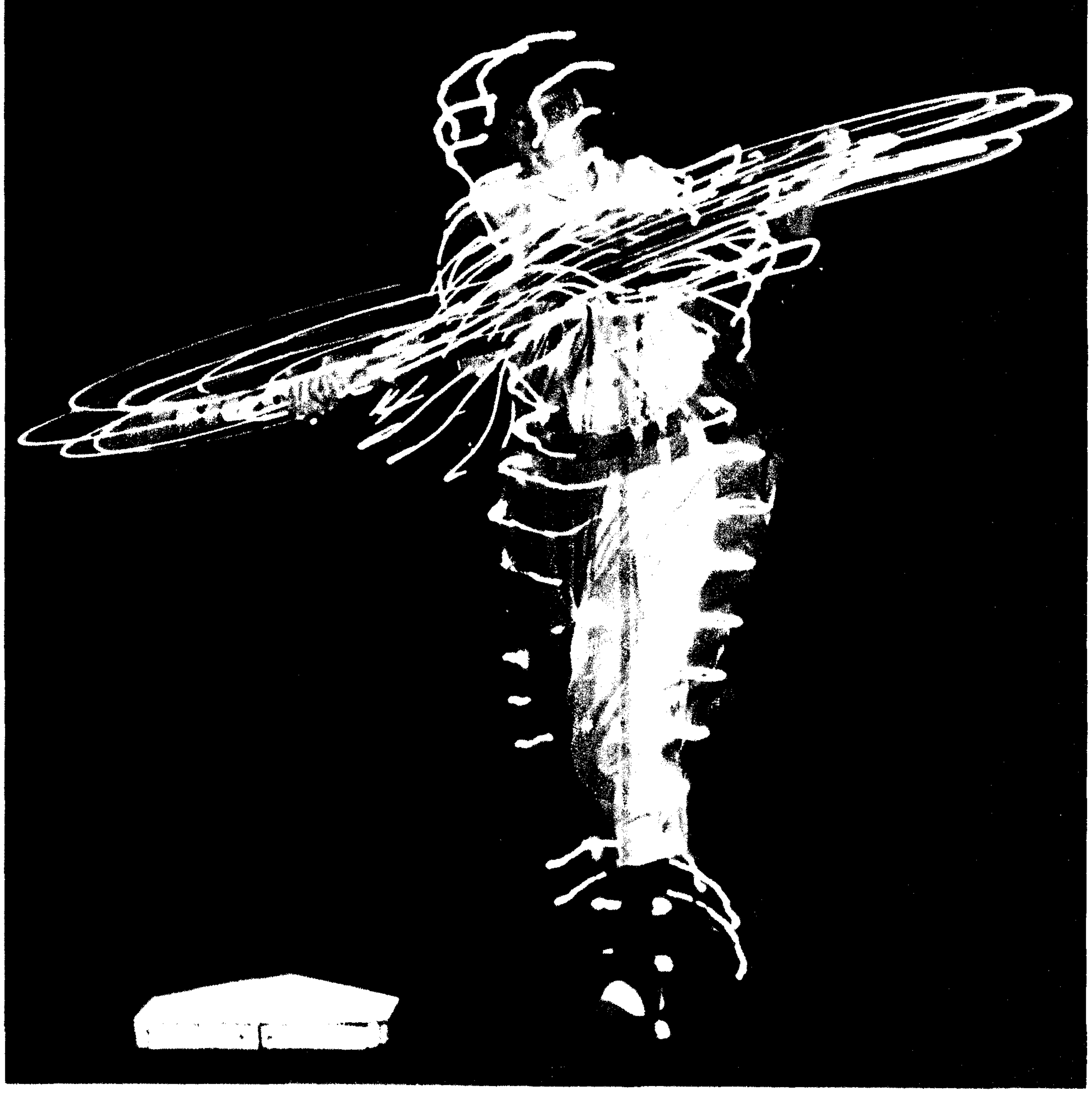
Rosen usually stands fairly straight, chokes bat a little



Falling behind in count, he crouches—chokes up more



To keep swing level, he lines bat up with hurler's head when he goes after a pitch



To dramatize and define Rosen's great swing, photographer put light bulbs on him. Since bulbs also were wired all around his bat, camera recorded several arcs in the one swing

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY FRIED

“It Only Hurts When

The author as Ed Sullivan . . . as Eartha Kitt . . . as Martin Kane, Private Eye . . . as Johnnie Ray

Humor is in a sad state these days, says one of the country's top young satirists. (Have you heard St. George and the Dragonet?) Nowadays you make a joke—and everyone gets mad

By STAN FREBERG

FOR some time, I have been wondering what's wrong with me. I walk into a room and people shy away; I go to a party and everyone begins to whisper; children, household pets and advertising men's secretaries have lately taken to snarling at me. It's the same everywhere. I am as welcome as a mongoose at a cobra rally. The other day I spotted a bebop musician acquaintance. I extended my hand: “Gimme five, daddy-o!” From the way daddy-o jerked his hand back you would think I was Guy Lombardo.

Now I have always looked upon myself as a gentle guy. I am good to my mother, kind to birds and an active member of the Eagle Rock Baptist Church. I have never been arrested for rumrunning, illegal entry into Beverly Hills or overacting. On occasion, if confronted by a paper-towel machine saying, “Blot-don't-rub,” I will, out of sheer cussedness, rub. But generally speaking, I am a gentle guy.

There could be only one reason why many people choose to avoid me. I am a satirist.

I can't take anything or anyone seriously. The graver the situation—whether Communism, a Presidential election or Terry Moore's Bikini snow suit—the harder I laugh. And you don't *dare* sit next to me at a newsreel, a high-school production of Macbeth or a lodge installation of a Grand Exalted Something-or-other. Not if you don't want to be black and blue from my elbow, you don't. I can't help it. Things just strike me funny.

There's nothing wrong with that, you may say. This is America, the land of the free, where a man can kid the pants off his neighbor this week, and next week his neighbor can come back and kid the overalls off him. Well, that's what I thought until I started making records satirizing things and people—like my St. George and the Dragonet, which ribs the Dragnet radio-TV program; John and Marsha, a parody of radio serials, and Try, kidding Johnnie Ray.

I've had a twisted funny bone ever since I can remember. My mother used to say, with a worried look on her face: “Stanley . . . why don't you play *with* the other boys instead of just *watching* them play baseball? You'll get more exercise that way.” And I'd reply, “I get more laughs *this* way, Mama.”

The third baseman would scream, “Come on, baby!”, and the shortstop would cry, “Attaboy, baby!”, and the left fielder would holler, “Let's go, babyyyyyyyy!”, and I would keep looking around for baby.

In Alhambra High School, I broke up a deadly serious student body election by nominating myself. I still remember the shocked faces of the faculty when I said, “Arise, students! Too long have we cringed under the whip of teacher-totalitarianism! If I am elected, I'll overthrow the principal, turn his office into an automatic car wash and put an 80-foot picture window in the girls' gym.” I sat down to a thunderous ovation, and won the election in a landslide. I never got the picture window in but, to quote an old show business bromide, they loved me in Alhambra.

Today, ten years later, I'm still kidding things and getting a lot of fun out of life. But it's not so easy as it was at dear old Alhambra High. Today, it seems, it's not popular to laugh at certain things, and the certain things are so numerous that I wonder how much longer I can keep my funny side up.

Just before the last Presidential election I was going along minding my own business—working a TV puppet called Cecil the Seasick Sea-Serpent, making a few records for Capitol, doing cartoon voices for the movie studios and picking up a little side money as a mimic.

I thought I was doing pretty well for a brash young punk of twenty-five, and I had hopes. I knew I couldn't be another Will Rogers—I had known it ever since that night in Spokane when I started my act by trying to spin a rope, and ended it by trying to keep the audience from lynching me with it; with the kind of jokes I was telling, I should have known better than to tempt them—but other fields were open to me. Actually, I was a student of the Fred Allen-Henry Morgan school of humor. I was a faithful fan of Morgan's radio show till the razors he was selling were turned loose on his script, and eventually on him. May he rest in peace.

Anyhow, the 1952 Presidential election was coming up. Feeling was running high, but I could see no great difference from the election of 1932, when Wintergreen ran for President in the great Broadway musical, Of Thee I Sing. I figured if he could lampoon politics, why couldn't I? Wintergreen was a self-confessed crook who guaranteed, “Even your dog loves John P. Wintergreen,” and promised, “A vote for Wintergreen is a vote for Wintergreen.”

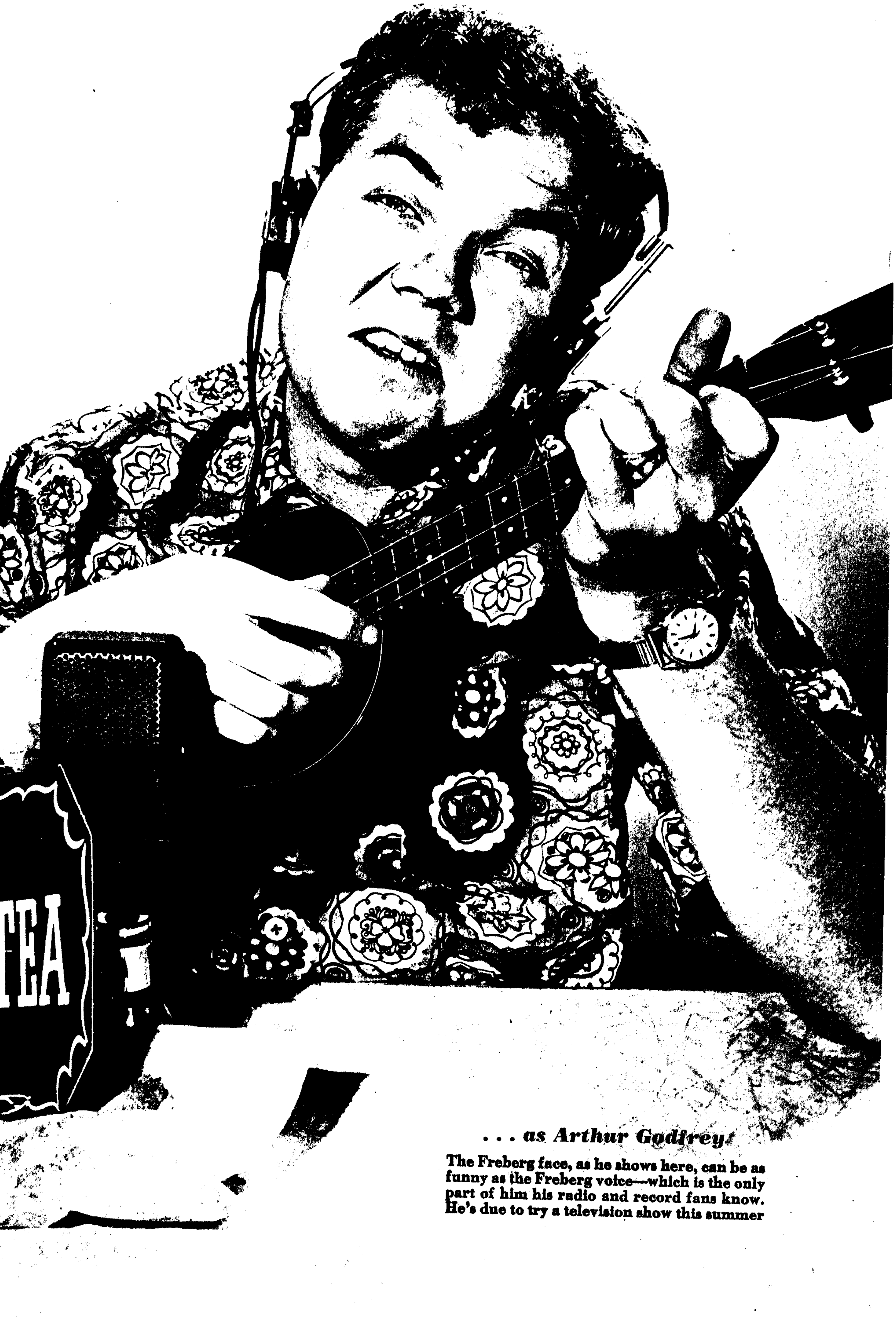
So I dreamed up my own candidate, Abe Snake, with the campaign slogan, “Put your confidence in a real confidence man.” Abe was no fence sitter. On taxes he said: “If we're gonna have our pockets picked, let's have 'em picked by professionals. There is no substitute for experience.” On the national debt he offered: “Let's flip 'em for it: double or nothing.” Abe was, by his own confession, the “best durn' politician money can buy.”

Capitol recorded my Abe Snake for President,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SID AVERY

Laugh"

. . . as Jack Webb



. . . as Arthur Godfrey

The Freberg face, as he shows here, can be as funny as the Freberg voice—which is the only part of him his radio and record fans know. He's due to try a television show this summer

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and to promote the record ordered 100,000 campaign buttons saying "I'll Take Snake."

In July, the record started to catch on. Shortly after Senator Kefauver stumped the Northwest, I was invited to Portland, Oregon, by a disc jockey who declared himself Abe's regional campaign manager. I flew up there with a small vaudeville troupe for Abe Snake Day and led a parade that took half an hour to organize and three days to untangle.

Rude Awakening in Hollywood

But when I got back to Hollywood, Abe and I had a rude awakening. Suddenly the record wasn't on the air any more. I called up one of my disc jockey buddies:

"What's the action, dad?" I asked. "I keep listening but I don't dig Abe."

"Man, I'm the lowest," he replied. "They won't let me spin it. I mean it's barred, pops. . . . They laid a pink memo on it."

Four or five more calls told me it was the same everywhere. I finally broke through the red-tape barrier of one network.

Freberg: "I understand you have banned Abe Snake for President. This is his campaign manager. What's the meaning of this outrage?"

Network Official: "Network policy. We can't give free air time to one candidate without giving it to the others."

Freberg: "You're pulling my leg now, aren't you? Ha ha ha."

Network Official: "No, I'm not. You've got to *buy* the time. You can see what would happen. We'd have every political candidate and his brother in here wanting free air time."

Freberg: "Do you realize that Snake is the only candidate running on the Parimutuel ticket?"

Network Official: "I don't care what ticket he's on. We can't play it."

Now I ask you: Is that an attitude? Or was I wrong? Gee whiz, aren't you supposed to laugh at politics? Maybe the network official hadn't read Will Rogers on the subject: "Our national political conventions, if you have ever attended one or heard it over the radio, are nothing more than glorified Mickey Mouse cartoons, and are solely for amusement purposes."

If old Will were around today, I'll bet even he would take that rope-twirling bit out of his act. I'll bet he wouldn't dare make statements like, "When an Office Holder, or one that has been found out, can't think of anything to deliver a speech on, he always falls back on the good old subject, Americanism."

That was Will speaking in 1925, and I doubt if he could make a go of it in 1954, when kidding anything typically American is considered almost *un*-American. (By the way, whatever happened to Senator McCarthy jokes?)

By this time some of you may be trying to figure out what kind of person I am. Some people think I'm just a brash young upstart who goes around pulling the rug from under Dragnet's Jack Webb. Others, especially Johnnie Ray fans, have trouble deciding *what* I am; with them, it's a draw between a trunk murderer and a subversive.

Just for the record, I should like to say that while I may be a trunk murderer, I am not a subversive. The only secret apparatus I ever belonged to was an organization called The Little Orphan Annie Fan Club of America. I used to sit in front of the radio with the rest of the kids, with my decoder pin in one hand and an autographed picture of Sandy in the other. But instead of decoding the secret messages from Daddy Warbucks, I like to split my corduroys laughing. I thought it was priceless to belong to a club that idolized a girl who had no dots in her eyes. Anyhow, I was a card-holding member for two years. I won't deny it. It's all there in the files, senator.

If the satirist of 1954 is also an entertainer, he will discover that pleasing 99 per cent of his audience is not enough. It's got to be 100 per cent.

On the TV puppet show, Time for Beany, I worked the puppets for several characters, including a cook named Wong. He started out as a Chinese but the producer decided he would be more colorful with a Japanese accent. So we had a Chinese cook who went around saying, "Ha-so, please," in the best Yokohama tradition.

"Say," a few people wrote, "isn't it bad enough we just finished a war five years ago with Japan? Get rid of that Jap cook." So I was told, "You'd better change it to a Chinese dialect; play it safe." "Okay," I said, and went through the script changing "Ha-sos" to "Velly sollys." Then everything went fine—until the Korean war.

"Say," people wrote, "isn't it bad enough we're fighting Red China without being exposed to Chinese puppet shows? Get rid of that lousy Red cook!" "Hold everything, Freberg," my bosses said, and held a caucus. While they were trying to decide whether to change him back to a Jap or make him a Lithuanian, poor little Hopalong Wong sat in the midst of it all—a puppet without a country.

Cook's Troubles Seem Endless

Finally, Hopalong was written out of the script. Three years later, however, he came back when a new sponsor found he could be worked into the commercials as a Chinese cook making cereal. Oh, I almost forgot. William Boyd's attorneys threatened to get a restraining order against the use of the name Hopalong, so the cook's name has been shortened to Wong. You can see why I'm no longer with the show. The last I heard, they were toying with the idea of converting Wong to Heidi —which will be great so long as we don't get into a war with Switzerland.

Let me give you another example. In 1950, I made my first record for Capitol, a satire called John and Marsha which kidded the detergent out of sirupy radio serials. The dialogue consisted of just the two words of the title, repeated over and over in varying inflections: "JOHN!! . . . Marsha . . . *Johhnnn* . . . *Marsh*aaaaaaaa!"

When I presented this little slice of life to Capitol records, a courageous executive, Ken Nelson, screamed with laughter, signed me to a contract and unleashed the disc upon an unsuspecting public. Housewives paused in their ironing to sample a bit of this new dramalogue, and perhaps shed a tear or two. By the time they discovered they were the victims of a cruel hoax, they must have burned countless holes in the ironing boards of America.

After the record had shot past the half-million mark, I sat one day turning the dial on my radio. It was amazing. All I could get was real serials, Jimmy Boyd records and Arthur Godfrey. I called up my disc jockey buddy:

"Daddy-o," I cajoled, "it brings me down not to dig those two famous people. What's with John and Marsha?"

"I'm hip," he moaned, "but the cats in music clearance laid a pink memo on me. They say it's banned, man!"

"Music Clearance" Explains

Now this was a low blow. I phoned the various networks and got the same answers everywhere. Finally, I came face to face with that fungus called Music Clearance which grows abundantly in all networks.

Freberg: "I understand you've banned John and Marsha."

Music Clearance: "I'll tell the world we have. You have no right to pick on daytime serials. Besides, the lyrics are too suggestive."

Too suggestive?

John?

And Marsha?

Ah, well; it's all in a day's banning. To date I've been accused of being subversive, anti-soap, anti-Japanese, anti-Chinese and that's not all. According to one fanatic little group, I am against old men with hearing aids.

A couple of years ago I was sitting in a coffee joint when suddenly a young woman walked to the jukebox and stuffed in five nickels. For the next fifteen minutes I was exposed to a tidal wave of heart-rending sobs and weeping. It was like the wailing wall on a busy night. I thought: This is terrible; there must be a young man stretched on a rack inside the jukebox—no phonograph record could depict that much pain. But investigation showed that the sounds were indeed coming from a phonograph record—called Cry, and sung (?) by a person called Johnnie Ray. My next parody was cut out for me.

Disc jockeys, going down for the third time in a sea of tears, jostled one another to get copies of my new record, called Try. Radios blared forth a new voice—frighteningly like Ray's, but more maudlin, if that's possible—screaming the words: "If you're happy and your eyes are always dry . . . don't you know that it's the thing to sob and sigh . . . Singers do it . . . crowds do it . . . even little white clouds do it . . . You too can be unhappy if you TA-RYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!"

These deathless lyrics (well, anyway, copyrighted—by Central songs, Inc.) at first made Johnnie Ray fans think their idol had gone off the deep end. Then the dawning came up like thunder—it wasn't really Johnnie—and they got sore. They sent threats to me and to Capitol and to fun-loving disc jockeys around the world. Of course, I can laugh at a few kids with no sense of humor, because so much of my audience is made up of teen-agers who love to laugh, bless 'em. But the adults . . . !

I got letters from grownups, with remarks like, "Shame on you for making fun of an old man with a hearing aid!" Now Johnnie Ray is not an old man, although he might have been if he had kept on crying. As for poking fun at guys who wear hearing aids . . . I have news for you. I wear glasses. Without them Marilyn Monroe looks to me like Roddy McDowall. Besides, Ray has a great advantage over me; when he's singing he can tune himself out.

It seemed inevitable that our paths would cross, and they did. I was entering the Hollywood Palladium as Ray was leaving. He had just met maybe 200 people and was a little punchy from handshaking as I sidled up to him. "Hiya, Johnnie," I said. "My name's Freberg." He extended one gaunt hand: "Watcha say, man? Glad to know ya. Crazy." From the look in his eyes I knew it hadn't registered. I leaned into him. "*Stan* Freberg. I'm the one who made that . . ."

He wrenched his hand away and took a backward leap, clearing two or three yards, easy. A magnificent jump. As I whistled softly to myself in admiration, he stood several paces away, regarding me with the mixed expression of a man who has just touched something slimy and, at the same moment, has been confronted by his own ghost. Then he turned and shuddered off to the parking lot, not quite the same man he had been three minutes before.

Of course, my record wouldn't have been complete without a restriction of some kind. The publisher of Cry (not to be confused with Try) claimed that my record of Try (not to be confused with Cry) was being confused with Cry. Radio stations, not wanting to get caught in the middle, quietly removed my record from the air. By the time the publisher withdrew his case the sales of my recording had been killed. Oh, well . . . ha ha ha, it only cost me maybe $10,000. I can take a joke along with the next guy.

A lot of my ideas even meet impassable roadblocks *before* they're brought out. Here's a dandy example.

A Little Fun with Ed Sullivan

My partner, Daws Butler, and I recently decided to have a little fun on records at the expense of Ed Sullivan, so we set about re-creating (maybe annihilating is a better word) Toast of the Town, the Sullivan TV show.

Now Sullivan is a great newspaperman, and a very nice guy. He is not necessarily, however, the last word in oratory. In fact, he can usually be counted on to introduce an act as though he had his last four columns wadded up in his mouth.

In three minutes on wax we had him present a drill team which marched faster and faster until their feet were revved up to supersonic speed, a slobbering north-paw baseball star named "Righty" Goober who showed the audience his famous grip and batted Sullivan right in the head, and a trained whale named Blubberlips who played jazz on a trombone (he was billed as The Last of the Red-hot Mammals).

At the end of a pretty bad eight bars, the whale swallowed his instrument—and Sullivan, seizing the opportunity to gain a first for his show, daringly walked into the whale's open mouth, promising the TV audience "a real treat." With a mighty crash, the whale's jaws closed and the columnist went down the hatch. The record ended with Sullivan's voice crying from the cavernous depths, "We're a little l-late, folks, so that concludes our sh-show."

Capitol got ready to press our recording, The Worst of the Town, and

QUO FATA FERUNT

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a copy was sent to Sullivan for his approval. He turned it down—even though we offered to follow it up with a sequel in which the whale would spew him out again, proving that you can't keep a good man down. The record was shelved, although we may redo it, minus the whale. (Maybe Sullivan wouldn't mind if we just had him gummed a bit by an elderly sea lion.)

For the other side of the Sullivan record, Butler and I came up with a parody of King Arthur Godfrey. A ragged Western Union boy brings in a telegram and Godfrey comments:

"Now there's a typical American . . . never relaxes. How many times you been to Honolulu this year, kid?"

W.U. Boy: "On my salary I should go to Honolulu?"

Godfrey: "I'll give you a *tip*. Get on the Lurline and go to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. When you get there, look up Duke Pahoomanooey. *He'll* take care of ya!"

W.U. Boy: "*You* take care of me. Pay me for the telegram, a dollar twenty."

Godfrey: "Sa-a-a-ay . . . I was over to the Douglas factory the other day; they had a one-cent sale. You buy one DC-3 for ninety thousand dollars, you get another for a penny. Hyuk hyuk!"

W.U. Boy: "Hit me with a buck twenty . . . see if I flinch."

Godfrey: "Listen, kid, you wanta have some real fun? Get out and build your own airstrip."

From time to time the golden tones of Tony Marvin interrupted with, "That's right, Aw-thuh." Even when Godfrey cleared his throat or coughed, he would agree: "That's right, Aw-thuh." Once there was the sound of a man gargling. "What's that noise?" demanded Godfrey. "It was me, Aw-thuh," confessed Tony. "I was drinking a glass of water when you told that last joke, and I wasn't able to laugh in time so I did the next best thing. I gargled."

"Sa-a-a-y-y-y-y-y," remarked Godfrey, "that's thinking on your feet. Only the quick thinkers stay with me."

When Satire Was Watered Down

After our experience with the Sullivan record, the legal department at Capitol lowered the boom on most of our gags even before Godfrey heard them and we had to rewrite the platter. Godfrey okayed it, but I didn't. To me, a watered-down satire is worse than no satire at all. So I junked the record. Then, while no one was looking, I slipped back into the recording studio, cut another Godfrey record and sneaked it into production. It should be on sale any day now.

I recently joined (and after saying what I have about networks, will most likely be asked to leave) the fold of the CBS radio network, to play the title role of Richard E. Wilt in a situation comedy, That's Rich (Fridays, 9:30 P.M. EDT). This program, which CBS plans to transfer to television this summer, is a gentle satire on a naïve, bookwormish sort of American oddball. Wilt's head is filled with countless tidbits of useless information. Parked on Mulholland Drive with his arm around his girl friend, he whispers in her ear: "Did you know that birds have an automatic lock mechanism in their feet which enables them to sleep on the branch without falling off?"

Wilt is trying to get into show business, but for a while he worked in a paper factory, stamping This End Up on cartons. As he stamped he frequently daydreamed that he was a famous person—like Columbus, Alexander Graham Wilt or one of the Wilt Brothers—who invented the airplane as a promotional stunt for the song, Come Josephine in my Flying Machine (the song didn't make sense unless there was one). When I first slyly suggested the daydream gimmick, everyone went for it immediately, not realizing my ulterior motives. It was a jim-dandy excuse, you see, to satirize anybody I felt like. It was perfectly logical for Wilt, in his mental wanderings, to become Jack Webb, Johnnie Ray, Eartha Kitt, King Farouk, Liberace, or, if the mood struck him, the Wilt Sisters (Patty, LaVerne and Abe).

The Man Who Has His Ax Ready

Recently, however, CBS has taken certain precautions. I understand that somewhere in the maze of the master control there sits a man with a pair of earphones on, and an ax poised over the wire leading from That's Rich. If it sounds even remotely possible that Wilt is about to dream he is a radio serial, the man has orders to chop—quickly. The network is also most anxious to keep word from getting out that I am a satirist. Before meeting possible sponsors, I am always cautioned in hushed tones, "For goodness sake, don't tell them you're a satirist!" But alas . . . I cannot hide it. I am a satirist.

What is a satirist?

Satire, Webster says, is "the use of trenchant wit, irony, or sarcasm, for the purpose of exposing and discrediting vice or folly." As Edgar Johnson sees it in A Treasury of Satire, "It is the satirist's business to laugh away absurdities of mankind by blowing them into annihilation on a gust of ridicule." That's for me. I don't want to annihilate anybody . . . I just want to have a good laugh. But many people would have me stop lampooning and start conforming. They want me to put on the same kind of glasses they're wearing. Through their glasses, they see a deadly serious world, struggling to survive its own indigestion. I prefer my own glasses. I see the same sights, only to me it all looks a little like a Marx Brothers comedy. I'll lay you eight to five my glasses are more fun.

The fate of the satirist has always been hard. In some respects, it's harder now than ever before. Today the man

WEAR A
V. F. W.
"Buddy"
Poppy
MEMORIAL DAY

who satirizes the king doesn't get his head chopped off—just his contract. Still, it's discouraging. If Gilbert and Sullivan were alive today, they would have to write singing commercials or starve. And if a present-day American dared to dash off a little couplet like, "Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea, And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee," he'd probably be up before a Congressional hearing quicker than he could polish up the handle on the Pentagon door.

Of course, there's a time and a place for satire. About 1942, some movie studio made a short, showing newsreel clips of goose-stepping Nazi storm troopers. The studio had taken the song, The Lambeth Walk, and somehow got it synchronized right to the beat, and you got the astonishing and rather frightening picture of Hitler's Butchers truckin' on down like the Radio City Rockettes.

It was pretty grim. Nobody laughed; how could you laugh when at that very moment all Europe was suffering?

There are also certain subjects which should not be satirized—like religion, a crippled child or The Star-Spangled Banner.

But the world is filled with wonderfully ridiculous things, silly inflated things which somebody should let the air out of. People need to laugh as a release from the pressure of living in a confused world. I know they *want* to laugh, because they bought a million copies of my Dragnet satire, St. George and the Dragonet. But every day there are more barriers and restrictions. Censorship, pressure groups and executives with no sense of humor threaten to shackle my type of satire forever.

This has become a society where slapstick is king but Fred Allen has suffocated, where any comic who will take a prat fall is all right, so long as he falls on his own prat, but a great wit like Henry Morgan is exiled from the big time because he dared to poke fun at someone besides himself. Radio and TV have become supersensitive; one word from a pouting pressure group starts the blue pencils flying. You can't say this . . . you can't say that.

Words That Must Not Be Used

I read recently that on one program the line "an airline ticket to romantic places" had been deleted from the song These Foolish Things. The program was sponsored by a competing form of transportation. You're laughing? Wait a minute. On various cigarette-sponsored shows, no one can describe a character as "lucky," no one can refer to the animal called a camel, no one can discover a pirate chest full of old gold, or wear a chesterfield overcoat. On one of those programs, one line from the great Rodgers and Hart song, Blue Room, had to be rewritten. The line? "I can smoke my pipe away."

St. George and the Dragonet was a success because one man, Jack Webb, had the courage and sense of humor to laugh at himself. Upon finding that he was the target of a burlesque, he gave it his blessing and cleared the way for its sale. He also cleared the way for a lot of Americans, judging from the many nice letters I got, to have a good healthy laugh.

The record's birth came one morning last September when Alan Livingston, vice-president of Capitol and a brilliant idea man, called me up to say, "I've got a weird thought: how about combining the Dragnet music with some sort of fairy tale? Does that suggest anything?" It did indeed. I had an instant vision of Jack Webb questioning an old lady, saying, "These all your children, ma'am? Where'd you get that big shoe? Umm h'mmm. You got the pink slip on it? We just want to get the facts." I hung up the phone and smacked my lips.

Modernizing an Old Legend

Then I called Daws Butler, my whimsical, cigar-chewing associate, and together we pored over countless children's stories and fables. At last we came upon the old English tale St. George and the Dragon. We leaped to the typewriter. "The legend you are about to hear is true," said Daws. "Only the needle should be changed to protect the record," I shouted, and we were off. For the next three days we were as busy as a mustard paddle in a kosher restaurant, producing the St. George epic and, for the other side, Little Blue Riding Hood. ("Only the color has been changed to prevent an investigation.") Webb loaned us Walter Schumann, who writes the Dragnet music, and the original Dragnet orchestra. Daws and June Foray did the other characters, and I did Webb:

Music: DUM, DA DUM DUM!

Webb: "My name is St. George. I'm a knight. Saturday, July 12, 8:05 P.M. I was working out of the castle on the night watch when a call came in from the chief . . . A dragon had been devouring maidens . . . Homicide . . . My job: slay him!"

You'd think Webb would have come after me with a short length of rubber hose and a warrant, but he ate it up. Especially the part where Daws bellowed into an echo chamber:

Dragon: *"Hey, I'm the fire-breathin' dragon . . . I see you got one of them new .45-caliber swords!"*

Webb: "That's about the size of it."

Dragon: *"Ho ho ho ho! . . . You slay me."*

Webb: "That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I'm taking you in on a 412."

Dragon: (screaming): *"A 412????? WHAT'S A FOUR TWEEEEEEEE-ELVE!!!??"*

Webb: "Overacting. Let's go."

Music: DUM, DA DUM DUM!

I am convinced that there are enough people in the world like Webb, who know that I'm only kidding with my little take-offs, to more than offset the few meatheads who think I'm serious. As old Will Rogers once said, "A comedian can only last till he either takes himself serious or his audience takes him serious, and I don't want either one of those to happen to me until I am dead—if then."

My sentiments, exactly. That's why I intend to go right along my merry way, pointing out (if anybody will listen) that nothing is completely serious. I shall never give in.

It may be interesting a year from now, however, as I conduct guided tours through CBS as a page boy, to look back upon the foregoing statement. Oh, well . . . I can always go back to Alhambra. They loved me in Alhambra.

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Are you distressed because you're not earning what you're worth? The fault may be yours. There are plenty of opportunities to make money. Here's how to take advantage of them

Anybody Can Make MORE MONEY IF...

By Dr. WILLIAM KAUFMAN

ARE you unhappy, even sick, because you're not earning as much money as you think you should? Are you angry with your employer because you think he's not paying you what you're worth? Are you ready to give up your business because you can't run it profitably?

A yes answer to any of these questions probably means that you need to develop your money aptitude.

In studying more than a thousand patients from three to eighty-four years of age in my private practice of internal medicine, I have found that money does more than influence our standard of living. It affects our conduct, our hopes and our attitude toward ourselves, our families and other people. It literally can make us feel well or mentally and physically ill.

A person isn't necessarily born with good money aptitude. I've learned that almost anyone can acquire it to a degree by applying certain basic precepts to his everyday living.

You can be sure that an individual lacks good money aptitude if he quotes the bromide: "Opportunities to make money don't exist any more." A look at the statistics shows that plenty of people are making big money. More than 200,000 people—about one in every 800 Americans—earn between $25,000 and $50,000 yearly. More than 50,000 make between $50,000 and $100,000. And more than 18,000 Americans earn between $100,000 and $300,000.

Quite logically most of us can expect to increase our income as time passes, provided we do our work competently and satisfy our employers. And if we succeed in such fields as engineering, the theater, law and medicine, chances are our incomes eventually will appear quite impressive even if we don't have a particular knack for making money. But good money aptitude can give the person with a high income an even higher one, and it offers the person who is dissatisfied with his earnings the best possible chance to raise them considerably.

What exactly is good money aptitude? I define it as the natural or acquired creative talent for seeing and taking advantage of opportunities to make money. The definition may sound simple. But if followed to the letter, it amounts almost to a complete way of life.

The person with superior money aptitude wants to earn large sums of money just as keenly as a distinguished artist wants to paint prize-winning pictures. And essentially the approach is the same. The artist visualizes a world filled with beauty or ugliness unnoticed by most of us, and he depicts it expertly on canvas for all to see. The person with good money aptitude recognizes in the world around him unlimited opportunities for making money which others fail to notice, and through wise business transactions he renders a useful service while making a handsome profit for himself.

Take Charles Strite, of Stillwater, Minnesota. He was dissatisfied with the toast he received with his morning coffee. Too often it was soggy, partially done or burned to a crisp. Other people

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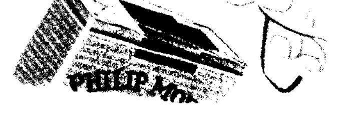
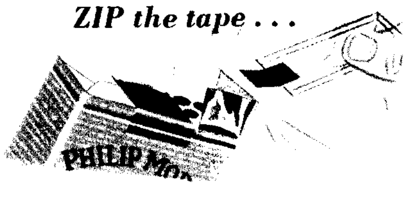


ZIP the tape . . .



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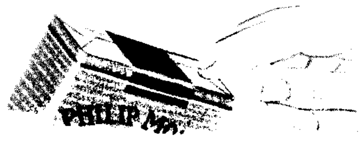

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complained, too. But Strite, who was a master mechanic, did something about it; he invented the automatic toaster—and reaped a fortune as the result. It's true that Strite had the technical ability to design the toaster. But so did many others. The difference was that Strite not only knew there was money in good toast, but he went out and used his skill to make sure the money would be his.

He Worried Himself a Fortune

Or take Leo Gerstenzang, of New York City. He worried over the need for his wife to put cotton on toothpicks to clean their baby's tender nostrils and ear canals. Too much or too little cotton on the toothpicks could do harm. Besides, the cotton might come off and plug up the baby's ears or nose. How many other parents have said: "Some smart fellow is going to come up with a stick with just the proper amount of cotton on it and make a fortune."? Gerstenzang was the smart fellow. The product: Q-Tips.

Some people insist that such financial success is all a matter of luck. Chance does seem to play a part in providing opportunities for profitable ventures. But chance always favors the prepared mind. What passes for bad luck often is just failure to see economic opportunities or, if you do spot them, failure to take proper advantage of them.

A friend I'll call Jerome Howard illustrates the point. At fifty-four, he is now president of a chain of thriving department stores. But until he was in his late teens, money held little interest for him. Then one day he was turned down for a date by a girl he secretly admired; she refused to go out with any boy who didn't have a car.

"I came from a lower-middle-class family," explains Howard, "in which I'd been taught that there was nothing wrong with being poor. But the girl got me mad. I determined to make a lot of money. I not only would own several cars someday, but I'd marry the girl."

Howard studied his financial prospects like a gambler analyzing the odds in a dice game. He decided a law degree offered the best chance for him to learn about business, so he worked his way through law school. Then he offered his services to the owner of a struggling department store. He was willing to manage the store for a tiny salary, he explained, provided he received 50 per cent of any profits at the end of a year in excess of the previous year's profits. The owner couldn't lose. Howard's brilliant merchandising methods lifted the profits $30,000 over the preceding year.

Howard took his $15,000 and quit his job. He bought a car—and married the girl of his dreams. Next, after months of searching, he purchased a nearly bankrupt general store in western Pennsylvania with only a small cash down payment. Careful study had convinced him that with proper management the store would produce a sizable income. Howard was right. Within three years, he improved the store's business so much he became a wealthy man.

Since then, he has followed the same procedure in building up a far-flung, imposing chain. He buys a store only after weighing its past record and future prospects. Good breaks? Perhaps. But good money aptitude, too. Howard rarely has a failure.

Often a person cannot become really financially successful until he recognizes and overcomes the unconscious thought-blocks which sabotage the development of his money aptitude. He may recognize these psychological obstacles himself, or he may need the help of a physician with psychiatric training. I've found that among my patients no two individuals with poor money aptitude had exactly the same handicaps. But by far the largest number still were following emotional patterns of behavior they had acquired during childhood.

The very fact that an individual comes from a family with small or moderate income may in itself hold down his money aptitude. He learns during childhood to be content with little; as a result, his adult wants are mod-

ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

Dr. William Kaufman, author of this article, is president of the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine and the chairman of its Public Education Committee. He also has been a member of the Psychosomatic Committee of the American College of Allergists since 1951. He practices medicine in Bridgeport, Connecticut

est. Unlike Jerome Howard, he may think less about how he can increase his income than about the various ways he can economize.

Then there are children who are overprotected or spoiled by parents who give them everything they want. Such youngsters often develop into adults who expect others to give them emotional—and financial—support.

Other individuals with poor money aptitude were made to feel, as children, that nothing they ever did was right. As a result, they are frightened and unable to be assertive enough to compete successfully in the business world. Unconsciously, they seek the kind of work that makes few demands on them and which they can perform perfectly. Fear of ridicule often prevents them from capitalizing on any good money-making ideas they may have.

Sometimes a child identifies himself too closely with one of his parents. For example, a grocer I know is hampered in his business because he unconsciously clings to outmoded ways of conducting his business merely because his father before him used these methods. Others in this group substitute employers for parents in their minds and develop such fierce loyalties that they will not quit a job to improve their economic status.

Selfishness and greed are major deterrents to a good money aptitude. Selfish children grow up to begrudge every service they have to render their employers. And if they go into business for themselves, their ventures are likely to fail because they skimp on service to their customers and demand too much of their employees.

Those Who Waste Good Ideas

Easygoing children who never had to accept responsibility also find it hard to develop their money aptitude as adults. They have a tendency not to take their work seriously. Even if they have good money-making ideas, they rarely try to capitalize on them. Employers consider them indifferent workers.

Of course, there are some basic limitations to the development of money aptitude which may have no connection with childhood patterns. Limited intelligence is a deterrent. So is a physical disability or infirmity.

Perhaps the greatest drawback of all, however, is one that usually deserves high praise, not condemnation. There are many people who, out of choice, do not have and do not seek a better money aptitude. They are the individuals who say and believe that money is not everything in life. They are content with their jobs, their earnings and their way of living. They may be so engrossed in the services they render others that, like the famous naturalist, Jean Louis Agassiz, they have "no time to waste in making money." Or they may have knowingly entered occupational fields where the low pay scale is offset by the personal satisfaction gained in the work and, in many cases, the guarantee of a degree of future financial security. Clergymen, teachers and government officials often fall in this category.

People who are content with what they are and what they have shouldn't try to improve their money aptitude. It wouldn't add to their happiness and it might hurt their health. They could find themselves suffering from the same ailments that plague the individual who cannot tolerate the emotional stress of not being able to earn as much money as he thinks he needs.

Such inner frustrations in a disappointed worker can lead to headaches, states of anxiety, hysterical paralysis, chronic depression, stomach disorders and troubled breathing. There are only two cures: the victim can adjust himself emotionally to living on his income; or he can apply himself diligently to the task of earning more money. If he chooses the latter course, the first and most basic step is to develop a knack for making money—in short, to improve his money aptitude.

Converting Dreams into Cash

Each individual's potential varies, so far as income is concerned. But I have learned through talking with my patients that there are certain prerequisites to converting dreams of financial success into hard cash. Here they are:

- *You must have a strong incentive to improve your income.*

I once had a patient—I'll call him Samuel Arvin—who earned $12,000 a year as a chemical engineer. He had been with his firm a number of years, headed an important research unit and never thought of shifting jobs.

But then a number of misfortunes struck. Arvin suddenly found he had to support both his own and his wife's parents. There were large hospital bills to pay after his wife was involved in an automobile accident. His daughter needed money to go to college.

Arvin discovered that his once comfortable salary was no longer enough. Loyalty to his firm didn't mean as much as loyalty to his family. He began actively looking for a new job. One day at a meeting he happened to hear about a good job prospect. The old Arvin would have ignored it; the new Arvin had a letter of inquiry in the mail that night. Necessity had nudged his money aptitude. Arvin got the job at more than double his old salary.

- *You must learn to get along with all of the people who may be in a position to help you financially.*

If you have a good business idea or do an extra bit of work, make sure the men who count—the chain of command above you—know about it. And if you should have employees working under you, see to it through good will and proper leadership that nothing they do will hurt your money-making potential.

- *You must give top priority to money-making thoughts.*

Look around constantly for new ways to improve your income. A laborer named Joseph Vincente, who was troubled by sleepless nights, came to see me recently. My examination showed that he was a strong man, and I decided his insomnia must be caused by his money worries.

Knowing his hobby was gardening, I suggested that he solicit part-time gardening jobs after his regular work. Pretty soon, Vincente was able to develop a small business selling flowers, plants and shrubs to the people for whom he worked in his spare time. Now Joseph sleeps nights. His income is $1,600 more a year than it used to

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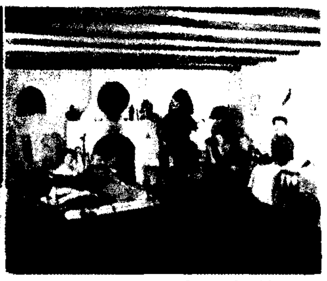

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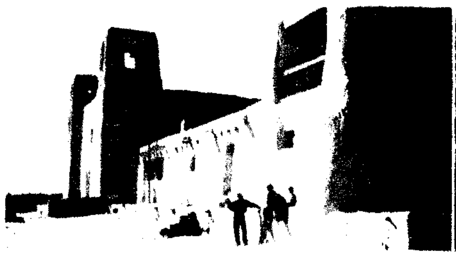

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be—money that he, himself, could have picked up years earlier if he had been alert to his opportunities.

- *You must look to the future.*

A man may show good money aptitude by working at a low-paying job provided it will lead within a definite time to a much better opportunity.

- *You must learn how to make proper demands on other people.*

Some individuals cannot stand up for their own rights. They may basically have good money aptitude, but when it comes time to capitalize on an idea they grow so fearful inwardly that they can't demand the proper financial reward. Along these lines, an employee who feels he is underpaid must be able to ask for a raise and show convincingly in his talk why he merits it.

- *You must be willing to take a calculated economic risk in order to put yourself in a position to earn a higher income.*

Eight years ago, Miss Evelyn Borden, a thirty-year-old office worker, consulted me about stomach distress. My examination, verified by X rays, indicated she had nervous spasm of the stomach. What was at the root of her disorder?

Since graduating from high school, Evelyn had been secretary to an insurance agent. After 12 years in a job that by then carried considerable responsibility, she was earning only $50 a week. An appeal to her boss brought her only five dollars a week more. She began to worry day and night about finances. Then the stomach trouble started.

Once she learned the source of her ailment, Evelyn was a changed woman. She ran an advertisement in the local newspapers: "Typing and secretarial services for hire." The ad cost money but brought her a few clients, and they, in turn, recommended her services to others.

Thinking matters over, she realized one day that there were many business and professional men in town who couldn't afford a full-time secretary and needed part-time help only occasionally. She canvassed prospective clients by telephone and secured many additional assignments. Although she still was not making as much money part time as she did in her regular job, she left her secure position with the insurance agent and gambled on her own business. Within a year, she had to hire two typists, lease office space and buy additional stenographic equipment to take care of her expanding clientele. Today, because she does have business ability and was willing to gamble, Evelyn earns about $20,000 a year—more than seven times her old salary.

- *You must have perseverance.*

Even if you devote your best efforts and complete attention to the job of money making, financial success may be slow in coming. Unforeseen factors may crop up which cause even the best-conceived and executed plans to fail. You might have to start all over again, trying to perfect new ways to reach your goal; it may even mean dropping one project and starting another which is more likely to succeed. You cannot be afraid of long, hard work.

- *You must continue to search for new economic challenges even if a venture prospers.*

Money aptitude can be lost through disuse just as skill in playing the piano disappears without long hours of practice. The man who is smugly satisfied with his business achievements often finds himself without a business. Witness the thousands of firms which went bankrupt in the years following World War II. Their owners couldn't adapt themselves to a changing market in which they had to go out and actively sell their products.

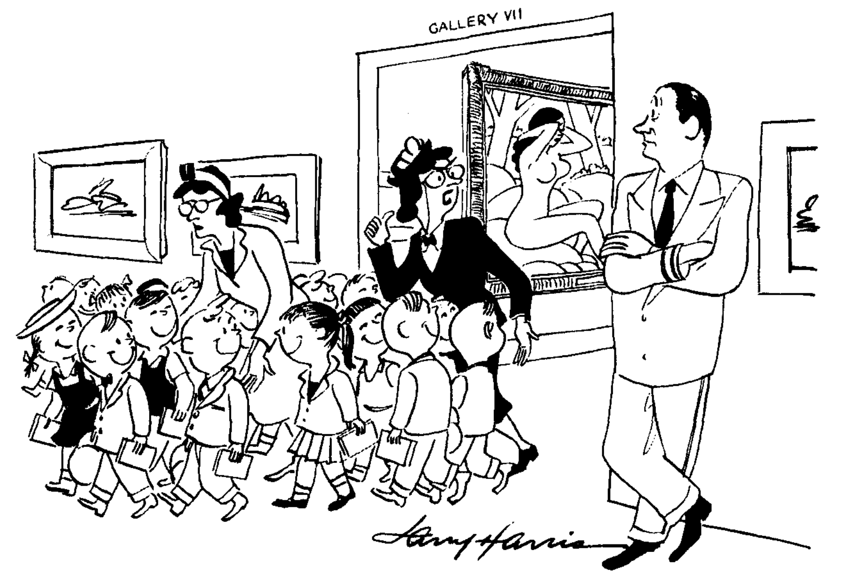
The World Needs Money Makers

There is nothing morally wrong with making as much money as you can by following these suggestions. The man or woman with good money aptitude is an important person in our culture. We will always need such people to open up new industries, create new jobs, increase productivity and further improve the American standard of living.

However, good money aptitude is not for everyone. Many individuals will find that observing a set of rules which demand almost unswerving concentration on making money goes against their grain. Others, who insist they want to earn more money, will find all sorts of reasons why the basic regulations are fine for everybody but themselves.

Not all of us can become millionaires. But nearly everyone can raise his income by actively seeking to improve his money-making ability. Have you neglected opportunities to earn more money in the past? Would you take advantage of such openings if they presented themselves in the future? Do you really want to do so?

On the answers depends *your* money aptitude. ▲▲▲



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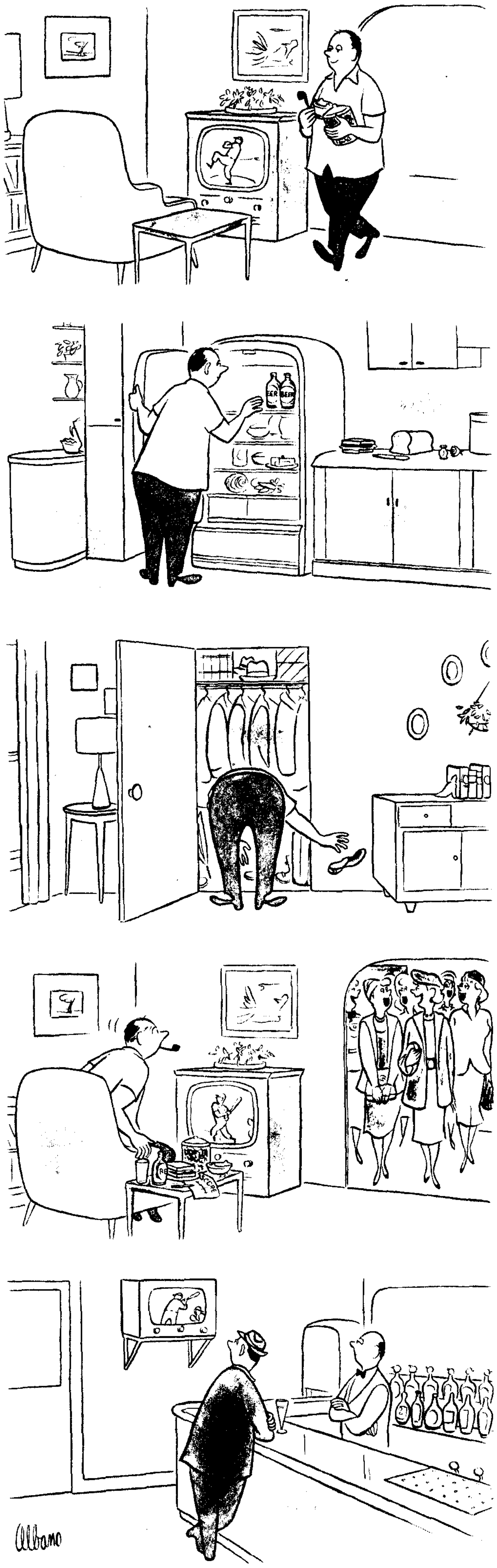

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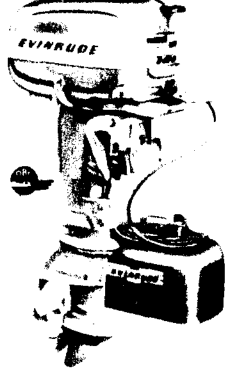

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THE FAMILY THAT WENT to Mars

By FREDERIC SINCLAIR

AFTER dinner, the night before it happened, Pete Farrell came out into the kitchen to dry dishes for his wife Vera. He wiped thoroughly, stacking each dish carefully in the cupboard, hanging each cup. He was doing the silverware when he asked, "Where'd Tink go?"

"Down in the cellar. Where else?"

Pete grinned. "Off to Mars again in his hopper?"

His wife bit her lip. "Pete, do you think Tink *is* a normal child?" she said.

Pete dropped a fork. "Normal!" he said. "Of course he's normal. What do you mean by that?"

Vera's hands were motionless in the dishpan. "He acts so strange sometimes. Like he's in another world."

Pete laughed. "Kids are like that. They go through stages. He's in the off-to-Mars stage now. Before long he'll be going with girls. Then you'll really have something to worry about!"

"But he hardly goes out any more," she said. "He comes home from school and disappears into that space room of his in the cellar. He dropped out of Cub Scouts months ago. Pete, I—I'm upset about him."

Pete said quietly, "What is it, Vera? What is it that bothers you?"

"I think this Mars business has gone too far. Pete, when he comes up out of the cellar with that queer look in his eyes I'd swear he had actually been to Mars! I don't think too much of that kind of make-believe is good for a child his age."

Pete grinned. "When did he go to Mars last?"

"For all I know he may be there now!"

Pete called out, "Tink! Oh, Tink!"

There was silence for a second or two. Then, in a muffled voice, the boy called back, "I'm down here!"

Pete said dryly, "He's earth-bound tonight."

"Last night, when you went out after dinner, I was sitting up here reading," Vera said. "Tink was in the cellar. I must have read for an hour or more before I realized how quiet he was. I called to him and he didn't answer. I got worried, Pete, so I went down. The door to the old coalbin where he's got all his space equipment was shut—locked from the inside. I was getting good and scared when he opened the door."

Pete frowned. "He shouldn't pull tricks like that," he said. "I'll talk to him."

Vera put the dishpan away and shut the cupboard doors. Then she turned back to face him. "Pete, he didn't look right!"

"How'd he look?"

She hung up her apron. "He looked—cold."

"Cold! Vera, the temperature last night was close to eighty!"

"That's what I mean," she said. "How could he get so cold—in our cellar?"

"Now wait a minute," he said. "Do you mean to say you actually think he's going to Mars in that contraption?"

"Of course not. But don't you see, Pete—I think he's become so immersed in this Mars business that it's affected him or his imagination or something. I just don't think it's good for him."

Pete looked thoughtful. "Maybe you're right. I suppose if a kid gets too deep into something his imagination can go wacky on him. You can never tell about kids." They stood in silence for a moment, considering. Then Pete said, "I'll go down and have a talk with him."

She put her hand on his arm. "Don't forget—he's just a boy. Don't get mad at him. And, Pete, don't laugh at him!"

"You forget," he said, "that I was a boy once myself."

TINK was sitting in Pete's old swivel desk chair. Pete knocked and then opened the door and stuck his head in. "Can I come in, Tink?" he said.

"Sure, Dad." The boy's expression was curious. It was also, Pete thought, a bit tense. Damn it, I'm getting as suspicious as Vera, he told himself.

"No trip to Mars tonight?" Pete asked. He saw the boy's mouth tighten and he cursed himself for being so inept.

"Not tonight," Tink said.

Pete sat down on a box. He looked curiously at the paper Tink was holding. It was covered with strange designs that seemed to have no beginning or end. "What's that, Tink?" he said.

The boy fumbled with the paper. "Just some stuff," he said evasively. "Doesn't mean anything."

"May I see it?"

Tink gave him the paper reluctantly and Pete studied it. It sure as hell doesn't mean anything, he thought. He handed the paper back and Tink took it eagerly.

Pete looked around. On a bench in the corner next to the door was a bulky object under one of his old Army blankets. From what little he could see of it, it looked like a Rube Goldberg gadget. Pete nodded at it and said, "What's that?"

"Just something I'm fooling around with."

"Come on, Tink!" Pete said. "Tell your old man what it is. Maybe we can sell it and make a million."

Tink grinned, shyly and hesitantly at first and then from ear to ear. I finally pressed the right button, Pete thought. I'm in.

"That's my hopper," Tink said.

"How about a look?"

"It's not finished." There was a certain slyness in Tink's eyes.

"You'll see it tomorrow night. So'll Mom. You'll really see it work!"

So far, so good, Pete thought, but where do we go from here? "You spend a lot of time down here, Tink," he said. "What keeps you so busy? Your hopper?"

"Yeah."

"Is that what you hop to Mars in every once in a while?" Pete asked casually.

The boy averted his eyes. "Yep," he said.

"Quite a trip, isn't it?"

Tink looked at him pityingly. "With a hopper? Why, it's got a space ship beat all hollow!"

"Kinda cold, though, isn't it?"

Tink's eyes widened. "How'd you know?" he said.

"Oh, I've been around," Pete said, for want of something better to say.

"You've never been to Mars," Tink said.

"Well, no," Pete admitted. "How is it up there?"

Tink's eyes were rapturous. "It's nice," he said. "It's all sun and green grass. The grownups know all about kids! There's no school up there. You learn stuff easy. A voice tells you."

"Telepathy, huh?"

"Yeah, I guess so. It's real nice, though." Tink looked challengingly at his father. "It'll be like that here someday."

Pete made himself look surprised. "How come?"

"They're going to come down here," Tink said. "It's gonna be swell down here. Just like up there."

Pete's voice was gentle now. "What do they look like, Tink?"

"They're sort of greenish," the boy said. "You don't ever see them very good—you just kind of feel them. They—get inside you. It's funny."

PETE leaned forward, trying not to let his concern for his son show in his voice. "Tell me, Tink, how'd you ever get to know about—them?"

"It was the first hopper I made," the boy said. "You gave me that old ten-inch TV set to fool around with when we got the new one. I hooked it up with my old radio and some car batteries and some other stuff I had. One night they talked to me. Not like a radio—in here." He tapped his head.

"What did they say?"

The boy wrinkled his forehead. "Something about how I'd found a hole in space," he said. "A warp, they called it. They said I could come up there anytime I wanted to but that they couldn't come down here. I didn't understand them much, but they said they'd show me how to do it."

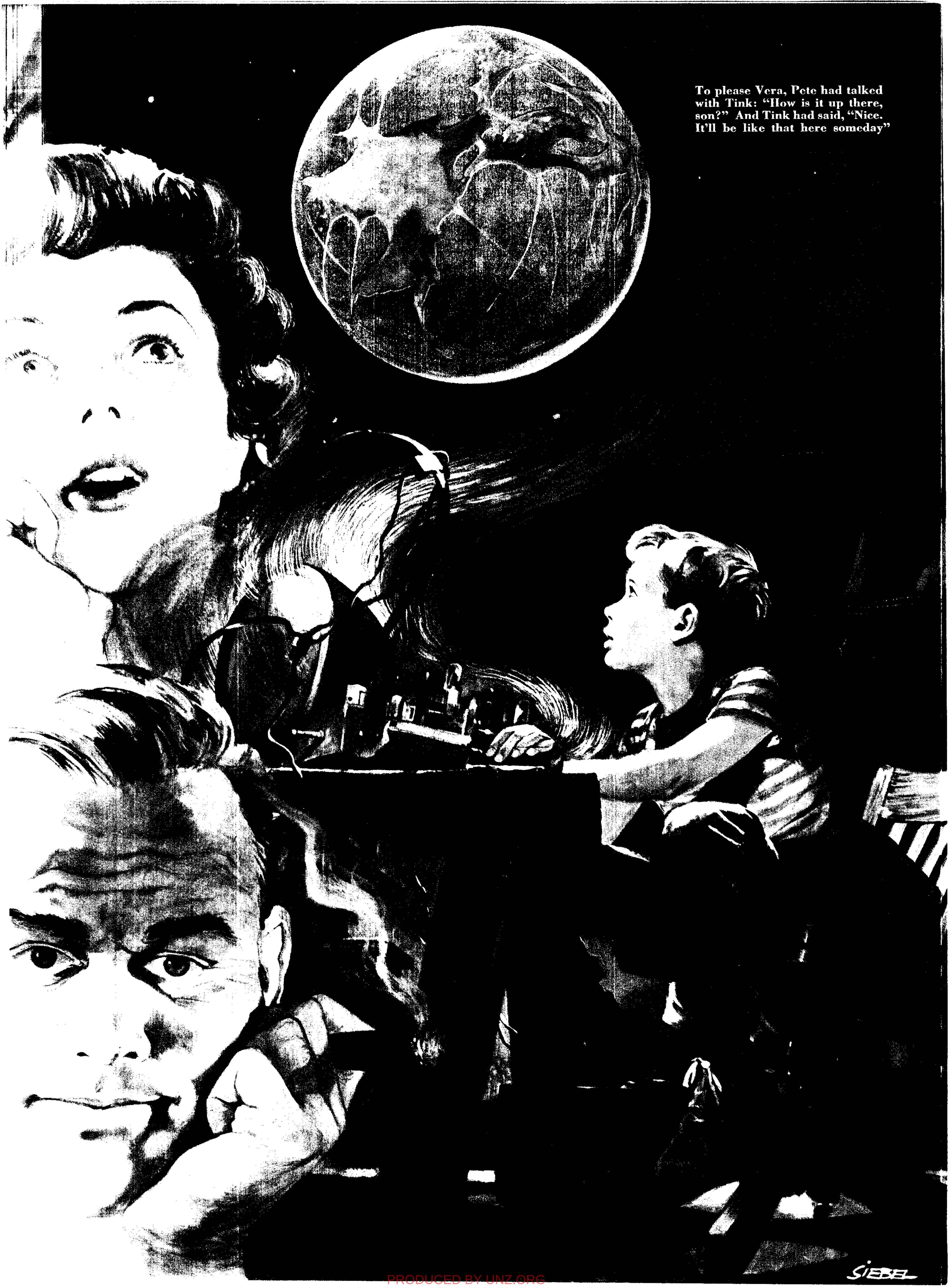
"And did they?"

"Sure. It was easy."

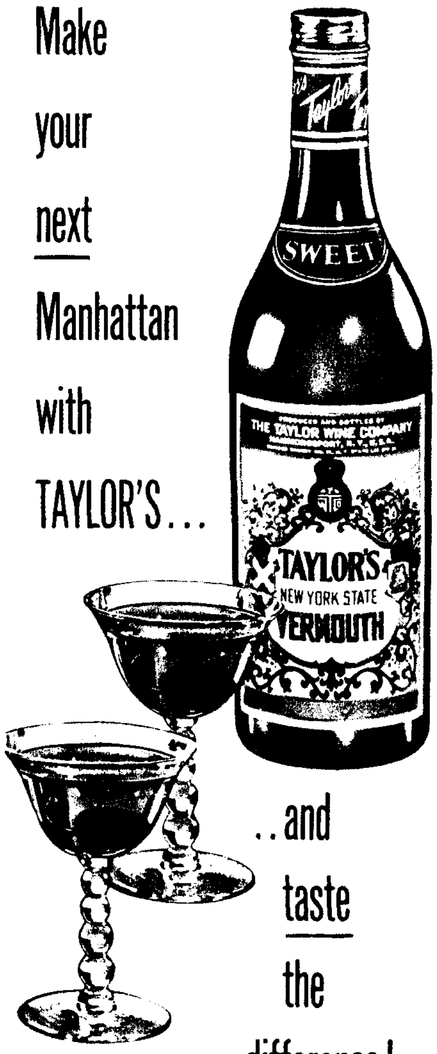
Heaven help me, Pete thought. The knuckles of

The people up there had a plan to change the earth—they'd told him so. He had to make his parents believe him

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL



To please Vera, Pete had talked with Tink: "How is it up there, son?" And Tink had said, "Nice. It'll be like that here someday"



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his fingers were white as he clasped his knees. Doggedly, he went on questioning the boy. "But you mentioned they were coming down here," he said. "How'll they manage that?"

Tink said, "They got it all figured out. They're smart. They were coming down here anyhow, in space ships—but it would have taken them an awful long time. The hopper makes it real simple."

"How simple, Tink?"

"All they need is for some people to be sent up there," Tink said. "Then they just get into their bodies and come back down through the hopper. Once they're here, just a couple of them, they can keep sending other people from here up there. It wouldn't take long. They'd probably build more hoppers."

"But, Tink—" It took Pete a while to phrase his thought because the details of his son's fantasy didn't seem to matter now; he felt only a sick hopelessness inside himself. Finally, he said, "How come one of them didn't enter *your* body when you were up there and come back down through you?"

"I don't know," Tink said gravely. "Anyhow, they want to get a whole family up there and then send them back down again."

Pete's palms were wet with sweat. "But how'll they manage that?" he demanded. "A whole family?"

The boy couldn't keep his eyes off the paper with the strange designs on it. "I don't know," he said. "But they will."

Pete got up. He put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "This was all very interesting, Tink," he said wearily. "But I think you better go to bed now. If you don't want to go to school tomorrow," he added casually, "you don't have to."

Tink's face lighted up. "I'll be able to work down here!"

Pete started to shake his head and then stopped. "Okay," he said. "You can work down here tomorrow. But don't lock the door."

"I won't," the boy promised.

They went upstairs together. Tink dashed on up to his bedroom. Pete went into the living room where Vera was watching a television program. She stared at his haggard face. "Pete!" she said and came across the room to him.

He brushed his hand across his eyes. "I told him he didn't have to go to school tomorrow," he said.

"Pete, whatever's the matter?"

"I think you're right," he said dully. "I think the boy's sick—in the head. Saturday, my day off, we'll take him to the doctor's. I'll make the appointment tomorrow."

ON FRIDAY Pete came home from work early. He was smiling. He followed Vera out into the kitchen sniffing at the dinner she was preparing.

"Honey," he said, "I brought home a bottle of whisky. If you've got some cherries I'll mix a Manhattan before dinner."

Humming happily, he went to the cupboard and got out glasses. Vera smiled. "I'd guess that you talked to the doctor today."

"Yep," he said. "He gave me the name of a good psychiatrist and I went to see him." He got ice cubes from the refrigerator and began to mix the drinks.

"Well?" Vera prompted.

"No problems," he said. "The doc wants to see Tink tomorrow."

"Oh, Pete!"

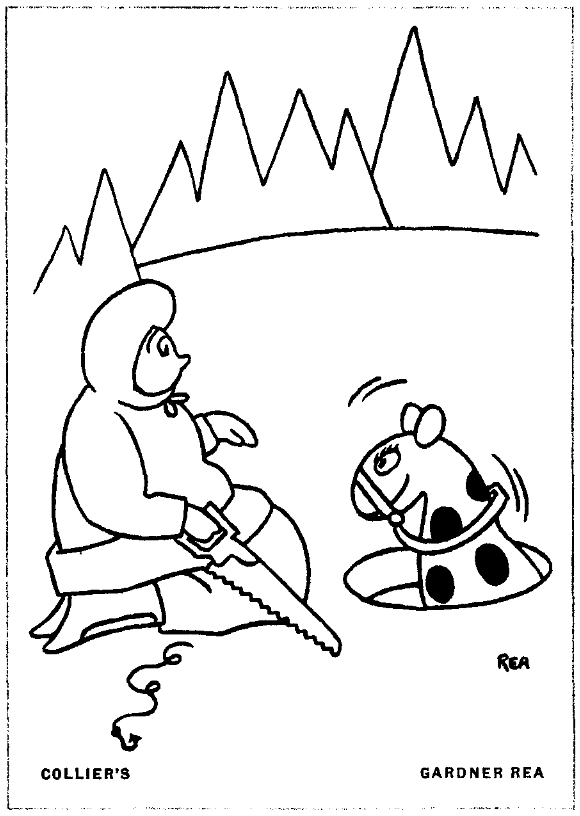
"He just wants to check on him, so he can give us some advice," Pete said, and winked at her. "For when we're away," he added.

She gazed at him. "Away?"

"Yes," he said. "We're going on a vacation. The doc explained that some boys of Tink's age are more imaginative and tense than others. They get so immersed in something, like hoppers and Mars, that they really believe it. He said it would help Tink to have a change of scenery. So," Pete concluded, "we're going on a vacation starting Monday. I've got it all arranged at the office."

She came over and kissed him. "Oh, Pete, I'm so relieved. I thought it might be serious . . ."

They took their cocktails into the living room and sat together on the sofa.



COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"The doc said that if we stayed here and tried to keep Tink from his hoppers and what not, it'd probably do more harm than good," Pete went on. "He said to hell with school for the rest of the year and take him off somewhere so he can fish and swim. I thought we might just take off in the car—maybe go to the Smokies. Do you think Tink would— Where is Tink, anyway?"

Vera sighed. "Where else but the cellar?" she said. "He's been there all day. Pete, you don't suppose it's possible that Tink wouldn't *want* to go on a vacation?"

"What normal kid wouldn't want to—" he began, and then he stopped abruptly. "Now, Vera, there's nothing wrong with Tink," he said. "Wait, you'll see."

He went into the kitchen and opened the door leading down to the cellar. "Tink!" he yelled. "Come on up. We've a surprise for you!"

He waited.

Vera came in and stood behind him at the stove, idly stirring something in a pan. They both listened. There wasn't a sound from the cellar.

Pete said wryly, "He must be off in space somewhere." He stomped on the floor. "Tink! Hey! Wake up down there. Soup's on!"

They waited.

"Tink!" Vera called, and her tone was anxious.

"Never mind," Pete said. "I'll go down and get him."

He went down the cellar stairs. The door to Tink's strange little room was open. Pete could see Tink's hopper. The old Army blanket had been removed. The hopper glinted dully in the gloom of the onetime coalbin.

"Tink!" Pete said, walking over to the door. "Tink, if you're down here answer me!"

ALL he could see in the room was Tink's hopper and a twisted mass of wires and tubes that looked somehow like the strange designs Tink had been drawing the night before. Pete felt suddenly afraid. Maybe the boy was inside the hopper, hurt.

He stepped through the doorway into the small room. There was a quick flash of bright light from the hopper. He felt excruciating pain and then he felt nothing.

Upstairs at the stove, Vera heard Pete go down the stairs and across the cellar. She heard him call. Then she heard no sounds at all.

"Pete!" she called out. She waited for a moment and then called again.

When no answer came she dropped her stirring spoon and ran to the top of the cellar stairs. "Pete!" she screamed. "Answer me!"

Her high heels clattered as she hurried down the stairs and across the stone floor of the cellar.

The door to Tink's strange little room was open. Vera could see Tink's hopper. The old Army blanket had been removed. The hopper glinted dully in the gloom.

"Pete! Tink!" She walked over to the door. "If you're in there answer me!"

All she could see in the room was Tink's hopper and a twisted mass of wires and tubes. She stepped inside. There was a quick flash of bright light from the hopper. She felt excruciating pain and then she felt nothing. . . .

Eleven minutes later, Vera came up to the kitchen from the cellar. She shivered a little, then picked up the spoon and began stirring again. Pete came in after her, rubbing his hands together to warm them, and sat down at the table. Tink arrived last and slid into his chair at the table. Vera began serving the food.

Pete said, "I'll call up the psychiatrist tomorrow and cancel the appointment."

Vera nodded. "We'll work on our relatives first," she said. "Later, I'll get into the bridge club and the women's organizations and sell the idea."

"Not too many at first," Pete said. "Later on, we can step it up. I'll have some of the men from the office out for poker—clients too."

"The kids'll be easy to bring around," Tink said. "Even the teachers will see the light, after a while."

Pete smiled at both of them. "It won't take long," he said. "We're here now. We'll need more hoppers. Tink can handle that."

A faint touch of green showed briefly in the boy's eyes. "Golly!" he said. "This is going to be fun!"

—FREDERIC SINCLAIR

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1,001 NEW LEMO

Sweet are the uses of this sour fruit. It improves your health, hardens steel, makes fish smell sweet, helps drill for oil, removes stains—and much more

By KEITH MONROE

SCIENTISTS are finding that the lemon is full of tricks. It can heal sores, harden steel, stop a nosebleed, put new pep in hungry soldiers, or keep dead fish from smelling. It can make a paper bag hold gasoline. Some experts believe it may help the human body resist X-ray damage (and perhaps A-bomb radiation). In your home, it gives agreeable results when you squeeze it into a glass of milk, onto an ink-stained shirt, or over a banana or avocado.

The fruit is so effective an energy builder that Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norkay carried lemon powder with them when they climbed Mount Everest, even though the only way they could prepare their hot, sweetened lemonade was to lug a small kerosene stove most of the way to the top. Tenzing was so pleased with the lemon powder that he left some at the summit as an offering to Buddha.

The lemon is believed to have originated in Burma and to have traveled from there to the Middle East. The Crusaders carried it to Europe and Columbus stopped off at the Canary Islands and picked up lemon seeds there which he later planted in the New World. Today California and Arizona grow more than half the world's lemons; the rest come from Italy and several tropical countries.

It was the citrus growers of Arizona and California who started the research which has led to many of the modern discoveries about the lemon's powers. In 1915, the growers of those two states, who had pooled their crops to be advertised and sold under one brand name, found that about 8 per cent of their lemons were below standard—blemished, bruised, frostbitten, too small or too large.

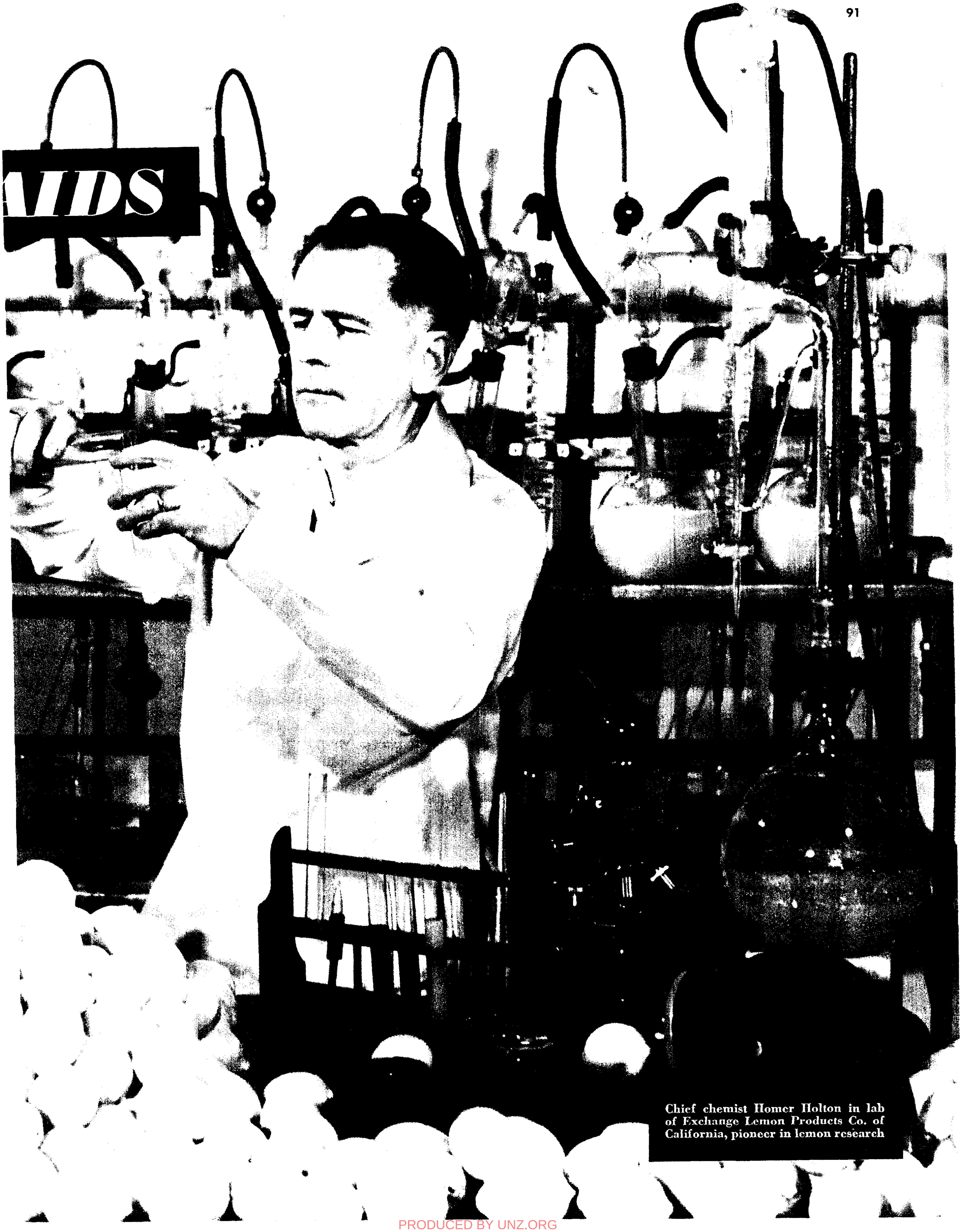
The farmers knew that the skin of a lemon contains an oil so potent that a few drops will flavor 50 gallons of water, and that rust, ink and mildew stains will disappear from cloth if rubbed with lemon. Perhaps, they reasoned, these clues might lead to new commercial uses of their fruit. The growers organized a co-operative, the Exchange Lemon Products Company, to process and sell their excess lemons wherever it could, and this little company set up laboratories at Corona and Ontario, California, in the heart of the citrus-growing area.

In 1921, its chemists worked out a cheap way of extracting citric acid from lemons. This white crystalline acid proved useful to beverage makers as a base for lemon drinks, to pharmaceutical companies as a laxative, and to bakers as an ingredient in lemon cakes and pies. By 1926, millions of pounds of citric acid were selling annually to the food and drug industries. The price was low, but at least it paid lemon growers a return on their rejected fruit.

Over the years, as lemon crops increased, scientists in California and elsewhere busied themselves finding more uses for the fruit. They made some fascinating discoveries. One was that a lemon product could serve as a substitute for human blood plasma.

Early in World War II, some wounded German soldiers were taken

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA



Chief chemist Homer Holton in lab of Exchange Lemon Products Co. of California, pioneer in lemon research

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prisoner in Belgium. A whitish, grainy powder was found in their emergency kits; the prisoners said they had been instructed to sprinkle it onto wounds to form a clot quickly. It was lemon pectin. (Pectin is the substance, present in most fruits but especially in lemons, which puts the jell in jelly.)

Interested in the German development, American doctors began experimenting with pectin and blood. By mid-1941 a group of them reported in the Annals of Surgery that pectin solutions could be injected into human veins under some circumstances as a sort of replacement for blood.

Success with Pectin Solutions

A number of successful experiments were tried with these pectin solutions, on both animals and humans; and some recoveries were attributed to it. Then human plasma became available as a blood substitute—and the lemon's brief day as a major medical standby was over, temporarily, anyhow.

But pectin is still employed by doctors in a number of other ways, and industry has found a variety of uses for it.

In fact, the chemists of Corona and Ontario have transmuted leftover lemons into an annual profit of about $7,000,000. The Exchange Lemon Products Company now occupies 182 acres, and can process 1,500 tons of lemons each day—as many as it used to handle in an entire year. Its staff of 20 scientists includes chemists, bacteriologists, entomologists and engineers. Besides its products research, the company subsidizes nutrition research in medical schools and laboratories.

Although 85 per cent of all lemons grown commercially in this country are sold through Sunkist, the brand name adopted by the allied Arizona and California growers, the other 15 per cent help support two other marketing co-operatives: the American Fruit Growers, with offices in Los Angeles, and the Mutual Orange Distributors, which maintains headquarters in Redlands. All three groups are prospering, partly because of a gamble taken by some small lemon shippers in Ventura, California, in the summer of 1949.

The Ventura Coastal Lemon Company decided to find out whether housewives would buy concentrated lemonade. They prepared a liquid which would make lemonade if mixed with ice water. A few grocery stores stocked it.

It turned into such a bonanza that other packers jumped into the business, and 40 brands of canned lemonade could be found in grocery refrigerators by 1952.

We may soon be drinking other new kinds of lemon beverage, too. You might not think that milk and lemon juice could blend into a desirable soft drink, yet at least three different mixtures are now being quaffed enthusiastically in various parts of the country. You can try all three in your own kitchen. By mixing fresh milk and lemon juice in equal parts, and adding sugar to taste, you'll get a drink with the texture of buttermilk and a lemon-cream flavor. If you prefer a noncurdled drink, use only 5 or 10 per cent lemon juice in the milk. Both these blends are now being sold commercially by a Western chain of fruit-juice bars, and are being delivered to doorsteps by a Denver dairy.

The third type of lemon-and-milk concoction is the most unusual. Hospital patients suffering from ailments which are treated by low-sodium or low-salt diets have long complained of the taste of the desalted milk powders which are the only milk they can drink. Although some hospitals learned years ago that low-sodium milk could be emulsified with a lemonade base to form a thick creamy drink—a sort of lemonade eggnog—which many patients liked, the discovery wasn't followed up.

The advent of vitamin pills and new injection techniques made it simpler to give patients the nutrition they needed without bothering to mix special milk emulsions for them.

In 1953, however, dairymen asked scientists to delve into the problem of making low-sodium milk more tasty, noting that more and more people are on special diets. Last June, Willard E. Baier of Sunkist reported that if you put a glass of lemon juice and a glass of low-sodium milk side by side, place a straw in each, and suck through both straws simultaneously, you'll find yourself drinking a pleasant tart beverage. The two liquids can't be mixed in a glass because they curdle too coarsely, but they mix well in your mouth and form light, fine curds in your stomach.

Besides its uses in beverages, lemon juice is now being sold by the hundreds of barrels to frozen-fish processors, who rinse fish in it to stop oxidation and strong smells. The lemon growers announced this development about 15 months ago in a special advertising campaign among fish packers, and soon the demand was outstripping the supply. The packers found that rinsing or spraying their fish in pasteurized, processed lemon juice, either before or after freezing, will keep the fish fresh and firm and good-smelling for considerably longer periods.

Among the lemon-juice components which help fish processors are certain substances called bioflavonoids. The same substances have been doing a job for housewives for many years: a few drops of lemon juice sprinkled on cut bananas, avocados and apples keep them from turning dark when exposed to air. In fact, it was that property which led to the discovery of vitamin C and the bioflavonoids.

How "Limey" Nickname Started

Dr. Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, a Hungarian scientist, had noticed the power of lemon juice to prevent fruit from blackening. He also remembered that the British navy, a century and a half ago, wiped out the terrible sickness of scurvy among its sailors by feeding them lemon juice or limes. (British seamen have been called limeys ever since.) Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi undertook a lengthy study of biological oxidation, and eventually isolated a substance called ascorbic acid—or vitamin C—which seemed to be the curative agent. (The month Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi published his findings, another scientist, Dr. C. Glenn King of the University of Pittsburgh, working independently, also announced that he had isolated vitamin C.)

But then the Hungarian scientist learned that pure vitamin C pills didn't seem to have the healing power of *impure* vitamin C, the kind found in lemons. He experimented further and found that other substances were mingled with vitamin C in lemons, especially in the peel.

These substances, now called bioflavonoids, showed certain surprising healing powers. Not only were they good for scurvy's pinpoint skin hemor-

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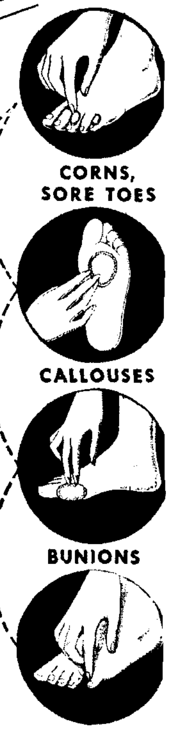

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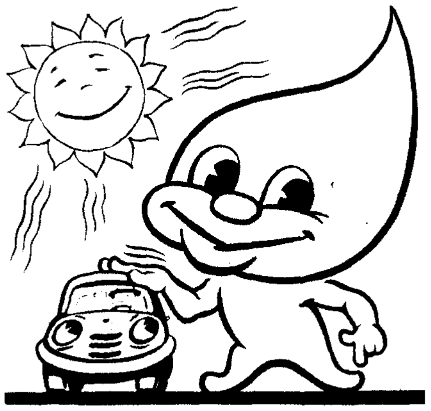

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hages and similar ailments, but they ssened the number of cerebral hemorhages among people who were being octored for that condition, and they eemed valuable for the treatment of xcessive bleeding in general.

Szent-Gyorgyi, who won the 1937 obel prize in medicine, visited the nited States in 1938, to lecture at anderbilt University and at California nstitute of Technology.

Lemon Peel vs. Miracle Drugs

In California, he renewed an old acuaintance with Anthony J. Lorenz, diector of nutrition research for Sunkist nd turned over to him technical data hich set Sunkist to testing infusions f lemon-peel and dried extracts. The esults were good. Today several conervative pharmaceutical manufacturrs are advertising lemon-peel products doctors and druggists, and the prodcts are listed in both the Druggist Blue ook and Red Book. Bioflavonoids are oming into use not only for the ailents Szent-Gyorgyi listed, but for vaious hemorrhagic complaints and for e skin disease psoriasis. The lemoneel substances aren't miracle drugs, ut they do help bring about worthhile cures without the dangers of the iracle drugs.

However, there are those who see mething which might be called miaculous about the power of lemon peel protect people from X-ray damage. lthough X rays often stop the growth f cancerous tissues in the human ody, the rays may, at the same time, ause fatal hemorrhages in healthy tise. Scientists at Florida Southern Colge in Lakeland gave lemon-peel edicine to rats with transplanted caners; and under radiation, the cancers opped growing, while healthy tissue as undamaged.

Would the same be true in humans? t Harlem Hospital in New York, docrs made cautious tests. They fed the ew compound to a woman whose tuor defied treatment because her skin acted violently to X ray. Then they ied the X ray on her again. She sufred no ill effects—and the tumor's owth was retarded.

They also tested the treatment on her patients in the tumor clinic, with riking results. Patients withstood eavier radiation than ever before—d the radiation broke down their tuors more successfully.

Other doctors tried it. "Results were markable," announced Dr. Martin S. bel, then of the Permanente Hospital Oakland, California. "There was no cessive skin reaction and the effects the tumors were excellent." Medical urnals reported favorable findings om 17 other hospitals, with no unfarable reports.

Now Sunkist is sponsoring research to the possible use of lemons as proction against all kinds of radiation. ioflavonoid-treated rats in the Lakend clinic have withstood killing blasts much the same kind of radiation that used lingering sickness among A-bombed Japanese in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Will lemon peel protect humans from the bleeding intestines, disintegrating blood corpuscles and other slow mutilations which threaten anyone in a radioactive city? No one is sure; there have been reports pro and con. But if current research should pay off, it is not inconceivable that scientists may someday be able to treat whole armies—or whole cities—with bioflavonoids to immunize them against A-bomb aftereffects.

World War II speeded up experiments on lemons. When a tin shortage threatened to leave us without containers for such vital fluids as gasoline, scientists came up with a spray made from lemon-pectate pulp which rendered paper impervious to grease. Just as they perfected it, tin came back. Lemon-sprayed paper bags are more costly than tin cans, so the process hasn't been put to commercial use, but it's on tap in case we ever lose our tin supply again. In the Ontario laboratories there are pasteboard containers which stay full of gasoline for months without softening or leaking.

Lemons also helped when our wartime supply of rubber ran short. One problem with synthetic rubber was that it stuck tight to the containers in which it was packed, but a special coating made from lemon peel eliminated this stickiness.

Still other new uses were found for lemons. Lemon by-products, added to a quenching bath, made steel harder. Oilmen often have trouble with water seepage when they are boring wells: the water causes the mud to cake up and the drills get stuck. Now the drillers put lemon pectate down the hole. It reacts with the calcium in the mud to seal off the water, and the drill slides through smoothly.

Wartime Uses in Many Countries

During the war, other countries used lemons to help balance the diets of their undernourished populations. The Russian army fed powdered lemon to its troops at the front. The British government gave citrus concentrates to submarine crews, expectant mothers and children under five. The International Red Cross distributed lemon powder to prison camps in Japan, Italy and Germany.

Pharmaceutical manufacturers put 300,000 pounds of lemon pectin a year into 45 different medical preparations. Some of these stop persistent nosebleeds; others fight diarrhea and dysentery in babies; others can be given orally to people known as "bleeders" who lose dangerous quantities of blood from a small cut.

There may still be other valuable secrets locked up inside the lowly fruit whose very name is slang for worthlessness and disappointment. Scientists still don't know exactly why the old-time household remedies of hot lemonade for colds and lemon-and-water for constipation have endured for so many years in so many families. The lab men are fascinated by the hundreds of unsolicited letters which have stacked up in their files during a quarter century—letters from people who say that sucking lemons or drinking lemon juice has cured them of arthritis, rheumatism and other ills.

All this lemon lore is still under study, and may someday lead to important new discoveries. The only certain fact about the lemon's future is that you'll be hearing more about this strange, sour little fruit. ▲▲▲

Cutups

Little boys
Are held in shape
Mostly with
Adhesive tape.

—NANCY ALEXANDER

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The Berringer Inheritance

By CAMERON HAWLEY

[illegible] Executive Suite

He was a scientist; his job was to protect human life. But did that mean he had to risk his *own* life—for the sake of this one small experiment?

"Dr. Carmine, I wish you—" Miss Benton stopped abruptly, then went on: "I just don't think you ought to do this to yourself. No human being has ever taken this drug before"

WARM with the May sun, the south wind drifted up the great valley of the Delaware, still carrying the tang of salt water under a thousand mingled odors spewed out by the river-flanking factories of Camden and Philadelphia.

Suddenly, there was the sharper odor of acetic acid. Alerted, Tony Carmine glanced out the window of his office in the McKendrick Research Center and looked at the new penicillin plant. Workmen were spilling through the back gate, fanning out over the parking lot. It was the four-o'clock shift change.

His hand found the buzzer button under the ledge of his desk and he touched it.

The door opened and Miss Benton stood facing him. She wore a white laboratory coat—as did everyone else in the Center—but she wore hers hanging open, revealing a lime-green dress, a disturbingly attractive contrast with her flame-colored hair. "Yes?" she asked.

His nostrils caught the elusive fragrance of her perfume, making him wish that it were possible to tell her that a research laboratory was an inappropriate place for the dissemination of the odors of essential oils—even a faint whiff might easily prove distracting to some research worker—but, as always with Miss Benton, he found himself defeated by his lack of experience in the making of personal suggestions to young women.

"Did you ring?" she asked.

"It's after four," he said. "Bring in that dose of MK-one-one-four-four."

There was an instant of hesitation, almost the suggestion of argument, and then the closing door fanned across the field of his vision. He caught a glimpse of the chaste gold lettering on the outside center panel: *DR. ANTHONY CARMINE, Director of Research.*

Even after twelve months he still found it difficult to believe that he, at thirty-four, a back-street kid from across the bridge in Camden, had actually succeeded Dr. Joseph Berringer as the directing head of the McKendrick Research Center, was in full charge of pharmaceutical research for McKendrick & Company.

Now, with an important new drug ready for release, he could look back over his first year's record with reasonable satisfaction. With due allowance for the fact that he had been catapulted from the research laboratory into the director's office with almost no training in the technique of top-level management, he hadn't done too badly. There had, of course, been a certain amount of stumbling around in the beginning, but he had been guilty of no serious error—except the hiring of Miss Benton as his secretary.

Miss Kaiser, who had been Dr. Berringer's secretary for almost thirty years, had reached sixty within two weeks after the old director's death, and the personnel department had insisted that she retire as scheduled.

Miss Benton's name had been the last one on the list of candidates Personnel had sent him to interview, and he had initially excused her selection on the grounds of desperation. At least, looking back, that was the only plausible explanation for his unprecedented lapse of clearheaded thinking.

It had happened in June, a bleak day of drizzling rain. He had been on the job just long enough to begin to appreciate what a lonely place the director's office really was. Suddenly, almost at closing time, she had appeared in his doorway, the swirl of her golden hair seeming a flame that promised a much needed renewal of courage.

The half hour that he had spent interviewing her had been a soaring escape from reality, and he had offered her the job before his feet had quite returned to earth.

He had known before the end of Miss Benton's first half day in his office that he had made a serious mistake. Toward noon he had given her a little dictation and she had gone into a state of minor shock over a simple memorandum about the possible biosynthesis of the beta-lactam and thiazoline rings of penicillin by fusion of dimethyl cysteine and an amino-acid residue.

He had hoped that her vocabulary might expand, but common sense made it only too evident that she wouldn't be around long. It was not that she was so beautiful—at least not in the ordinary meaning of the word—but she had that indefinable something men looked for when they set out to find a wife. That, he had thought then, might save him. She would marry, resign, and then he could replace her and erase his error.

BUT, disturbingly, after eleven months she was still here, opening the door now and walking toward his desk, her left hand cupped, her right hand holding a glass of water.

He extended his right hand, palm upward.

There was no response. She was waiting, silent and motionless. He looked up, questioning the delay, and she finally dropped the tissue-wrapped capsule into his palm.

"Dr. Carmine, I wish you—"

Her voice had cut off, and he asked, "What's the matter, Miss Benton?"

A faint blush came to her cheeks. "I don't think you should experiment on yourself."

"This is not an experiment." He indicated the thick file folder at his elbow. "The experimental work has been completed. We're ready now to release this drug for clinical use."

"But no human being has ever taken it before," she said.

He saw that the trembling of his hand had shucked the tissue wrapping from the capsule. "No, I shall be the first."

"I don't see why," she whispered.

He hesitated, reluctant to submit to an explanation yet unaccountably forced on. "As director of

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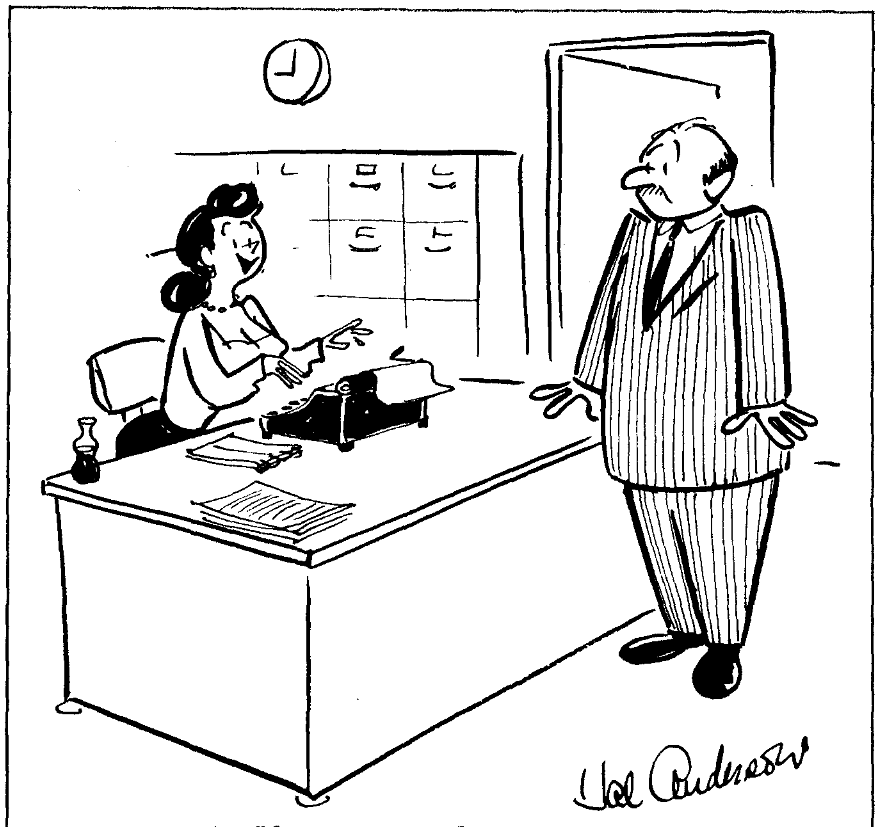

"Oh, I knew you wouldn't want your signature on such a messy-looking letter, and so I signed it for you"

COLLIER'S HAL ANDERSON

research I am the one who must vouch for the fact that this compound can be administered without harmful effect. Do you think I would be morally justified in doing that if I were afraid to take it myself?"

She avoided his eyes. "I suppose," she said, "it's what Dr. Berringer would have done."

"Of course," he said. "It's what the director of any pharmaceutical research laboratory would do."

She nodded. "Is there anything else you want?"

He shook his head. "Just see that I'm not disturbed for the rest of the afternoon. If Dr. Weinstock's prediction proves accurate, I'll be a little woozy for the next hour or so—in no condition to make decisions. Keep everyone out and cut off the telephone."

"Even if the President's Office should call?" she asked.

He felt a flinch of caution. This might be just the day when he would be called downtown for a conference on the Research Center's operating budget. "There's no danger of that now," he said hopefully. "Not after four o'clock on Friday afternoon."

SHE stood with her eyes focused on the capsule in his hand, waiting as if for some last word of assurance. To his surprise, Tony heard himself saying, "There's nothing to worry about, Miss Benton. This drug is perfectly safe. That was the whole objective of the project—the development of a sedative with a very low toxicity factor for use in psychiatric practice. Dr. Weinstock's report assures me that the only effect will be an hour or so of pleasant relaxation." He forced a smile. "I'm sure that will do me no harm."

"Maybe not," she said, her attempt to match his smile only partially successful.

"There'll be no need for you to stay after five, Miss Benton. I won't want anything else."

She glanced back in the instant of the door's closing, and his mind retained an after-image of her face, an odd look of mute alarm strangely mismatched with the memory of her voice saying: I suppose it's what Dr. Berringer would have done.

He fingered the capsule. He thought, of course this was what Dr. Berringer would do . . . what he had done so many times . . . that Saturday morning when he had taken the first dose of MK647.

THAT memory was easy to resurrect because it was always close to the surface of his mind. MK647 had been Tony Carmine's big break, the discovery that had lifted him out of the ranks of the young biochemists in the Research Center and started him up the ladder to the director's office. Consequently, there was no detail of the whole project that he could not recall—and, most easily of all, that climactic moment when he had gone to Dr. Berringer's office and offered to take the first dose himself.

The old director had brushed the offer aside. "No, my boy, this is something I must do myself . . . the inescapable moral discipline . . . the testing of the strength of my faith in the men for whom I must vouch. If my faith in you were not strong enough to make me willing to take this first dose myself, then it would be morally wrong for me to release this compound as a drug that can be safely used in the practice of medicine."

And then, as if it were the performance of some priestly rite of total faith, the great gray-maned head had tilted back and, resolute and unhesitant, his hand had lifted the capsule to his mouth.

Now Tony Carmine's brain signaled for the same response. Nothing happened. His arm felt wooden and lifeless. *What was the matter?*

A moment ago he had been prepared to take the drug without qualm, exactly as Dr. Berringer would have done. Now, shaken, he could only stare at the capsule.

He clutched at the excuse of inexperience. This was the first time he'd had to do it himself, the first major pharmaceutical to be released since he had taken over the direction of the

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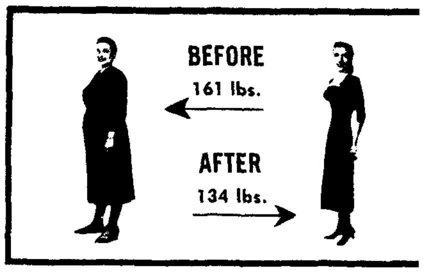
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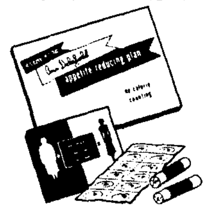

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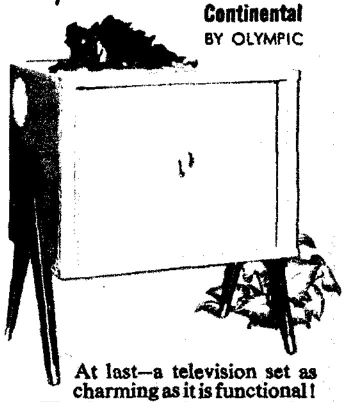

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Research Center. It had been different with Dr. Berringer; he'd done it dozens of times. Yes, that was the only reason he himself was afraid to . . . *Afraid?*

No, this wasn't fear. How could it be? Cullman's toxicology report had been negative right across the board, and Weinstock had double-checked him all down the line. Didn't he have faith in Cullman and Weinstock, the same faith in them that Dr. Berringer had shown in him? *Of course he did! He wasn't afraid.*

HE HELD the capsule, rocking it slowly, watching the sifting flow of white crystalline powder inside. It was an organic compound visually indistinguishable from a thousand others, some so lethal that the touch of a single grain to the tip of his tongue would stop the beating of his heart and . . . *What if someone had made a mistake?*

An icy shudder flickered up to his brain. The smallest of errors could mean the difference between life and death . . . just the chlorine hooked into the molecule at the wrong point . . . *No, that was impossible!* MK1144 had been tested and retested, checked and rechecked. *But he'd made none of those tests himself.*

He was trusting someone else all the way along the line: Weinstock . . . Cullman . . . Hardy and Johnston who had done the synthesis . . . Abrams and his assistants who had followed through with the organic analysis . . . someone in Pharmacy who had done the compounding . . .

Tony looked around the room, searching for the feeling that he'd had on that Saturday afternoon when this office had seemed the sanctuary at the heart of a great cathedral, with Dr. Berringer reciting the litany of belief "—my faith in the men for whom I must vouch."

Slowly dissolving, that image faded into the recollection of linked memories—the morning when he had crossed the Camden bridge to come to the Research Center for the first time, leaving behind the squalor of a childhood spent in his foster parents' slum-shack home, entering the polished bronze doors of the Research Center, savoring the immaculate cleanliness, the considerate silence, the imperturbable order, everything blending into the miraculous materialization of his most cherished fantasy.

But above all else there had been Dr. Joseph Berringer. In the first moment of that first meeting, Tony Carmine had seen Dr. Berringer as a man above and apart from other men. Even his great reputation had proved an inadequate measure of the man himself. It was only when he had met him face to face that Tony had felt his surpassing strength of character and his tough-fibered dedication to a way of life. Subconsciously but wholeheartedly, Tony Carmine had accepted the status of a disciple, ready to follow Dr. Berringer's fearless footsteps.

Suddenly, Tony Carmine's hand whipped up. The capsule of MK1144 was in his mouth. The gulp of water brought on a momentarily uncontrollable fit of coughing.

Instantly, the door flew open. Miss Benton said, "Dr. Carmine, are you all right?"

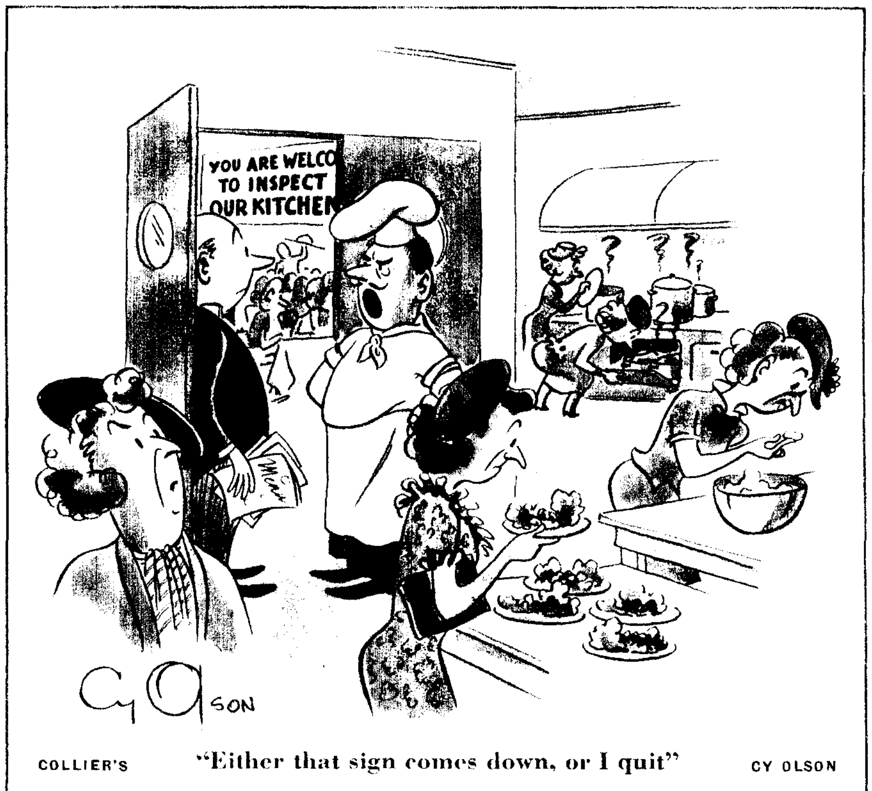
Still coughing, he managed a nod, but before he could clear his throat to speak, she had said, "I'm sorry," and the door had closed again.

He was so startled by Miss Benton's appearance, an unmeasured moment slipped by before he remembered to check his watch. Grimacing, he estimated a lapse of fifteen seconds and made the first entry on the blank page of his ever-present notebook: *4:09:15 P.M.—0.5 gr. of MK1144 orally.*

HURRIEDLY, he reached for the report file, shuffling papers until he found Weinstock's forecast of the drug's effect, rereading the significant paragraph of summary: *When administered orally, an 0.5 gr. dose of MK1144 should noticeably relax nervous tension within ten minutes, although a somewhat slower reaction may be anticipated in a highly neurotic patient.*

Well, that gave him ten minutes, he thought; might as well use it to go over the budget revision again—still $20,000 short of the savings that the comptroller had asked him to make.

He spread the yellow work sheets over his desk but found it difficult to concentrate—too big a job to get started on anyway . . . only ten minutes . . . nine now . . . and he'd have to be on his toes the last minute or two . . . probably be difficult to observe the re-



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laxation of nervous tension where there was so little tension to relax. Or was he a little tense this afternoon?

No, not now . . . only for a minute or two back there . . . falling into his old error of letting his memories get the upper hand . . . kid stuff . . . hero worship . . . the way he'd felt about Doc Berringer until he'd finally got wise to the fact that he didn't rate as high down at the main office as the lab gang had always imagined he did.

IT HAD been George Calhoun, director of sales, who had finally set him straight, riding out from downtown that afternoon after Tony had attended his first meeting of the executive committee as the new director of research. "Tony, I know how you feel about old Doc—natural, I guess, you being one of his boys—and I'd be the first to admit that the old guy was probably a great scientist. But you've got to realize, Tony, that when it came to managing the Research Center, he was strictly a pain in the sacroiliac. As far as Dr. Berringer was concerned, the world ended right there at the Research Center's gate. The rest of the company just didn't matter. No more sense of business than a newborn babe.

"He'd spend five years and a small fortune researching some offbeat project and all we'd get out of it would be some little item that wouldn't sell enough in ten years to pay for the cost of printing the labels. Tony, we've got to have products that are going to *sell*—and in real *volume*. And we've got to get 'em *first*, not after our competitors have beaten us to the cream jug. That's what we're counting on you to give us out there, Tony—breadth, business point of view, a real *sales-minded* research program."

The revelation that Dr. Joseph Berringer had been held in such low regard had been a shock doubled in intensity by Tony Carmine's realization that he himself was vulnerable to precisely the same criticism. He, too, had been living only in the small world of the Research Center, no more than vaguely aware of the other planets in the company's solar system—the strange outer-space worlds of sales, advertising, merchandising, market analysis, packaging, finance—never-never lands peopled with odd creatures like George Calhoun who exhibited a fantastic preoccupation with such oddly diverse and uninteresting subjects as percentage of profit to net capital employed, ratios of sales by territories to the buying-power index, personnel evaluation against the Tilling-Jones scale, golf scores at Pine Valley, precocious children, and wives who demanded a telephoned explanation every time a commuting train was missed.

But, no matter how strangely incomprehensible they were, those men were *management*—the "President's Office"—the inner circle that really ran the company while Ian McKendrick, the fourth-generation family president, sat by in dignified acquiescence, usually as silent as the portraits of his ancestors on the walls of the directors' room.

George Calhoun had made it plain enough that what the President's Office wanted was "less Berringer and more action," and Tony had done his best to give them what they wanted, starting with the man-driving development of MK1144—the new drug that should, in two or three minutes now, begin to dull the responses of his nervous system.

The MK1144 project had been launched at Tony's second executive committee meeting—when Dr. Alex Trombley, the medical director, had produced an outline of the characteristics that a group of West Coast psychiatrists had suggested as being desirable attributes of a new drug to be used in narcoanalysis. George Calhoun had whooped it up for the idea, pointing out that psychiatry was the fastest-growing branch of the medical profession and that a drug to tap that market would have a tremendous sales potential. Tony, asked whether he thought the Research Center could develop such a drug before some competitor pre-empted the field, had seen no alternative except to reply that he'd turn heaven and earth to win the race, an answer that had prompted George Calhoun to shout, "That's my boy! Now we're really getting somewhere!"

Back at the Research Center, Tony had hurriedly reshuffled priorities, giving the new project a top-ranking AA1. He had shelved a half-dozen other long-range development programs in order to clear the best men available for the big drive to develop and test the new psychiatric sedative. Fortunately, there had been a lucky break right at the beginning. A file search had turned up a compound, synthesized years before, that had shown marked sedative properties; but, like so many of the other compounds that had been developed under Dr. Berringer's management, it had simply been stored away and forgotten. With that start, the MK1144 project had been driven through to a successful conclusion in record-breaking time.

Now, only ten months afterward, the refined drug was ready for clinical testing, and the vastly complicated machinery of marketing was standing by, all set to roll. Tonight, the westbound mail plane would carry the first lots of MK1144 to the big-name psychiatrists whom the medical director had lined up to handle the clinical tests. Frank Wellman, from Professional Relations, would fly out next week to help co-ordinate the results and push through the writing of the all-important "paper." Tom Buckley was already at work pulling the strings that would ensure fast publication in the Journal. Advertising had got approval on a name to replace "MK1144." Labels and cartons were designed and ready for the printers. George Calhoun's office looked like the staff room of an army, the walls covered with maps outlining the strategy of the big drive to detail every practicing psychiatrist in the country within eleven working days. And the production department was standing by to make good on its promise that it could stock the nation's drugstores within thirty days after the final go-ahead was given.

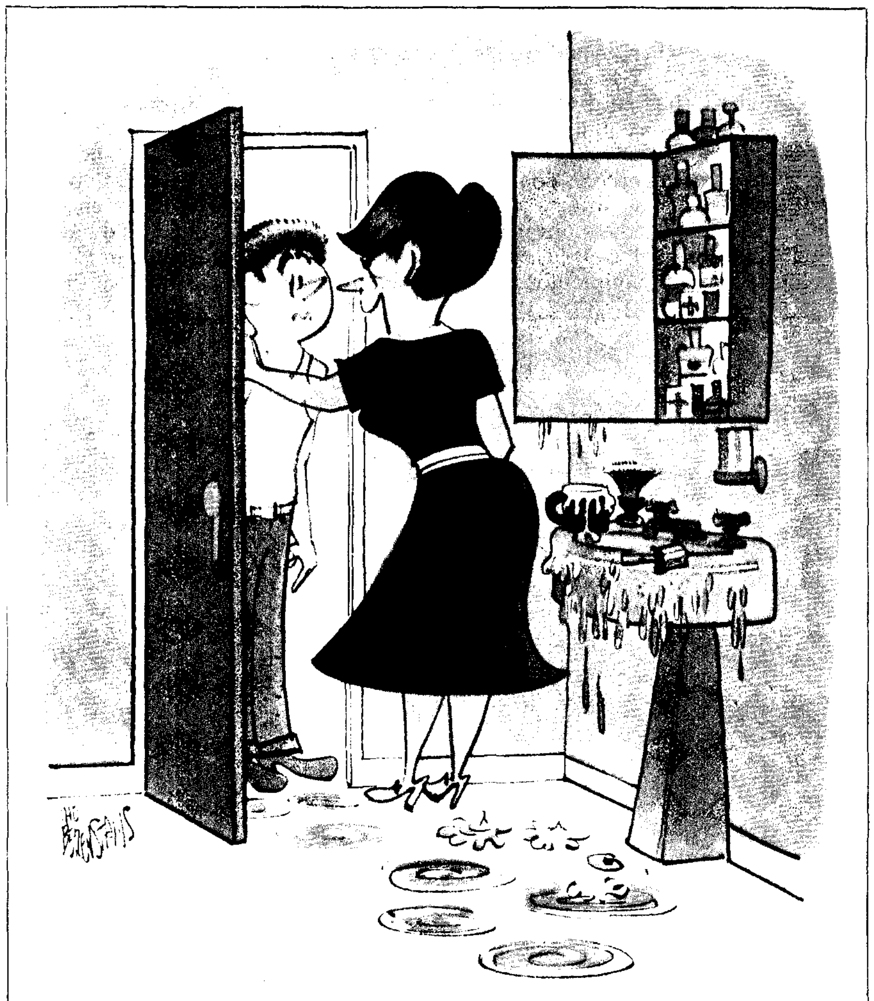
All that was needed now was the signature of Dr. Anthony Carmine on the canary-colored release form that Miss Benton had filled out for him earlier in the day. He pulled it toward him now. Actually, he thought, there was no point in waiting to sign it. This taking of the first dose was only a formality, an old Berringer ritual—meaningless—a waste of time.

TONY looked at his watch. The minute hand had traveled with astounding speed—almost nine minutes had elapsed since he had taken the capsule. He ought to be feeling at least the start of a reaction.

What if nothing happened? Suppose there was no reaction? . . . *MK1144 a failure! His first major project as director of research turned into a flop!*

His hand found a mist of perspiration on his forehead. Getting warm—open the window—

But he found the window already open. He caught a glimpse of his face



COLLIER'S

"Sonny boy, now that you're shaving in earnest, you and I ought to have a little talk"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

reflected in the glass of the top sash and leaned forward to examine the pupils of his eyes. There was no dilation.

His pulse was normal. Respiration was normal too. Of course, this was what Weinstock had predicted: no observable physiological reaction other than the lessening of general nervous tension.

But he wasn't even feeling that . . . nothing. Reaching for his notebook, he made the second entry, writing on the ledge of the window sill. *4:20:45* P.M. *No reaction.*

Looking down, he saw that azaleas bordering the quadrangle of lawn had burst into bloom . . . strange that it should have happened so quickly . . . no flowers when he came to work this morning. Probably because of the sudden change in the weather . . . beautiful day . . . the first really nice day all spring.

The sky was a deep cobalt blue, and white clouds floated lazily away from the smoky veil that hung over the distant city. Downstream, all but lost in the haze, he could see the bridge to Camden. Yes, that had been a day like this, that day when he'd come across the bridge to meet Dr. Berringer for the first time.

A buzzing sound invaded his consciousness. Could this be the start of the MK1144 reaction—the typical tinnitus manifestation of many of the sedative drugs?

He slumped, grinning sheepishly, aware now that the sound was coming from a power mower on the lawn. He inhaled deeply, anticipating the pleasant odor of newly cut grass. Instead, startlingly, his nostrils caught a flowery scent. Azaleas? No, azaleas were odorless. Could MK1144 be causing some sort of an olfactory hallucination? Perhaps he should make a note.

There was a faint sound behind him and he turned to see Miss Benton watching him from the doorway. "He's here!" she said. "That's his car."

"Car? Whose car?"

"Mr. McKendrick's. I just happened to look out and I saw it."

HE GLANCED out and down. Yes, there it was, the presidential limousine as miraculously materialized as the blooms on the azaleas. The chauffeur was already out of the car, lighting a cigarette as he lounged against the front fender. Mr. McKendrick must be in the building now, Tony thought, coming up in the elevator.

Tony Carmine braced himself to resist the clutch of terror that had always choked his throat whenever he faced the prospect of meeting the president of McKendrick & Company. But now, astoundingly, his mind remained clear.

"What are you going to do?" Miss Benton asked.

"Do?"

"You can't talk to him now."

He blinked at her. Where had she got the idea that there'd be anything difficult about talking to Mr. McKendrick?

"You're all full of dope."

"Dope?" he asked, finding it impossible to suppress an amused grin at her layman's vocabulary.

"Well, whatever it is—that stuff you've taken. You said yourself that you'd be woozy for the next hour or so."

"Woozy?"

She was looking at him like a little girl attempting to decide whether or not she was being teased.

"Honestly, Mary, I—"

An expression of triumph flashed to her face. "That proves it!"

"Proves what?"

"You called me Mary!"

Mary? Wasn't that her name? Of course—what was so strange about—

Her hand was shaking his arm as if she were attempting to awaken him. "You *are* woozy. You'd never have done that if you were normal."

"Normal? I've never felt so normal in my life."

She stared at him. "Are you sure?"

"Of course . . ." But his voice trailed off; perhaps all of this wasn't quite as normal as he'd thought: the way she was looking up at him, the way her lips parted as if she were waiting for him to . . .

No, this *was* normal, what he had wanted to do for so long.

He was saved from the consequences of normality by the sound of footsteps approaching the open door. Both Mary and he turned.

MR. McKENDRICK stood in the doorway. His eyes followed Mary as she slipped past him, giving Tony a badly needed moment to adjust to the rather astounding way that Mr. McKendrick had changed since the last time he had seen him. George Calhoun had said a few weeks ago that the old man was beginning to show signs of mellowing, but Tony had never imagined that the change would be so easily observable. The president seemed at least a half head shorter, and his gaunt, patrician face was now a warm and waxy pink.

"A new secretary?" the president asked.

"No, I've had her for almost a year now," Tony heard himself say, so strangely relaxed that he could hardly believe he was hearing his own voice. Maybe Mary was right; perhaps he was a little woozy.

Mr. McKendrick murmured a wordless sound, obviously approving.

"Well, this is an unexpected pleasure," Tony's uncontrollable voice bubbled on, picking up from somewhere a heartiness that made him sound vaguely like George Calhoun greeting a big wholesale druggist. "Been wondering how long it was going to take me to get you to pay us a visit."

An expression of surprise settled on the president's face. "I know, Tony. Should have got over here before. Hope this isn't inconvenient, my dropping in on you now like this?"

"Not at all."

"Good," the president said with an out-of-character sigh of relief, taking out his little black notebook as he sat down. "Won't hold you up long, Tony. On my way to the airport. Flying down to White Sulphur, you know. Industry meeting. Wanted to clear this before I left."

Watching the president's fumbling search of his notebook, Tony felt a peculiar loss of orientation—it was he rather than Mr. McKendrick who was in command of the situation.

"Oh, yes," the president whispered to himself. He snapped the notebook shut and pocketed it quickly. "Tony, I've been a little concerned about you lately."

"Concerned about me? Why?"

"Well," the president began, "I couldn't help noticing you at the last executive committee meeting. Seemed to me that—well, somehow I got the impression that you were getting a little jumpy."

"Jumpy?"

"Something a man has to watch, you

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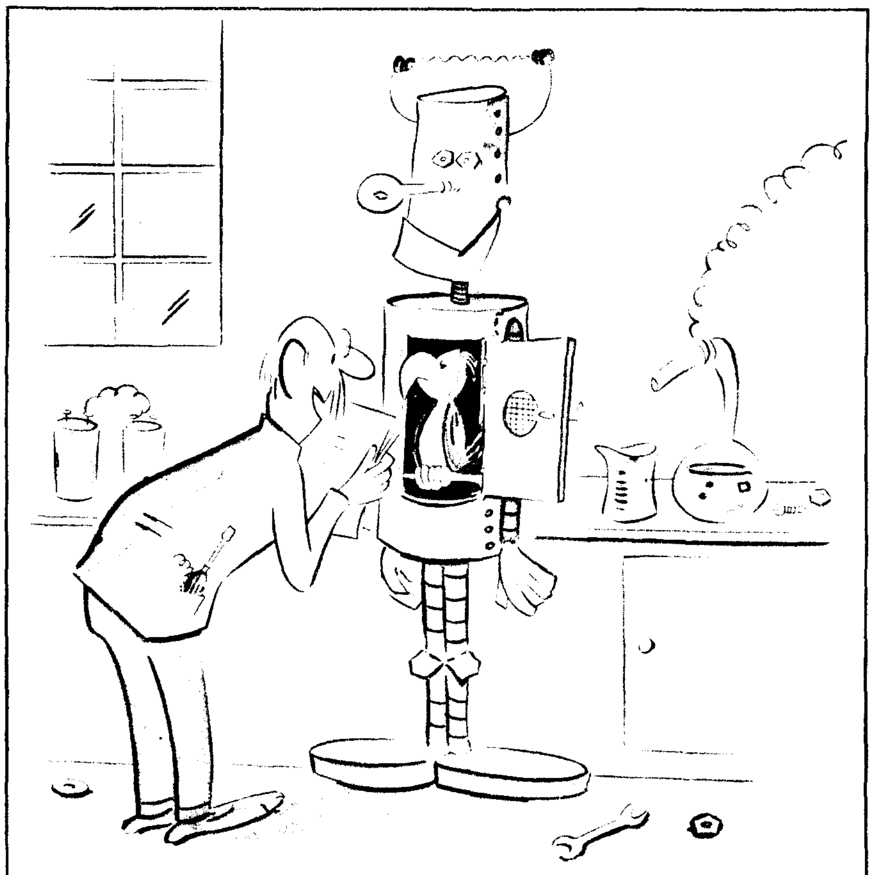

"Now repeat after me: 'Fellow scientists, we are gathered here today . . .' "

COLLIER'S JOHN GALLAGHER

know—nerves. Lot of pressure in this job of yours. Just want to be sure you aren't letting it get you down. Probably should have had a word with you about it before. How are you feeling, Tony?"

"Feeling?" Tony repeated. "Never felt better in my life."

"Sleeping all right?"

"Of course."

The president squinted uncertainly. "Well, I may have got the wrong impression. Possible, of course. I'll have to agree that—well, to be honest about it, Tony, I must admit that you do seem relaxed enough now. Maybe I did get the wrong slant."

Tony let a tight-lipped smile suffice, accepting the advice of his subconscious mind that a spoken reply would be an unnecessary gamble.

THE president still seemed unable to banish the last of his uncertainty. "It may have been Calhoun who threw me off. Came in after the meeting and told me what a sales-minded director of research you were turning out to be. Yes, perhaps that's where I got the idea —George calling you sales-minded. Made me suspicious. Thought maybe he'd been giving you some trouble."

"Trouble with Mr. Calhoun? No, nothing like that. No trouble at all."

Mr. McKendrick's expression created the suspicion that he was debating whether or not to go on. "Forgive me, Tony. Getting to be an old man, you know. When something happens that isn't in the pattern, I start imagining that there's something wrong about it. Just caught me off guard, that's all—the director of *sales* tossing a bouquet at the director of research. Never had anything like that happen in the old days, of course. Calhoun and Berringer were always at each other's throats."

"I know."

"Really put on some battles, those two," Mr. McKendrick said with a reminiscent chuckle. "George would always start out by calling Berringer a long-haired scientist with no more sense of business than a newborn babe—and Berringer would crack back by accusing George of being a dollar-grabber with a pocketbook where his heart ought to be."

The president's voice burbled in Tony Carmine's ears, like the draining away of a narcotic hallucination. He thought: The MK1144 ought to be wearing off by now; I'll be able to think clearly again—but this still wasn't making any sense; Mr. McKendrick couldn't possibly be saying . . .

"—and I always let them battle it out. Bad management, I suppose—not the way the books say a corporation should function—but somehow it always seemed to work out. Sort of a check-and-balance system, you might call it—Calhoun always fighting for a product that we could sell right then and there, but Berringer such a good scrapper that he never let George side-track him. He was a great man, Tony."

"I know that, sir."

"Stubborn, un-co-operative, impractical, a starry-eyed dreamer—everything that they say a good corporation executive shouldn't be, but I never look at an operating report without realizing how much we owe him. Half of our best products today came out of research projects that I tried my best to force him into dropping. I've often wished"—there was a catch in his throat—"that there was some way I could apologize to him for causing him all the trouble I did."

"I don't think he ever felt that way, sir," Tony said.

The president nodded. "No, I don't suppose he did. No one ever really bothered him. He never let anyone stop *him* from living his own life." He paused reflectively. "Not a bad epitaph for a man, is it?"

"No, it isn't."

"It takes a big man to deserve it."

"I know."

And now he *did* know, not as some new-found truth but as the recognition of something long known but deeply buried—a slum kid from across the bridge hungry for the kind of friends he'd never had. That was why he had

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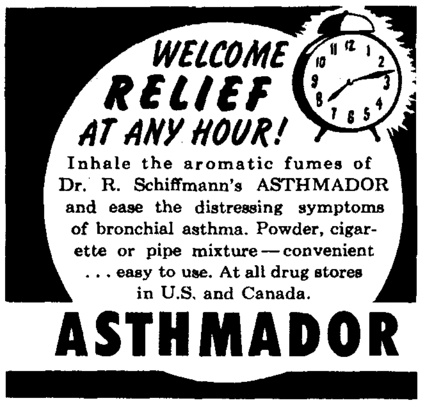
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ried so hard to please Calhoun, upsetting the whole long-range program of he Research Center just to push hrough one project, shelving a half-dozen others that might turn out in the end to be far more important. He'd been weak and small-minded, afraid to pay the price that had to be paid—he Berringer price: loneliness, never he center of a laughing group, always the man apart, knowing what was aid behind your back—dreamer, impractical, no sense of business . . . But it was worth it!

There were thousands upon thouands of people all over the world who were alive and well today because Dr. oseph Berringer had been courageous enough to be that man apart. Tony closed his eyes for an instant, searchng for the special memory of the little clucking sound that always accompanied the old man's forgiveness of failure and the granting of another chance.

But it was Mary's voice that he heard and he looked up to see her standing n the doorway, relaying a warning rom Mr. McKendrick's chauffeur that hey'd have to leave at once if they were to get to the airport in time.

The president was on his feet. "Tony, ust one more word. Meant to bring his up before but it didn't occur to ne. This new sedative, is it the kind of product that we can be proud to have in the line?"

Dr. Anthony Carmine took a slow breath, fighting for mastery of his voice, groping for exactly the right words. "Yes, sir, I think it will prove highly efficacious in certain types of psychiatric treatment."

"Good. That's all I want to know. By the way, want to compliment you, Tony. Fast work, driving it through n ten months."

Tony shook his head. "Not ten months—eight years. All we did was ick up some work that Dr. Berringer id back in nineteen forty-six. Remember the project on analogues of odium Amytal?"

The president's eyes narrowed. "Yes, I recall some talk about it, but it was never authorized. Calhoun didn't think it offered much chance for a pay-off, so we killed it in executive committee." A slow smile broke. "Apparently Berringer went ahead anyway?"

Tony nodded, and for a moment there was an odd illusion that Mr. McKendrick was smiling acknowledgment of something that Tony was sure he hadn't said aloud.

AND then the president was gone, and his having been there seemed a hallucination. But there was nothing questionable about the reality of Mary Benton, who was walking toward his desk. She was so close now that he could—if he only dared—reach out and prove her reality by touching her hand.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"Of course."

He reached out for the release form and signed it, vouching for the fact that there were no undesirable aftereffects as a result of oral administration of an 0.5 gr. dose of MK1144. That was true; there *was* an aftereffect—a definite acceleration of his heart action—but no one could possibly call it undesirable.

Mary was grinning at him. She glanced down and Tony realized that he had closed his hand over hers, crumpling the blotter that she had offered him.

"Mary, I—"

"You're still dopey," she laughed.

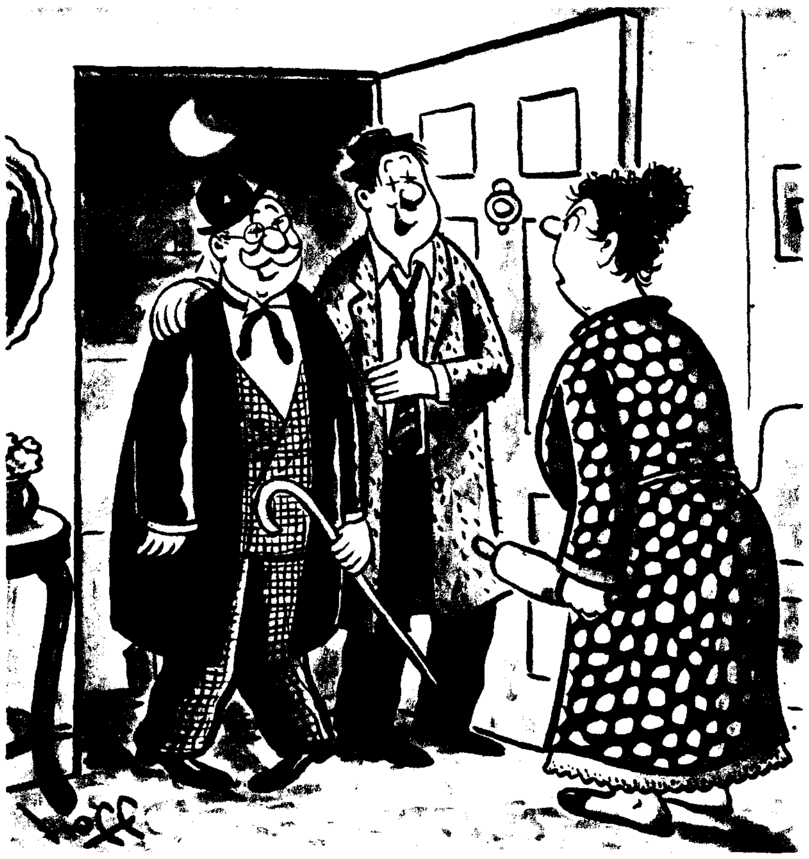
"Maybe I am," he said. "Have been for a long time, I guess."

Her laughter was as magically sudden as the blooming of the azaleas. "I've thought so, too," she whispered.

He stared at her, startled. Didn't she know that a secretary shouldn't say things like that to the director of research? No, she probably didn't, and there was no use trying to teach her—sheer waste of time; she'd be married too soon.

And he'd never be lonely again.

—CAMERON HAWLEY



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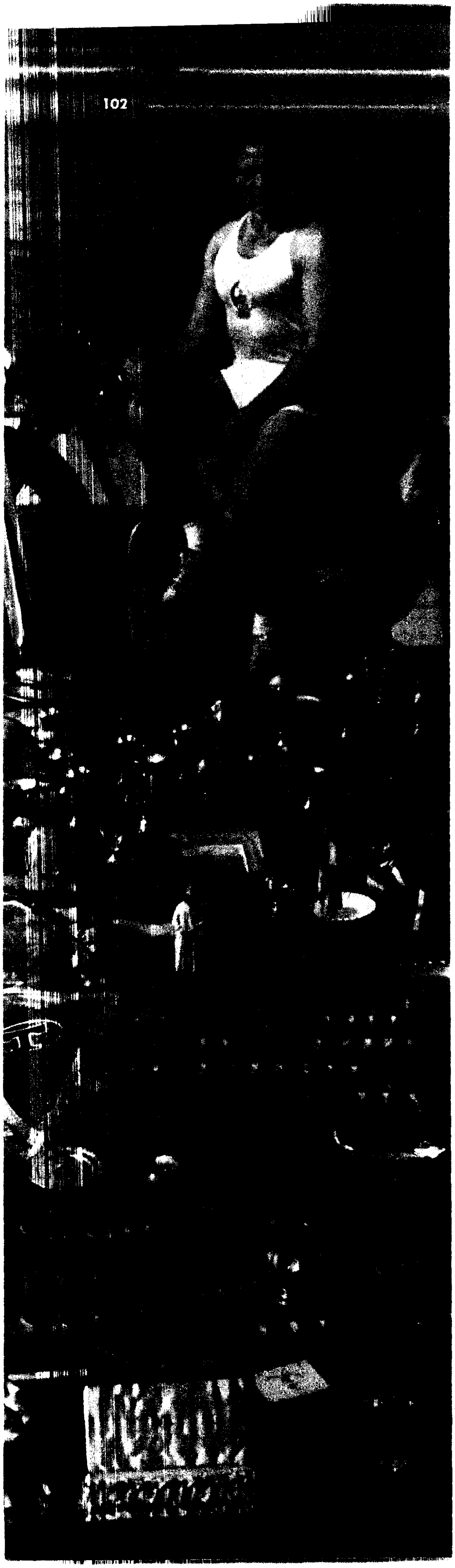

JOHN FLOREA

Spread out in front of Fortune are just some of the handsome articles he's earned during eight years of throwing the discus

Softest Touch i

Discus tossing's a cinch, says Fortune Gordien: no training, no wo

By MELVIN DURSLAG

A STRAPPING young man, his face firm and richly tanned, crossed the lobby of a smart Paris hotel. He was every bit as splendid sartorially as the Duke of Windsor, and twice as casual. His fine tweed suit bore the unmistakable stamp of custom tailoring. Small diamonds glittered in an onyx ring on his finger. He wore an obviously expensive wrist watch, and his accessories, including cuff links, tie pin and collar clasp, were all of solid silver and exquisitely matched. An awed bellhop followed him, carrying the young man's hand-stitched pigskin luggage, which was covered with labels indicating, by their weathered condition, the truly seasoned traveler.

People in the lobby were visibly impressed, and turned to watch him pass. Here, *certainement*, was an *Américain* of formidable means, a scion, possibly, of M'sieu Rockefeller. Or even a distant kin to Mme. Doris Duke. In any language, this was a fat cat.

Fortune Gordien, the distinguished-looking guest, was worth at the moment exactly $29.80 in cash. The yardage for his suit had been booty gained in London. His wrist watch was a prize from Lucerne, his silver accessories a reward from Copenhagen. The luggage had been donated for showing his skill in Rio de Janeiro, his ring the gift of an admirer in Johannesburg.

And now he was in Paris—at someone else's expense—expressly to spin himself around in an eight-foot-two-and-a-half-inch circle and throw an object made of metal and wood, known as the discus, as far as he possibly could.

Gordien can throw the discus farther than any member of the human race. There is indisputable evidence of this fact. The world's record for the discus is 194 feet 6 inches, and Gordien holds it.

Life has been full and kind to this six foot one inch, 227-pound son of a Minneapolis magician, who at thirty-one confesses frankly that his contribution to mankind is frighteningly negligible. "Some guys build great bridges," says Fortune, "others minister to human needs. But me, I throw a four-pound-six-and-four-tenths ounce pie plate farther than anybody. Silly, isn't it?"

Even sillier, he feels, is the fact that, solely on the basis of this talent, he has been the world's guest for the past eight years. He has toured Europe five times, South America, South Africa, Mexico, Canada, the Caribbean and throughout the United States.

Since this grand tour has been accomplished in moderate luxury at no cost to him, but at considerable expense to others (he estimates roughly $100,000), it is Gordien's firm, carefully reasoned recommendation that American fathers raise their sons not to be President but discus throwers. "The hours are unbeatable," he says. "The working conditions are ideal and the rewards are many."

Fortune qualifies for these all-expense trips by placing among the first three in his event in the national championships held annually by the Amateur Athletic Union. Then the A.A.U. lines up a schedule of contests in foreign countries and the winners travel there during the summer—all tabs paid by the host nations. In addition, sometimes a country will invite an individual track star to give a special exhibition.

These trips are where the booty comes in. Though the rules of amateurism rigidly forbid paying an athlete anything so coldly impersonal as money, there is no law prohibiting the acceptance of prizes. Gordien, as a top track athlete, has amassed enough trophies to fill a warehouse.

Last year, when he was courting a young lady from Sandy, Oregon, he took inventory of his growing collection of discus-throwing rewards and came to a thoughtful conclusion: "I should either get married and furnish a home with the stuff I've picked up during the last eight years or go into business and compete with Macy's."

The decision went to matrimony, and today in their Pasadena, California, home, he and his wife, Aileen, are comfortably situated with products from the world's marts.

In the tableware line, for example, there are two silver settings for eight, two silver carving sets, an assortment of costly Danish glassware, a filigree tea set, a copper chafing dish and a silver gravy boat.

In the jewelry department, there are 22 watches—wrist, pocket and lapel.

An Electric-Gadget Addict's Paradise

In electrical appliances, they have six radios, three electric shavers, three clocks, a combination mixing bowl and orange-juice squeezer, a malted-milk mixer and a massaging contraption that comes with attachable scalp vibrator.

Sporting goods at the Gordiens' include a Swedish motorcycle, a Czechoslovakian rifle, two German cameras, a leather hunting jacket, two sport coats, three initialed sport shirts, an archery set and an African lion skin.

Scattered throughout the house are oil paintings and hand-carved wood pieces from Finland, Mexican leather goods, a hand-woven throw rug from Jamaica, and a Swedish brass fireplace set.

Finally, there is the trophy shelf which contains hundreds of cups, medals and plaques, all arranged neatly around a treasured centerpiece, which happens to be a can of Portuguese sardines.

Guests in the Gordien home often are led on personally conducted tours by Fortune, who regales them with stories concerning the background of his prizes. On such a tour, for example, he will recall his trials the day he won the silver gravy boat in Oslo. On the morning of the meet a local newspaper had printed a story which carried the giant headline: "Gordien Says He Will Throw 53 Meters Today!" (approximately 172 feet).

"When the story was translated to me," says Fortune, "I hurried down to the newspaper office and cornered the guy who wrote it. I said, 'Say, pal, that's a lot of meters. Are you trying to put me on the spot in a strange country?' "

The reporter explained apologetically that the

ports

its rewards can be amazing

story was merely a build-up to help attendance. It obviously succeeded, because 30,000 people turned out at Bistlett Stadium that day to watch the Americans perform.

As a result of the newspaper article, which had depicted him as a braggart, Fortune found his audience slightly cool when he stepped into the ring for his first throw. By the end of his fifth effort, he had done no better than 164 feet and the crowd was jeering. This downright hostility annoyed Gordien. He twisted uneasily in the circle for his sixth and final throw, then backed out. Walking to the edge of the track, he held three fingers aloft, indicating 53 meters, and angrily waved them at the stands.

Following the Babe Ruth Tradition

The Norwegians were stunned; never had they seen such a brazen display. Gordien was borrowing a chapter from Babe Ruth. This was Fortune's "prediction shot," made with almost the same arrogance the Babe exhibited during the 1932 World Series, when he pointed to the center-field bleachers before belting a home run into the spot he had indicated.

Gordien moved back into the circle, coiled and lashed out with a throw that took off like a rocket. It crashed, finally, beyond the marker reading 56 meters. The distance was measured officially at 182 feet 3¾ inches, the longest discus throw that had ever been made in Norway. With the thunderous cheers of the crowd still ringing in his ears, Fortune picked up the prize gravy boat and, like the Vikings of old, sailed away.

There are doubtless other specialists in the world, Gordien concedes, who have traveled as extensively, lived as well and perhaps even had adventures as interesting as he has. But there are few, if any, he believes, who have got so much out of so little. Experience has convinced him that those who throw the discus enjoy themselves more than any other athletes.

Once a discus thrower has hit his groove, he's all set. "Groove" is track lingo which reflects a thrower's ability to spin, coil and unwind in a movement that releases the discus with the utmost power but the least effort. When he has hit this groove, he knows the pattern of movement and timing so well he can perform blindfolded.

"That's why we discus throwers have more fun than all of them," Fortune says. "None of us breaks his back training. Hurdlers have to spend hours each day practicing both running and jumping. Pole vaulters risk their necks falling into sawdust pits from high altitudes. Quarter-milers always have to exert themselves with trial sprints. But once we find our groove, we can't lose it even if we try, unless we take a long layoff. We never have to kill ourselves with training, diet or sleep."

The last time Fortune saw Paris his heart was young and gay. The fact that he was to compete the next day was not important enough to prevent him from doing the town the night before with a discus-throwing buddy from Italy.

The two started their evening with dinner at a Montmartre restaurant, where they had been invited—on the house—by the sports-minded proprietors. The athletes dined majestically on potato-ball soup, garlic bread, filet of sole amandine, roast guinea hen and chocolate soufflé with whipped cream. During the meal, they eased their digestive juices with a bottle of dry white wine.

Then they hailed a taxi and rode to the Folies Bergère, free tickets to which Fortune had promoted through a French sports writer. The conspicuousness of these handsome giants in the front row prompted the master of ceremonies to bring them on stage, where the partly clad ladies of the chorus proffered their arms; before they knew it, Fortune and his friend, their pant legs rolled, found themselves in the middle of the chorus line.

Gordien got to bed about 2:00 A.M.

It is altogether possible that the strenuous exercise of the night before affected his sleep, because he found himself awake and edgy at nine in the morning, two hours before his customary reveille. Deciding to breakfast with the team, he seated himself in the dining room beside a group of sprinters and middle-distance runners. Their eating habits shocked him. "They ordered two poached eggs and tea," he says. "They couldn't even have toast. I ordered a small steak, scrambled eggs, stewed tomatoes, coffeecake and coffee. After all, we were guests of the local track-and-field association."

Gordien's training breakfast had its usual effect: he won his event with ease.

Horrified by Runners' Food Fads

Some of the tortures his fellow trackmen have to go through never cease to horrify him. "The newest scientific fad for runners," Fortune says, "is to eat canned baby food for lunch before competing, because it's quickly digestible. If I even look at the stuff, I get weak as a baby."

Parry O'Brien, the 230-pound, large-muscled world's shot-put champion from the University of Southern California, carries a bottle of honey out to the meets on the theory that the sugar content gives him quick energy.

"One day in Oslo when O'Brien carried along his honey," Fortune recalls, "I brought out a bag of cream puffs. We both won our events easily."

Gordien contends that only a discus thrower can get away with such physical abuse, because his event is more a trick than a great test of strength and endurance.

"It isn't like running a mile," he says, "where one must sustain his effort and give out with every

UNITED PRESS

Even his form is unorthodox (note both feet in the air), but he holds world record: 194 ft. 6 in.

Training is no problem for discus throwers. Here Fortune gobbles a pastry before a meet

JOHN FLOREA

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ounce of blood. In discus throwing, you sling the plate once and sit down. Even though it requires less practice than golf—and considerably less walking—I would say the two sports are comparable. Once you develop your golf swing and master your strokes, you can keep going indefinitely. If a guy wouldn't get bored with throwing the discus, he could probably keep at it until he's over forty."

In all likelihood, Gordien will stick with the discus until he's at least forty, although he admits his thirst for foreign adventure and booty has somewhat diminished.

When the Novelty Wears Off

"When a guy makes his first trip abroad," he says, "he's wide-eyed and excited and tickled to take any little trinket they'll give him. But after two or three tours, he gets blasé and more particular in his tastes. It soon reaches the point where he comes into the stadium and, before even warming up, he walks over to the trophy table to examine the merchandise. His effort often depends upon what he sees there."

In lieu of routine prizes in Sweden three years ago, track sponsors were awarding merchandise orders that were negotiable in any of the country's leading stores. A $25 order went for first place, $15 for second and $10 for third. Stimulated slightly by this proposition, Fortune went out window-shopping in Stockholm and spotted a hand-tooled, one-cylinder motorcycle that was the neatest number he'd ever seen. It cost $300, but he knew he had to have it.

In the meets that followed, Gordien began competing at a highly accelerated pace. In spite of his aversion to exercise, he entered the discus, the shot-put, the high jump, the broad jump—any event that was short a contestant. Merchandise orders for win, place and show came pouring in, and soon he had enough for the motorcycle.

If the attraction of prizes yet to be won has paled somewhat for Gordien, there is one goal he hopes to reach before finally turning in his pie plate. He hopes to become the first man to throw the discus 200 feet, a mark considered in the track-and-field world every bit as "impossible" as the four-minute mile.

Fortune is reasonably certain he has yet to reach his peak. Last year, he extended his world record first to 190 feet 7½ inches (his old record which was set in 1949 and stood for almost four years was 186 feet 11 inches), and then to 194½ feet.

There is only one pitfall, he feels, that could stop him from reaching his 200-foot goal by the end of summer—overtraining. In 1948 and 1952, when Fortune was picked for the U.S. Olympic team, he felt that in the interest of patriotism, he should alter his normally easygoing training schedule. So he worked out one full hour each day preparing for the meet. The results were disastrous: in '48, although he was the only American to make the finals, he placed third; in '52, he came in fourth.

Benefiting from these unfortunate experiences, Gordien last year developed what he considers the ideal workout—40 minutes every *other* day. As a training aid, he started using Aileen, then a bride of three months, as a guidepost. Having never hit 190 feet at the time, he placed her at the 190-foot mark and practiced throwing at her.

The reluctance of Mrs. Gordien, the daughter of an Oregon lumber tycoon, to go along with this program was soon dispelled by Fortune's assuring instructions. "If the discus comes at you, dear," he cautioned, "take off at right angles. Otherwise, it might trail you."

This year, pleased with the success of his unusual training methods, he has moved his wife to the 200-foot mark.

Gordien readily confesses his form is unorthodox. Instead of keeping both feet on the ground as he throws, he lunges so that both feet are in the air when he lets go. But still he feels that's a considerable improvement over the style used by the ancient Greeks, who are said to have invented this curious pastime a few thousand years ago.

On a trip to England in 1948, Gordien spent an afternoon at the British Museum in London carefully examining a replica of Myron's statue of the discus thrower, a renowned work of art for centuries. Completing his study, Fortune remarked, "If all the Greeks were using that form in those days, they probably weren't throwing more than 90 feet. That guy is bent all the way around to his right knee. If I were to unwind from that position, I'd be apt to take off after the platter, just like a man heading down a bowling alley with his finger stuck in the ball."

Though Myron completed his masterpiece about 470 B.C., the sport was in existence long before that. The poet Homer has written that discus throwing was popular at festivals shortly after the fall of Troy, which historians have dated roughly at 1194 B.C.

The idea came to Fortune Gordien approximately 3,132 years after that. He was a pitcher on the Roosevelt High baseball team in Minneapolis in 1938 and had a perfect record—no runs, no hits, no innings pitched. In a moment of dejection one afternoon, he quit the team and went out for track.

"I tried broad jumping at first," he recalls, "because it struck me as the softest event. There was one drawback: a guy has to run to get to the pit. I don't run, so I gave it up and tried the discus. It was the wisest decision of my life."

Before graduating, Fortune had become one of the best high-school discus throwers in the state; on the strength of that reputation, he tried to land an athletic scholarship to the University of Minnesota. The school, however, showed a spectacular disinterest in discus throwers—unless they also happened to be 220-pound tackles.

Going Through College by Magic

So Fortune had to work his way through college by performing as a magician, an art he learned from his father, Henry, who has been a professional for the last 40 years. (As a matter of fact, Fortune was born on the vaudeville circuit while his father was sawing a woman in half on a stage in Spokane, Washington.)

At Minnesota, Gordien served as his own agent, booking his magic act for $15 and $20 an appearance at sorority and fraternity functions on the campus. After a three-year hitch in the Navy, he returned to Minnesota in 1946 and, by the time he earned his degree, he had won the National Collegiate discus championship three successive years. To this rare accomplishment, equaled only once before in the history of the NCAA, Gordien since has added the National Amateur Athletic Union championship—the highest honor in American track and field—an unprecedented five times.

Fortune won his fifth A.A.U. title last year at Dayton, Ohio, in typical fashion—after a sleepless night. For two weeks preceding the meet, he had

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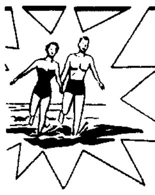

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been employed by 20th Century-Fox in Hollywood to work in the CinemaScope epic, Demetrius and the Gladiators, to be released next month.

Gordien had planned to leave for Dayton on Thursday in plenty of time for the Saturday meet. The picture's shooting schedule fell behind, however, and he had yet to finish his final scene, in which Victor Mature was to bump him off in a stirring battle of swords. When Gordien advised the studio of his predicament, special arrangements were made for the death scene to be shot on Friday night.

After the Duel Was Over

"Even though I was in a hurry to catch my plane," says Fortune, "I asked Mature to 'carry' me for a while, just to make it look good. When the cameras stopped, I picked myself off the floor, sped to the airport and took off for Chicago."

He was awake all night, then transferred in the morning to a plane bound for Dayton. When next seen, he was standing near the throwing ring at the track meet, holding his discus in one hand and a double-decker chocolate ice-cream cone in the other. He propped his cone in the sleeve of a sweat shirt, stepped into the circle and calmly won the event, setting an A.A.U. record of 183 feet 9½ inches.

As a result of this victory, Gordien qualified for a sixth trip to Europe, which he rejected in order to work in another picture. He now has made three movies in Hollywood and has come to a sad end in each. He was slain by Mature in Demetrius. In Prince Valiant, also at 20th Century-Fox, he lifted Robert Wagner from a moat and suffered a sprained back, not called for in the script. In The All American, at Universal-International, he tried to break up a touchdown run by Tony Curtis, when another athlete-actor, Frank Gifford, halfback of the New York Football Giants, mowed Fortune down with a block that put him on crutches for two weeks. Gordien is hoping for kinder treatment in his next role, in which he will be cast as captain of the guards in 20th Century-Fox's The Egyptian.

Before Hollywood beckoned, Fortune took odd jobs to support himself during the slack, nontouring seasons. In 1950 he parlayed an invitation to throw the discus in South Africa into a 15-month stay, during which time he paid the rent by working in a sporting-goods store. Back in the States, he sold insurance, worked as a movie projectionist, tended counter in a jewelry store and gave innumerable magic shows. He hopes to have found his real career in acting, but if he doesn't make a go of it, his father-in-law can always use a husky discus thrower in his Oregon lumber operations.

A good-natured, even-tempered fellow, Fortune gets unstrung only when the subject comes around to coaches. It's his unswerving view that athletes make geniuses of coaches, not vice versa. He can recall only two members of this profession with whom he has remained even on sociable terms: Jim Kelly of Minnesota and Dink Templeton of the San Francisco Olympic Club.

"I never had a cross word with either," says Fortune, "because both treated me as an adult. Most coaches expect you to listen with bowed head when they talk. I've always taken at least half of what a coach says with a grain of salt."

Templeton disagrees with Gordien's appraisal, but he still likes Fortune and respects his ability.

"He has all it takes for being a natural," says Templeton. "He has speed, power and confidence. I wouldn't call his training methods or his form the best by a long shot, but who can argue? He throws the farthest."

When Gordien was departing for Europe for the third time in 1949, Templeton, then his coach at the Olympic Club and one of the nation's foremost authorities on discus throwing, took him aside and, with grim resignation, delivered a two-hour discourse on the importance of keeping one's feet on the ground in the discus ring.

Gordien listened with polite interest. When Templeton finished, Fortune smiled. "Coach, you've got no problems. I'm *going* to bust the world record my first time out in Europe."

A week later, Gordien was throwing the discus in Lisbon, the first stop on the tour, before a capacity stadium of 25,000. Portuguese fans had come early, and most of them had brought their lunches, which they ate leisurely as the meet progressed.

On his third appearance in the ring, Gordien let fly a good one. It shot beyond the infield, onto the track and bounced heavily into the stands. There was a murmur among the crowd which, to Fortune, seemed ominous. When an announcement was made in Portuguese over the loud-speaker, Fortune suspected that he might have hit someone with the missile.

A few seconds later, when the fans started leaving their seats by the thousands and streaming onto the field, he was certain he had killed someone. The frightened athlete saw the crowd coming and his eyes searched desperately for a stray javelin with which to defend his life. But it was too late. The screaming mob was upon him.

The Police Saved His Pants

He was prepared to start swinging when a burly guy with a thick mustache planted a kiss on his cheek. Then others by the score kissed him, hugged him and grabbed for pieces of his shirt. Gordien was clinging frantically to his pants when the police arrived, waving their clubs menacingly to restore order. But before they could reach him, one overwhelmed Portuguese grasped Fortune's arm and paid homage by pressing the can of sardines he had brought for his lunch into the American's hand.

By the time the people had been herded back to their seats, it no longer seemed important to Gordien when an official informed him he had just broken the world record for the discus with a throw of 185 feet 2¾ inches.

"I still cherish that can of sardines more than any prize in my collection," he says.

Generally recognized as king of the world's discus throwers ever since that record-breaking heave in Lisbon five years ago, Gordien receives mail from young athletes all over the world seeking advice. Frequently his correspondents ask for a discus with which to get started.

"I never send them one," says Gordien, "because they cost me twenty-one dollars. But I answer them all and give them the same advice: train reasonably hard for the first five years and find your groove. Then ease off and you'll discover the rest is a sleigh ride . . . London, Paris, Lucerne, Rome, Mexico City, Rio . . . the world is the discus thrower's oyster."

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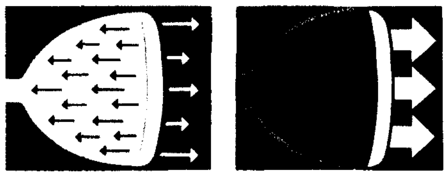

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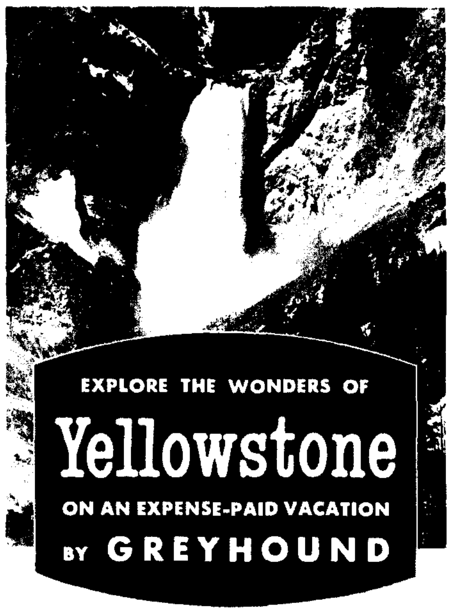

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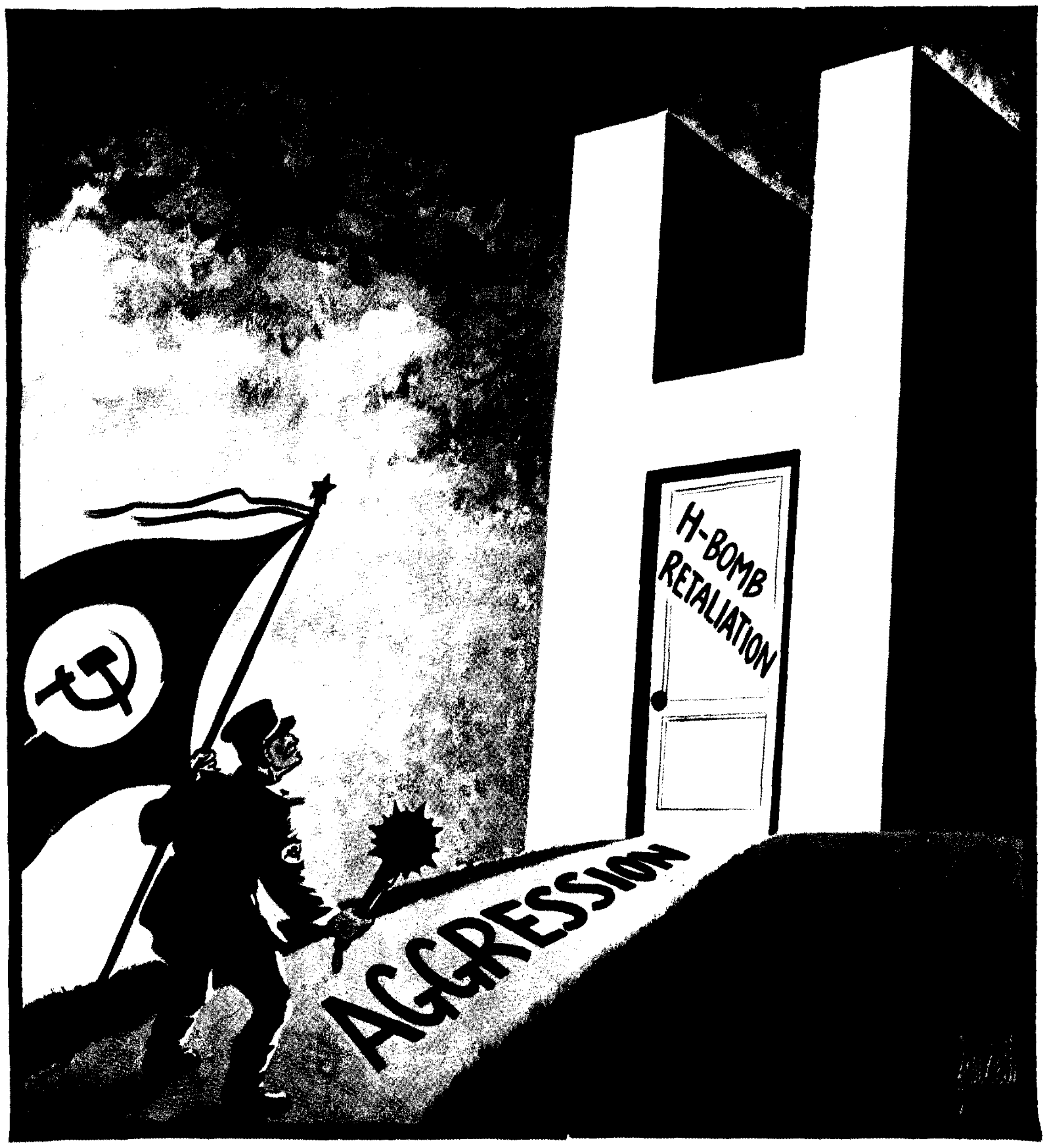

JOHN FISCHETTI

H Is for Hope, Too

THE TERM "H-bomb jitters" seems a rather flippant description of a current state of mind among many thinking people throughout the world. But the term has caught on, and it is probably as accurate as any. Since the pictures of the 1952 hydrogen bomb test were released, along with accounts of later and greater explosions, it is either stupidity or self-deception to ignore these thermonuclear weapons, or to contemplate their force without apprehension.

The picture, however, is not entirely dark. President Eisenhower has given assurance that the United States will never use this weapon aggressively. And that, the world can believe. The Soviet government has spoken of world despair in the face of a force that could "destroy the fruits of a thousand years of human toil." The gullible might gather from that statement an implication that Moscow is as determined as Washington to save the world from the devastation of the H-bomb. But such an inference would by-pass an important fact of recent history—that Communist promises spring not from conviction or moral principle, but from expediency, and that they are made to be broken.

Yet there seems a valid reason to hope that Russia, for practical rather than humane reasons, will not use the H-bomb. Perhaps the reasons can be stated most simply by asking this question:

Would the United States have dropped the atomic bomb in World War II if it had not first been certain that the enemy did not have the same weapon? The answer, we believe, is no. The conquest of Germany had revealed that the Nazis did not have the bomb. And if Germany did not have it, then it was virtually certain that Japan, with an inferior scientific, technical and industrial development, did not have it either.

Now, obviously, the situation is quite different. The power of the United States to retaliate is certain and tremendous. So it may not be too much to hope that naked human fear can triumph over man's scientific genius. There is a possibility that the most terrible weapon in history, possessed by the world's two greatest powers, may, by its very fearsomeness, have priced the Soviets out of the market of all-out aggression. That is a somber hope, to be sure. But right now it also looks to be the best hope.

The Idea and the Cost

A HOUSE foreign affairs subcommittee has concluded that America is currently losing the battle for the sympathy and support of the Asiatic peoples, in spite of more than $8,000,000,000 spent on military, technical and economic aid since the end of World War II. The committee's opinion was that if money could do the trick, the United States would have no problem in Asia. Obviously that isn't the case.

The House subcommittee's report sent us in search of an article which the Washington columnist Peter Edson wrote back in 1947. And though the story is seven years old and deals with events five years earlier, we think it is still pertinent and typical of our past Asian policy.

In 1942, Chiang Kai-shek asked the United States for a half-billion-dollar loan. Britain promised him $200,000,000. This country, to rebuild "American prestige" in the Far East, gave Chiang credit for the full amount, with no interest payments agreed on. There was absolutely no American supervision of the spending of this money, more than two fifths of which was in gold bullion delivered to the Kuomintang's doorstep at great expense.

Most of the money, according to Mr. Edson, was used in financial juggling to try to stabilize Chinese currency. And this was only part of the almost $3,000,000,000 (including Lend-Lease) which went from the U.S. to the Chiang government during World War II. And what have our three billions-plus bought today? A Red China.

We believe the American government should continue to support Chiang, but with a more realistic attitude. He is no paragon of democratic virtue. His government may have been—and perhaps still is—inefficient, corrupt and nonrepresentative. But at least it is not a part of the international Red conspiracy.

It seems to us that the United States should take a similarly realistic attitude toward the rest of Asia. But at the same time it should strive more earnestly than it apparently has in the past to understand the Asian viewpoint, and to tell the American story more convincingly and widely than it seems to have been told before.

There must be millions of Asiatics who are quite indifferent to the burning Western issue of democracy versus Communism, but who are absorbed in the question of independence versus colonialism. These millions want peace and a little more plenty. The Soviets, through the Communist organizations in Asiatic countries, have been playing up these aspirations. And they are making steady inroads.

It is time that the United States made a deeply serious effort to overcome the Reds' head start. It is time for our government to remind the Asian people that Communism is only a new and more bitter form of colonialism. It is time to remind them that Russia has never disarmed since 1945, and to convince them that all our military activities are simply means of protecting the free world against potential aggression, invasion and slavery.

Our government must sell its good intentions and high purposes in the ruthlessly competitive struggle for men's minds. It must sell them hard. And perhaps a modest percentage of our present investment in Asia, used for that purpose, would accomplish more than the billions which have already been spent without measurably halting the spread of Communist ideology.

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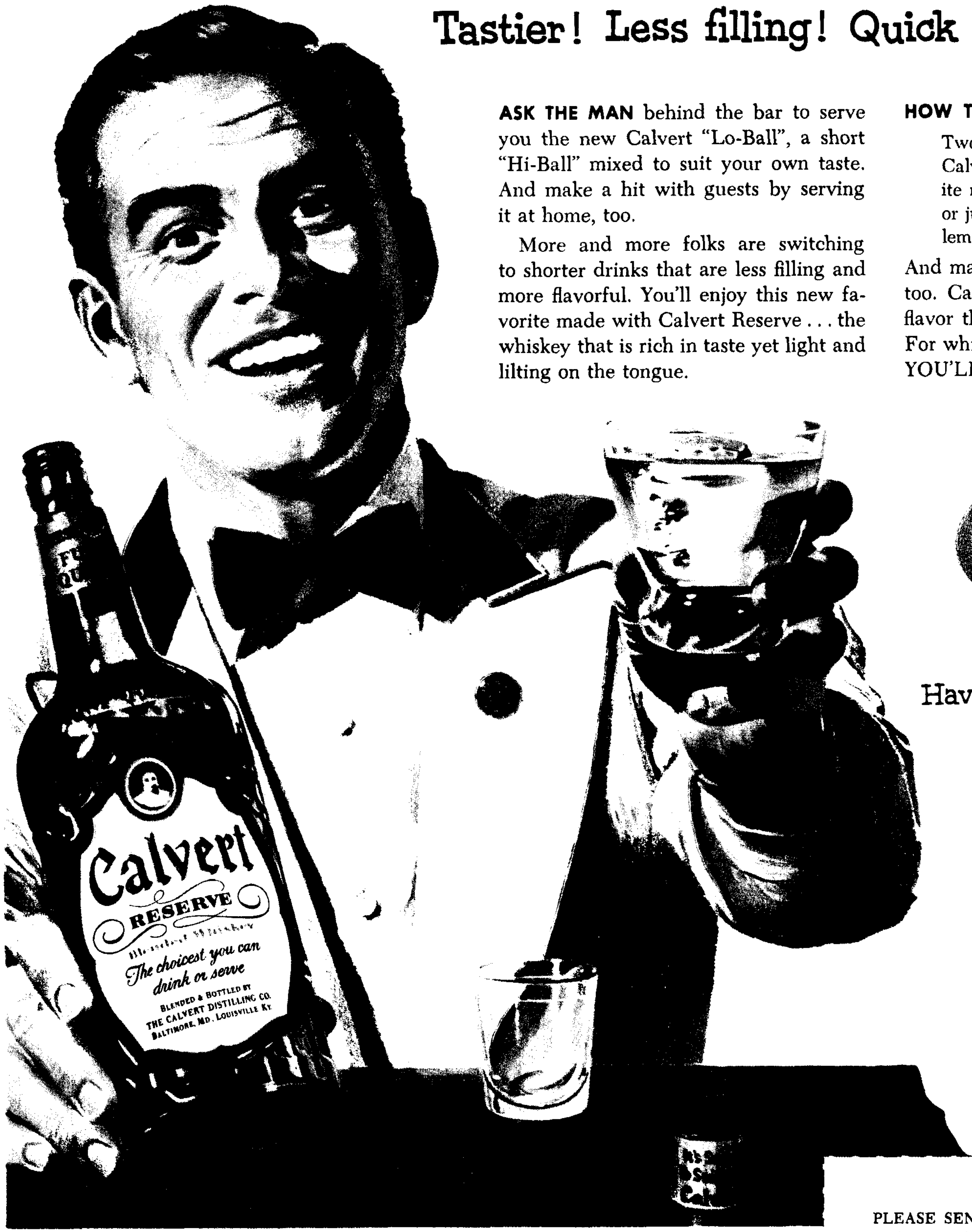
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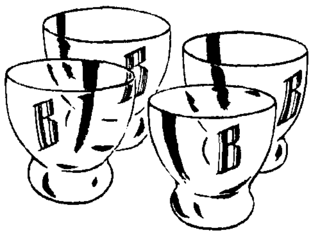

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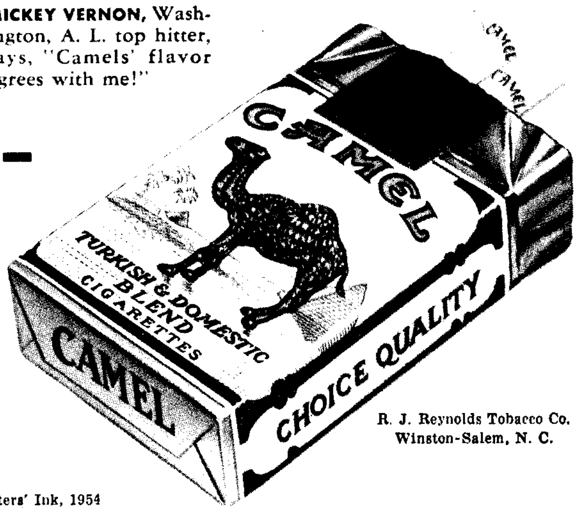

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